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MAHDI'S COUNTRY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OREGONIAN.

BY H. G. PROUT.

Formerly Colonel of the Egyptian General Staff.

Burnaby, Hicks, Stewart, Earle, what a list of names! They were of the flower of the British army; in them and their fellows was the pride and the hope of the empire. How many others as brave as they are gone! How many thousands of gallant fellows have died, too, in killing these brave Englishmen! And now we know that the most heroic figure of them all has fallen; that the genius which, years ago, delivered China from the rebellion that rioted in her capital, and desolated her borders, will never again lead the forlorn hope of a nation; that the life which was always held at the service of the weakest of God's creatures has met the death so long courted. And what has been accomplished? A few hundred Englishmen are beleaguered on the Nile. Any day we may hear that they have gone with the other heroes. A few thousand Englishmen are marching and fighting in the Ethiopian deserts to small purposes, but at immense cost; and the arsenals of England resound with the preparations for further bloodshed. What is it all about? Who are the people who have stirred up this commotion? What sort of a country is that which England is invading at such cost? Why has Wolseley lagged five weary months between Cairo and Khartoum? What will be the upshot of it all?

Upon some of these questions I may throw a little light, for I spent more than two years in the Soudan, during which time my duties brought me in constant relations with all classes of people, and compelled me to learn much of them and of their rulers. I commanded an expedition of reconnoissance in Kordofan and Darfour, and later was in command of the equatorial provinces, extending over ten degrees of latitude, from the mouth of the Sobat river to the region of the great lakes.

When Gordon was made the governor-general of the Soudan, in 1877, his government embraced all the territory south of the 23d degree of N. latitude, including besides the old Soudan the provinces of Dongola, Bahr el Ghazal, the Equatorial provinces and the Red sea littoral. This vast territory had been brought under the rule of the Egyptian viceroy, or khedive, by various conquests, from that by Mahomet Ali about 1821 to the conquest of Darfour in 1874 by Zebeh Pasha.

The population thus made tributary to the Egyptian government is by no means homogeneous. In the river region from the northern limit to some distance south of Khartoum are the Dongolawes or Nubians. These people are of mixed race, with their own unwritten dialect, though all speak Arabic. They are dark brown, not black, with clean features and fine athletic figures. They are merchants, boatmen, farmers (in a very small way) and slave traders. This last pursuit has made them excellent irregular soldiers. They have the best of organization and have plenty of experienced leaders. In 1877 Gordon said that his troops armed with Remington rifles were no match for the Dongolawes with their fowling pieces. They have shot guns, powder and lead in considerable quantities, they are brave, hardy, abstemious, and cultivate in their youth contempt of physical suffering; they are cruel, rapacious, cunning, and delight in intrigue; they are Mahommetans, but not strict in observance. South of Khartoum the Dongolawes are found only in small groups, cultivating certain fertile islands or building boats.

The Mahdi himself is of this race and was a boat builder before he became a prophet.

For some 300 miles south of Khartoum the river is held by various tribes of Arab nomads, and further south is the country of the heathen negroes.

Leaving the river, on the west, ranging southward to about the 10th degree, and into Darfour, are Bedouin tribes of various names. These people have been for centuries in Africa, and have kept their language in remarkable purity, but their blood has been somewhat contaminated by taking as slaves and concubines women from the negro tribes to the south. They are breeders of camels, sheep and cattle, wander over fixed territories, have no villages, but cultivate a little corn and cotton. They also are slave-owners, but more as middle men than as original kidnappers. In some respects these Arab tribes are better military material than the Dongolawes. They are not fanatical; their organizations are permanent, and the control of their chiefs more absolute. They are even more hardy and abstemious. They are used to rapid movements over great distances, and are generally mounted. Most of them are well used to [illegible] and have not the Dongolawes's familiarity with the use of stockades and intrenchments. They are armed with huge lances and heavy two-edged swords and carry shields.

Occupying the great province of Kordofan, besides several tribes of Arabs, are some 150,000 people of mixed races. Who they are and where they came from no one can tell, but they are not Arabs or negroes. They are fanatical Mussulmans, but of low intelligence as compared with the Arabs. In all respects, indeed, they are below the Arabs or the Dongolawee. They live in villages and cultivate the soil. They have no tribal organization, having been for over fifty years governed by the officials of Egypt. They are ill-armed, with short knives and light spears, both of poor temper. It has long been the policy of the government to keep them without weapons. While not formidable warriors, they have had much experience in fighting in their cattle stealing forays and small wars.

The people of Darfour, farther west, are much like those of Kordofan, but, not having been conquered till 1873, they have a more warlike spirit, have retained more and better arms, and, of course, have more powerful leaders whom they are accustomed to follow. They are probably better Mussulmans than the people of Kordofan. East of the Nile are the Great Bishareen and Hadendowa tribes, who range over the desert from the Nile to the Red Sea, and as far south as the Abyssinian frontier. These are people of Arab race, and famous breeders of camels. What they can do at fighting they have shown in the recent conflicts near Suakem. Those who have read the stories of the fights at El Teb and Tamanieb need not be told that they are most resolute and dangerous antagonists.

These are the great general divisions of the people of the Egyptian Soudan. A more minute classification is impossible here. It is enough to say that nearly all of Northern Africa, as well as the Levant and Asia Minor, is represented by individuals, families and colonies scattered over this broad area. In Khartoum, El Obeid, El Fasher and Berber are (or were) Greeks, Italians and occasional Frenchmen.

The topography of the country is not as varied as the population. On the west side of the Nile is a desert of rock and sand so far south as the 16th degree, and then grassy but waterless plains rise gradually from the Nile to the plateaus of Darfour, marked occasionally by groups of mountains of small extent rising seldom to 2000 feet above the plains. South of Kordofan lies the swampy country of the Gazelle region, inhabited by the heathen negroes. In the grassy steppes wells have been sunk, and these determine the routes of travel, or the positions of villages or towns. In some regions a group of wells yielding water enough for 200 or 300 camels will be found every two or three days of travel. In other districts water will be found near the surface, and in such quantities and permanence as to warrant the building of villages and cultivation of the soil. In the southern part of Kordofan are two small ponds which never dry. It was to these lakes that Hicks marched in going from Khartoum to El Obeid, and it was shortly after leaving the larger one that his army was surrounded and annihilated. From the middle of June to the middle of September frequent afternoon showers fall upon this grassy steppe country, and it is during this short season that all herbage grows. After September the rains cease entirely, and from that time till June the water supply of the country is found in the wells. The natives construct shallow reservoirs, fouias, in which water is gathered during the rainy season but the light soil below and the hot, dry air above soon absorb this scanty supply. There is still another source from which marching caravans can get precarious supplies of water. This is the reservoirs made in the Adansonia or baobab trees. These trees are found in small numbers in a narrow belt of country from El Obeid toward Darfour. They grow to immense girth. One that I measured was upward of seventy feet in circumference. The wandering Arabs and the villagers dig out the soft heart-wood of these trunks, and during the rainy season fill them with water. Such stores are jealously hidden, and of course cannot be relied upon for large bodies of men. Eastward, stretching from the Nile to the Red sea, and south to the mountains of Abyssinia, is the great Nubian desert—a vast, desolate waste. In the mountains the nomads find scanty pasturage and water for their herds, but the great plains are iron desert, practically waterless and herbless. South of Khartoum, along both Niles and between them, in the Sennaar country, is found much fertile land, and it is there that the wealth of the Soudan is found. The grain supply is drawn from this river region—much of it from the Shillook negroes, 300 miles south of Khartoum, on the White Nile. Beeves are found near the rivers (the Blue Nile and the White), in the Sennaar peninsula and in Kordofan. Sheep are found among the Arabs in northern Kordofan and along the river northward from Khartoum.

The Mahdi's rebellion is no doubt far less religious than political and social. It was made possible by the break-up of Egypt's military power and by the religious impulses of the Soudanese, but the root of it is in years of bad government. In 1875–76 and '77 it was to me a constant wonder that the outlying tribes and districts did not revolt. In 1876 I wrote to the chief of staff at Cairo, General Stone, that the Arabs of southern Kordofan were not subjected to the khedive and could not be, except by occupying that region with considerable permanent garrisons. In 1877, while at Khartoum, General Gordon one day asked me what I thought would be the future of the equatorial provinces. Said I, "There can be no question about it. When we all get away the negroes will rise and massacre the 'Turks.' It will only be a question of time." Gordon made no answer. For three years he had suffered everything in a lonely struggle to bring a government of righteousness into the negro country of the White Nile, and now he had assumed the same task for a hundred wild races scattered over 23 degrees of latitude and 15 degrees of longitude. He well knew all the perils and magnitude of the work, but he thought it might be God's will that he should do it.

I well remember my first sight of any large body of the Soudan Arabs. After wandering over all northern Kordofan, I came to the Rahat lake, forty miles south of El Obeid, and less than thirty miles east of the spot where Hicks' army perished. The Bagarra were having a fair near my camp and I resolved to visit it. Taking two soldiers, brilliant with white uniforms, scarlet tarbooshes, and burnished rifles, I made my way through the thickets, guided by a sound like the humming of bees. When we came into the open there appeared before us a forest of lances. That was the fair. Thousands of glittering spearheads. I soon found that the lances were only a symptom of a real fair, but as I went about among the athletic spearmen I ate their perched grasshoppers in humility of spirit, and cast upon their young women only the most discreet glances, and I returned to my camp with a wholesome notion of the rod in pickle for the khedive's beys and bashi-bazouks.

It is not worth while to blame any race or dynasty for the misgovernment of the Soudan. We see what grave faults England has made in the government of her colonies and of Ireland, how she lost her most precious child by tyranny, how the Boers of South Africa and the great empire of India are only held for her by the armed band, and how undying is the hatred which centuries of her rule has bred in Ireland. We are not warranted in supposing, therefore, that she or any other Christian power would have introduced a reign of love and justice into the Soudan. We need only say that Egypt did very badly. For years she poured into her unfortunate province her choicest rascals. The bashi-bazouks, those cowardly miscreants who could no longer be tolerated in Lower Egypt, became the rural police and the tax-gatherers of the Soudan. If an officer fell from favor he was sent to duty in the Soudan. A colonel who beat his wife, a protege of the "Queen Mother," was sent as chief of the court of justice at Khartoum, and finally became one of the ablest of the governor-generals of the province. Convicts, mutineers and great prisoners of state were transported to the Soudan. Thus service there came to be thought a punishment and life an exile. The officials had even less sense of public duty than those of lower Egypt. They had every temptation to lives of indolence, luxury and rapacity. They were far removed from the central authority. The public opinion about them was as low as possible. They were constantly made to feel that any advancement must be the result of successful intrigue. The bold and ambitious sought to get wealth as quickly as possible, and the timid and sluggish to pass their time with the greatest ease and enjoyment. Moreover, the rulers were under constant pressure from Cairo for money. The result was that the oppression of the people was only limited by the timidity of their rulers. Each petty governor sent out his squads of bashi-bazouks to collect taxes. The scoundrels camped in the villages, beat the men, debauched the women, stole what they could and turned in to the local governors what they could not conceal. Up through all the official grades the vicious practice was the same; each kept what he could and forwarded what he must. In 1877 Gordon wrote me from Darfour, where he had gone to suppress a revolt. "As you said, it is the bashi-bazouks who have done it." Of course there must be a certain order maintained. Criminals were punished, raids and pillage between the tribes were suppressed so far as possible, life was made measureably secure, but the methods of the rulers, great and petty, were irregular, harsh, and undiscriminating to the last degree. As an instance of the methods of raising revenue, witness the tax on water-wheels. These are rude machines for raising water from the Nile for irrigation. One bright governor-general saw in them a source of revenue. He clapped a tax on each wheel. Nothing could be simpler. The people must have them or starve, and they could not hide them from the tax-gatherer. The result is, hundreds of miles of rotting water-wheels. The tax was more than the soil watered would yield. One Mudir of Khartoum is still remembered far and wide as Abou Houmssa Mieh (father five hundred), from his habit of giving those brought before him for judgment 500 lashes. I well remember interceding with the governor-general for the lives of two poor Arabs, who had run away from my caravan with their own camels.

It happened within my knowledge that a bashi-bazouk who had shot a native was acquitted on his own plea that the native was a hyena at the moment the shot was fired, resuming, of course, his proper form before dying. The state of feeling in 1876 may be illustrated by the fact that the governor of Kordofan made his yearly tax gathering expedition into the south of that province (the scene of Hick's defeat and beyond) with two battalions of infantry and a couple of howitzers. When I went through the same region with 150 men, the news ran before men that a "Turk" was coming who took nothing and injured no one. It was unheard of.

From the Red sea to the western border of Darfour, and from Dongola south the mass of the people could feel toward the Egyptian government only hatred and fear, and they nursed burning memories of outrages and indignities suffered.

We need look, then, for no obscure or fantastic origin for the Mahdi's rebellion. It was logically inevitable. There were complications, but the main elements were simple. The land was ripe for it, and circumstances at last conspired. The central government at Cairo was seriously weakened. A bold and able man in the Soudan had showed capacity to lead. To his standard gathered hardy bands of slave-trading Dongolawes, and hordes of fierce warriors from the nomad tribes, to be quickly followed by the less adventurous, but no less suffering, village people, and there grew up in the Soudan a revolt which Egypt will never quell. The Mahdi's power will probably break up. England may restore something like order, but it is highly improbable that the Soudan will ever again come under the authority of a Mahommedan ruler of Egypt.

Four years the deserts, and the weakness of the Mahdi's enemies have fought for him. Successive victories have widened and consolidated his power, until now his greatest victory, the capture of Khartoum has probably quadrupled his supply of Remington rifles, artillery and ammunition, and given him steamers to control the Nile, good gunners, skillful mechanics, and vastly increased his influence over the wavering tribes. By an insidious train of events England has been drawn more and more deeply into the affair, until now there can be no further question as to who are the antagonists in the fight. England is obliged to check the Mahdi to retake Khartoum and to keep open the Nile from Khartoum to the sea, and the desert routes between the Nile and the Red sea. She could have kept out of the scrape by Gladstone's famous receipt of "leaving the Egyptians to stew their own juice," or by allowing the Khedive, in the winter of 1882, to send a sufficient force into the Soudan. It was proposed that General Stone and Ismail Pasha Ayoub should undertake the suppression of the Mahdi. "They conferred and demanded for the purpose 25,000 men of all arms, and that such a fund be placed to their credit as would assure them from the outset that they would not be stopped midway for want of money. They wanted too much, and Hicks was sent to the fate we know of. General Stone, in many years service as the Khedive's chief of staff, had probably amassed more accurate information of the Soudan than any other man living; and Ismail Pasha Ayoub had been one of the ablest governor-generals the Soudan ever had. Their judgment should have prevailed.

The facts being now as they are, the English must invade the Soudan in such force as to compel the Mahdi to accept terms which will have the appearance at least of a triumph for their arms. How the invasion is to be conducted is now the question. There are two great routes into the Soudan—by the Nile valley and by the Red sea to Suakem, thence across the desert to Berber. The Nile route the English have tried with such success as after five months and the expenditure of millions to put 7000 men near the enemy. The next 10,000 men who can hardly be taken up the Nile in less time or at less cost. The English have the advantage of a certain organization and experience, but they will have ever increasing difficulty in getting camels, and such small supplies as they have heretofore been able to draw from the country must now be nearly exhausted. They may increase the flotilla on the Nile from Cairo to Wady Halfa (some 800 miles as the river runs), but from Wady Halfa to Berber, by the river, some 600 miles, all the supplies, food, forage and ammunition must be carried by camels or in such small craft as can be hauled through the rapids. To move 10,000 men from Cairo to Berber in three months would be a stupendous task, but it would seem that with a less reinforcement than 10,000 Wolseley must keep to the defensive.

The only alternative is the Suakem-Berber route.

Referring to a volume of the publications of the Egyptian general staff, now before me, I find this letter:

BERBER, April 20, 1875.

General:—In compliance with your letter of instructions of February 16, 1875, I have the honor to submit the following report of a reconnoissance of the route from Suakem to Berber, with a plan and profile of the route, a table of mean barometrical observations for altitudes, a table of some characteristic thermometrical observations, and a list of the results of some astronomical observations.

* * * * * * * *

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) H. G. PROUT, Major of Engineers.

To General Stone, Chief of Staff.

From the report forwarded with the letter quoted above I gather the following facts: From Suakem to Berber is 240 miles. For the first seventy-five miles out of Suakem at no point is there water enough to be found for more than 500 men and their animals at one time. Water can be found at intervals of from six to twenty-five miles in quantities sufficient for from 200 to 500 men. At seventy-five miles from Suakem are wells that will supply several thousand men. Large wells are again found after a march of twenty miles, and again at twenty-five miles. Then, after a stretch of desert of more than fifty miles with no water, are wells that will supply possibly 1000 men with their animals, followed by another fifty miles of waterless desert, to the great wells of Mahobe. From this point to the Nile is two hours' march. In the mountain region traversed in the first seventy-five miles there are small supplies of water, off the caravan route, available to those who know the country. Thus, while large bodies of Arabs can hover along the route, scattering to drink and concentrating to fight, a column strong enough to fight its way through the difficult mountain passes must carry water for 75 miles, or at least three days of very hard marching. If accompanied by cavalry and artillery, water must be carried for horses also. Food for 20 days and forage for 15 must be carried, and ammunition for an indefinite amount of fighting. Probably 3000 British troops could fight their way to Berber, but they would require a train of at least 1500 camels. When we consider the difficulty of collecting so many camels at Suakem, while the country around is held by the enemy, and when we think of the peril of marching a column thus incumbered through mountain defiles held by warriors such as Osman Digma's men have shown themselves to be, we understand why Wolseley chose the Nile route. His campaign seems to have been organized with no reference to the possibility of a defeat or of a serious interruption of his progress to Khartoum. But defeat in a dash across the Berber desert would have been a hopeless and irreparable disaster.

We see that either route into the Soudan presents difficulties that are little less than appalling. There is, however, one way by which the deserts, which since history began have shut in the Soudan, may be annihilated, strategically and commercially at least. In the discussion of this relief expedition much has been said of a railroad from Suakem to Berber, and it is now announced that the British government has decided to build one. Turning again to the report from which I have already borrowed, we find the following sentences:

"A line of 400 kilometres which place the produce of the Soudan at once in a seaport, * * * *, and which brings Berber within six days of Cairo, needs no advocate. * * *

"Whatever reasons may exist against the construction of a railway between Suakem and Berber, I am prepared to say that the face of the country presents no insurmountable difficulty. On the contrary, throughout far the greater part of the distance a railway could be built with unusual ease and economy; and from my hasty examination of the line it seems so obvious a position and so easy a route that the more I think of it the more diffidence I feel in presenting my opinion of it, thinking that some great and apparent objection must have escaped my attention. * * *

"In comparison with the railway lines across lower Egypt, this line seems formidable. When compared with other mountain lines it would seem that it could be cheaply built and profitably worked. Whoever pronounces it impracticable should be prepared to support his opinion with such evidence as can only be procured by an instrumental examination of the points indicated." In making the profile of this route, I made frequent barometrical observations with two different barometers, and the observations were carefully corrected for temperature, humidity and hourly variation. It should be remembered also that the reconnoissance was made by a man of some experience in preliminary railroad surveys, and who was a practiced topographer.

There are several points where rock cutting would be necessary and others where provisions must be made to protect the roadway from the wash of torrents in the rainy season. In the whole route there are but five miles of troublesome sand. There is no timber for ties, but wooden ties would soon be destroyed by white ants were they laid. Iron ties are used on all the lines of lower Egypt. The absence of fuel of all kinds is a certain advantage, as the Arabs would have no means of heating and destroying the rails.

To build a railroad in the face of an active and powerful enemy would be a novel and difficult undertaking; but that Suakem and Berber could have been joined by a railroad in the time that has elapsed since the head of Wolseley's expedition left Cairo, and for less than the cost of that expedition up to this time, I have not the slightest doubt. The whole problem of the Soudan would be changed were that railroad built. With the decks of English transports brought within ten hours of Berber, the Mahdi's mission would end, and he could return to the island of Abba and resume the meditations interrupted some four years ago. Peace and order, such as the Soudan has never known, would follow; thrifty Europeans would pour into the fertile Sennaar, and the Soudan would soon contribute substantially to the wealth and commerce of the world.

MORMONISM REVIEWED.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OREGONIAN

BY KATE FIELD.

CHAPTER IV.

Though Gentiles are only one-fifth of the population of Salt Lake City they represent two-fifths of its wealth, if not more. The telephone, telegraph, district messengers, the cable railroad about to be laid, the great railroads connecting Utah with the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, are all Gentile aspirations. Mormon energy is confined to a few horse railroads. Even the Utah Central Railroad, extending a few hundred miles south of Salt Lake, is only partly owned by the Saints. Mormons are almost exclusively the cultivators of the soil, for the excellent reason that Mormons gained possession of, at an early period, control the water-rights and make farming so uncomfortable to Gentiles that even of the few who have attempted to live in the settlements, the majority have given up a losing game.

BRIGHAM'S CO-OPERATIVE SCHEME.

"Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," which is considered "a prominent feature in Mormon economy," is perfectly well known by both Mormon and Gentile merchants to have been founded by Brigham Young for the double purpose of killing Gentile trade and absorbing individual Mormon enterprise. It was gall and wormwood to the Prophet to see his people grow rich. He was shrewd enough to know that wealth begat independence, and independence begat apostacy and apostacy begat revolution. Therefore he conceived the magnificent idea of gathering his people into one net over which he should watch sleeplessly. With this object in view Brigham Young one night called together twenty or thirty leading business men. Meeting in the Prophet's office they sat in a semicircle and Brigham unfolded his new plan of salvation. He wanted the brethren to do one of two things—either to sell out and join him in his co-operation scheme, or to move away from the main or business street, and thus so divert trade as to force Gentile merchants to leave the country. Having made known his project, Brigham proceeded to extract opinions from the brethren, cunningly asking one at a time, "Now, Brother John, let us hear from you." Brother John rose and entirely agreed with Brother Brigham. Brother William entirely agreed with Brother John, and thus the prophet swung round the semicircle, meeting with no opposition until he questioned the end man. This brother stood high in Brigham's favor. He was enterprising and paid excellent tithes. He knew the prophet's game; he knew that it meant ruin, not only to himself, but to all those merchants whose hearts gave the lie to their craven speech. This man had the courage of his opinions, and kindly but firmly protested. He argued that business could not be diverted from the main street, and that if the Mormons moved off it the Gentiles, far from being obliged to leave Utah, would thrive the more, as there would be less competition. Finally, he showed how the entire absorption of Mormon capital and brain was neither feasible nor advantageous, and sat down amid the silent blessings of his cowardly brethren. He had saved them.

Brigham Young was astounded. That one of his favorites should dare to oppose him was more than his philosophy had ever dreamed. He was displeased, but felt it unwise to express his sentiments. "Well, well," he replied, "I don't insist on carrying out this matter. We'll drop it for the present." And the brethren breathed freely.

Six or eight months later Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution was founded, with Brigham Young as president and with one of his sons-in-law as superintendent. The original intention was to make the Z. C. M. I. purely wholesale, establishing branch retail stores in all of the twenty-one wards, and supplying the wants of the settlements as well. Many of these branches were started, but died a lingering death, as they were remote from the business center and had a limited stock. The wholesale house soon became retail and while it ruined many merchants it has not annihilated either Mormon, Gentile or Jewish enterprise. In 1874 the stores were on the verge of bankruptcy, owing to bad management, and shares were sold as low as 25 cents on the dollar. Then several rich Mormons came to the rescue, put in a new superintendent and the piratical institution took a new lease of life. To-day its stock is mostly owned by the church and a few of its leaders. Employes have one-tenth of their salaries consecrated to the tithing office. As their salaries are generally very small, the souls of these hard workers are ostensibly benefited at the expense of their bodies.

PERSECUTION AND PROFIT.

Apostacy has greatly interfered with material interests. When the Walker brothers left the church every possible device was resorted to in order to ruin their business. Policemen were stationed at the door of their shop to warn off Mormons.

Harrison and Godbe, leaders of the great apostacy in 1869–70 were nearly ruined for braving the church, and many a humble man has told me of his dire poverty, caused by the refusal of the saints to give him work on account of his heresy. Many and many a harangue have I heard in ward meetings warning Saints against dealing or associating with Gentiles; apostates are far viler reptiles in their eyes.

Joseph Smith, after dilating upon hell, deals thus tolerantly with apostates in his "vision:"

> "And which is the torment apostates receive,
> But the end, or the place where the torment began
> Save to them who are made to partake of the same,
> Was never, nor will be, revealed unto man."
> "Yet God shows by vision a glimpse of their fate,
> And straightway he closes the scene that was shown
> So the width, or the depth, or the misery thereof,
> Save to those that partake, is forever unknown."

It is a mistake to imagine that there is no religious caste or class. Heredity is firmly believed in and acted upon, and wealth is fast asserting itself as a motor. The church financial ring already sways John Taylor in political appointments. Church and state are identical, and it is because they are identical that Mormonism is unrepublican. It is often declared that from the president downward the office-bearers receive no salary or other emoluments. The counsellors and apostles (who are all engaged in outside business) receive $2000 a year. What the president receives I am unable to state, but as Brigham Young died worth millions, and as President Taylor, formerly very poor, is now able to support his numerous families in good style, and as he himself lives like a gentleman, it is presumed that the church supports him. Were the books of the tithing office open for public inspection they would a tale unfold by no means creditable to "men of God" so ready to denounce what they are pleased to call the "hireling Christian priesthood."

Travelers quote extracts from a constitution of the "state of Deseret," as these extracts showed the present status of the territory of Utah. If Mormons assert on paper that "no religious sect or denomination shall ever control or appropriate to its own use any of the public, school or university funds of the state," why is it that territorial schools are also Mormon ward meeting-houses, that all the teachers are Mormon, that they are strictly sectarian in spite of being largely supported, in Salt Lake City at least, by Gentiles, and that the university itself is entirely controlled by Mormons notwithstanding the governor's legal protest? There is a homely old saying to the effect that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." If the saints intend to be so liberal when they become a state, why not give congress a foretaste while they are in the chrysalis? It would work a wondrous change in Gentile opinion.

As there are no public institutions, no roads worthy of the name, no good bridges, no anything, the taxes of Utah ought to be almost nil, but in reality taxation weighs heavily on the few because the Mormons tax Gentiles far more than themselves. The revenue laws are a disgrace. The youthful territory of Wyoming has been out of debt for three years. Utah to-day owes the parent government nearly three hundred thousand dollars. It would be bankrupt were congress to send in this bill and demand payment.

MORMON INTOLERANCE.

Mormons, while peaceable and industrious as a rule, are singularly intolerant. I have already touched upon this point, and will now go back to the days of Joseph Smith to find further proof. On February 12, 1843, the prophet writes in his diary:

"I spent the evening at Elder Hyde's; in the course of conversation I remarked that those brethren who came here having money and purchased without the church and without counsel must be cut off; this with other observations aroused the feelings of Brother Dixon, from Salem, Mass., who was then present, and he appeared in great wrath." I do not wonder at Brother Dixon's wrath, strange as it seemed to God's vicegerent. And if the saints were cut off for daring to spend their own money as they pleased, what might not have befallen our enemies?

How the saints "tolerated" the Gentiles in 1857 is shown in a noble poem entitled "The Mormons and their Enemies," written by James Bond and published in the church organ. The concluding stanzas read thus:

> But the Mormons now and ever pray
> Good Lord stretch forth thy hand
> And crickets and locusts keep away
> From this our peaceful land—
> But may we never, never be
> With Gentiles [illegible],
> For of all crickets, you'll agree,
> The Gentiles are the worst.
> For Gentile crickets would eat the lives
> And homes of Mormons and their wives.
> But the Crickets are gone, and the Mormons live
> By faith, in a right good way
> And to Gentiles they would kindly give
> The hint to stay away;
> For should they pay their visits again
> They will most surely find
> The Mormons will themselves maintain
> Against Crickets of every kind;
> Then go it, ye scoffers, for slander is cheap;
> The Mormons will laugh while their enemies weep.

With regard to the Mormon statement that not till the advent of the "professing Christian elements" were oaths, blasphemies, etc., heard in Utah, nor till then that drunkenness, gambling, etc., were known, I answer that facts prove the reverse. Said Brigham Young in September, 1856: "This people have been taught a great deal; they have had principle and doctrine fed to them till they are surfeited; and where is the man, the officer of the community that understands what has been taught them? * * * The people seek for that which is in accordance with the lusts of the flesh, that which is full of iniquity, and they care not for the righteousness of our God."

Is it not remarkable, if "professing Christian elements" have been Utah's ruin, that two months after the above declarations Brigham Young should have counselled his people thus: "Reform your moral character, and be at least as moral as you would if you belonged to a Methodist, Presbyterian or Baptist church, or to the Roman Catholics; be as moral as those classes of people, for heaven's sake"?

THE PREVALENCE OF CRIME.

One story is good until another is told. In 1856 the Saints had everything their own way. It was not until the following year that United States troops poisoned the air of "Zion" and brought "professing Christian elements" in their wake. Before the coming of these "elements" the church, through its high officers, had thirty-five distilleries in force throughout the territory, and to-day "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," John Taylor, president, takes out a wholesale liquor license and posts "Holiness to the Lord" over its sacred doors. If it be a sin to sell a glass of brandy, how much more sinful ought it not to be to sell a barrel? But brandy is not the popular Mormon tipple. Alcohol, pure and undefiled, is consumed by them in large quantities. It is perfectly true that the "Word of Wisdom" prohibits even the use of tea and coffee, and John Taylor, old as he is, confines his drinking to water, but it is equally true that drunkenness has always been a Mormon, as it is a human, vice, and profanity began with the birth of the church. Joseph Smith could swear like a trooper. The language of many Mormon boys is shocking.

High Mormon families have furnished some of the most notorious of the demi-monde, while gambling flourishes here like a green bay tree. Having always been told that wicked Gentiles were responsible for all the crime in Utah, Governor Murray was greatly surprised to learn the sporting fraternity declined to register for the purpose of voting the Gentile ticket. Meeting one of the wealthiest gamblers in the street the governor inquired whether the report was true. "Yes," replied the sporting gentleman, "it is perfectly true. We don't intend to vote for the reason that we who are Ishmaelites throughout the world desire no change in the government. Under Mormon control we can flourish cheaper and better than under any other government." Statistics of crime proceed from Mormon authorities. The Utah police are entirely Mormon. Drunken Mormons are either not arrested or are taken home by these emissaries of the law. Drunken Gentiles are brought into court. Whether crime is crime depends upon whether the doer be saint or sinner. Figures are said never to lie, but there are exceptions even to mathematical rules. In Utah, figures lie outrageously.

The Mormons are only beginning to be interested in education. The only so-called university does not rise above the grade of a grammar school, and, with the exception of the mission schools, paid for by Christian churches in the eastern states, there is no free instruction in the territory. These mission schools are so much better than the Mormon as to attract Mormon children; but so tremendous is public and private denunciation becoming against them that the Christian schools are not likely to receive many Mormon recruits. Mormons believe in John Taylor as the voice of God. The laws of congress are not the laws of a polygamous prophet, consequently they are not enforced. In prosecuting polygamists according to law, Mormon juries will not convict. As until lately the juries have been half Mormons, the law has been useless. What would England do under similar circumstances? Allow herself to be defied? To permit John Taylor to be dictator over 150,000 human beings sheltered under the American flag is a blot on our fair fame. It is worse than a blot; it is a crime against free institutions, and if the citizens of the United States could only visit Utah, investigate and judge for themselves, they would be as ashamed as I am. Mormons despise the United States government because it makes laws for the apparent purpose of sitting down quietly and allowing them to be disobeyed. As I write a Gentile in Salt Lake City is being tried for bigamy. He will be sent to the penitentiary. This man has attempted to have two wives, and is a criminal. John Taylor has six or seven wives and reigns over Utah as a revelator and seer. Citizens of the United States ought to be ashamed of what takes place in Utah under their so-called authority.

THE CHURCH AN ABSOLUTE DESPOTISM.

In laying comparatively little stress on the polygamic difficulty and in dwelling upon the existence of "a hierarchy within a republic," Governor Murray shows his appreciation of the situation in Utah. He knows, every lawyer knows, every investigating Gentile knows, and every clever Mormon knows that an ecclesiastical government exists in Utah, intended to meet all the requirements of temporal affairs. John Taylor denies this fact in the *North American Review*, but what answer did the prophet make in January, 1881, to Henry Randall Waite, special census agent?

"You say in your letter you conclude the bishops presiding over the respective wards correspond somewhat with pastors of local churches in other denominations, and that in order to obtain detailed statistics of local churches my schedules should be sent to the bishops of wards as above. Am I correct?"

"I would say, not by any means. They occupy altogether another position from the pastors referred to; they are so very different it might probably be altogether inapplicable. For instance, the business of our bishops in presiding over a ward is to look principally after the temporal interests of the community, to look after the poor, widows and fatherless, and provide for their necessities. He is also assisted by two counselors, and who, together with himself, form a court, denominated by us a 'bishop's court,' to investigate and try all minor cases that may come up before him in his ward, whether of a temporal or spiritual nature. They are all assisted by a corps of officers called priests, teachers and deacons, who aid them in the supervision of the ward and of all affairs connected therewith, which you see at once is quite another arrangement than that contemplated by yourself."

When the business of census-taking in Utah was turned over to A. L. Thomas, the able territorial secretary, for the reason that no satisfactory information could be obtained from Mormon authorities, the official church organ, the *Deseret Evening News*, of May 28, 1881, warned the people in an "inspired" leader, of which the following is an extract:

"Those who respond to the call should be exceedingly careful how they give written answers to the queries propounded. The letter of request desires them to insert 'bishop' where the word 'clergyman' occurs and 'bishop's ward' instead of 'parish.' But the office of a bishop bears no resemblance to the position of a clergyman, neither does a ward coincide with a parish. A bishop is ordained to watch over the temporal interests of his ward, and with his counselors to act as a common judge in Israel, settling difficulties between brethren and sitting in judgment upon transgressors. These are not the functions of a 'clergyman.' A bishop's ward, for similar reasons, cannot take the place of a clergyman's parish."

What sort of a God is it that inspires his vicegerent to make one statement in 1881 and a diametrically opposite one in 1884? Bishops' courts may try everything up to murder. But John Taylor is in the habit of calling black white. In '50, at Boulogne, France, this "man of God," then a missionary, indignantly denied that polygamy was practised by the Mormons, and quoted "Doctrine and Covenants" in verification of his words. Elder Taylor at that time was the husband of at least seven wives!

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

No one need take my word as to the meaning of Mormonism; Mormon authors can always be quoted. It is edifying to read what a Mormon elder, a clever Englishman, Edward M. Tullidge by name, wrote of "The Mormon Commonwealth" in 1877. "The home of Mormondom is Utah, where its base of operations cover 175,000 square miles, where four-elevenths of its force is working in one mass under the single strong control of Brigham Young, and has already a powerful organization, a hundred cities or settlements, farms, manufactures and commerce: in short, a commonwealth rounded and complete within itself. From this great heart the repulses forth the blood of Mormondom—the stream of missionary work, now actively pushed by some thousands of energetic men—and sweeping in to the center a great annual immigration of converts made abroad. It has one state religion, or civil organization substantially identical and absolutely harmonious with that religion, a unity of spirit which makes the whole one [illegible] for missions, conversions and confederations. * * * What more is necessary to insure a great empire in the near future?"

Mr. Barclay, M. P., apprehends that "the animosity to Mormonism is principally due to the efforts of the hosts of office-seekers who would find lucrative posts in Utah were the Mormons disfranchised and by the missionaries from the eastern states who come to turn the Mormons from the error of their ways, and whose income depends on the strength of the feelings they can excite in their supporters." This mistaken apprehension does foul wrong to as noble men and women as ever lived. It is an apprehension founded on Mormon assertion. I have the honor to know many of the missionaries, most of whom are women, who bury themselves in Mormon settlements and endure slights, often insults, and always pathetic isolation, to teach the rudiments of English to apostates and such Mormon children as can be induced to come to them. As to "the hungry office-seekers," there are enough of them in this country, heaven knows, but "lucrative posts" are not to be found in Utah. The governor's salary amounts to $2,600. That of the chief justice attains the enormous proportion of $3,000! So contemptible are federal salaries as to cause Mormons to declare that no decent man will accept office, and *this* is the reason why federal officials cannot discover the virtues of Mormonism! Governor Murray possesses the instincts of a patriot, and holds office at the expense of worldly interests. My "animosity to Mormonism" cannot be attributed to "office-seeking." The Gentiles of Utah ask that this territory shall no longer remain a foreign country. They ask congress to put it in accord with the rest of the republic. It is truth that Utah Mormonism is organized rebellion. Not a government in Europe would permit its duration for twenty-four hours. Its long tenure of existence in these "valleys of the mountains" is due, first, to complete isolation, and secondly to marvelous ignorance on the part of Americans. That ignorance is being gradually dispelled, thanks to an incorruptible governor, to the Gentile press and to the stolid defiance of Mormons themselves; and when the people of the United States fully realize what manner of monster they have fostered for thirty-eight years, the poison of that monster's fangs will be removed, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. God grant that this "twin relic of barbarism" may pass away without the shedding of human blood.—[Copyright 1885. All rights reserved.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

A MEMORY.

[Alliterative.]

Mary of the eye so blue,
Mary of the heart so true,
Mary fit for sprites to woo,
My wee, winsome fairy!
Ah! many years will pass
Ere I shall see a lass
That can in aught surpass
Dainty, damsel Mary!

Thus I chanted in her ear,
She displeased not to hear
Praises such, to lovers dear,
Sung by lips not chary;
While the heaven in her eyes
Foretaste gave in sweet replies
Of a future Paradise
Made by maiden Mary.

But o'ercast became that sky,
Paled that azure, deepening eye,
Hushed my happy minstrelsy,
Changed to weeping weary,
Like a lily on its stem,
When the storms of sorrow came,
Bowed and sank she under them,
My down-drooping Mary.

And we laid her neath the snows
While the sunset warmed to rose,
Where the north wind coldly blows
From the pathless prairie.
Colder than the snows she lay,
Purer than the snows that clay,
With its poor soul e'en away,
My poor, perished Mary!

In my heart she's more old,
And her graces manifold,
Still invest that sacred mould,
Keeps she still my sprightly fairy!
And the years that slowly pass,
Never bring another lass,
Who can, living, e'er surpass
My maid, memory, Mary!

—*S. R. B.*

PRESS PITH.

J. Crapeau to J. Bull: I have been licking my savage enemies of late; why don't you brace up and do likewise?—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

It has been decided by a St. Louis judge that three chromos, a bust of Longfellow and an oil painting worth $6 may legally constitute an "art parlor," but it is rather a close shave.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me $4160 I must lay up $200 a year for twenty years, or I can put away $20 a year for 200 years—now which shall I do?"—*New York Tribune.*

The management of the New Orleans exposition is $319,000 behind in its finances. For the purpose of filling a long-felt want the exposition goes hand in hand with a new newspaper.—*Boston Post.*

A plumber having amassed a fortune at his trade abandoned the former occupation and opened a drug store. In six weeks he failed so flat that he went to jail and sent his family to the poorhouse. It is thought that his former occupation had not trained him to charging high enough prices to succeed in the drug business.—*Sunday School Quarterly.*

FORMULA FOR MAKING A LODGE OF ANARCHISTS:

One small hall over a beer-saloon.

A saloon-keeper who will trust for beer.

Three or four loafers who will discuss the labor question.

One long-haired crank to curse the rich.

One little red flag to wave the signal for gore; an old undershirt will do.

A lot of lazy idlers who despise work and are hurrah for the destruction of everything.—*Philadelphia Press.*

AT RANDOM.

The New York "Dude" is a young man of fortune and leisure who lives at a club, imports his clothes from London, goes familiarly into fashionable society, affects English manners and values himself upon his simple character as a gentleman. The Chicago dude is a pretty close copy of his New York brother, differing only in importing his clothes from New York and in a less distinct Angloism. The San Francisco dude gets his clothes wherever he can, is not quite so nice in the harmony of colors and talks with a drawl. Any man whose clothes fit him is called a dude in Portland, a man who wears fresh linen is a dude in some Oregon towns which it is unnecessary to designate, and anybody who wears a shirt collar is a dude in certain other towns which it would be downright ill-mannered to name. Characteristics differ in different localities, but the principle is the same everywhere—the dude is the man whose dress is relatively punctilious and whose address is polite. People laugh at the dude very much as they laugh at the feminine bang, not from any objection in good taste or good morals, but from habit and from sheer necessity for a stock joke. The dude as a topic bears about the same relation to popular humor as the weather does to polite conversation. The common fling at the dude is on an equality in point of wit and taste with the common sneer at the mother-in-law.

Many good things may be said of the dude. At all times and at all places your perfect dude is a perfect gentleman. He is always cleanly and agreeable in his personal habits. He avoids low company and low conversation. You need not doubt the propriety of introducing a perfect dude to your wife or to your daughter. Association with him will not discredit or embarrass them. The dude very often is a shallow-brained fellow—so, indeed, very often is the fellow who is not a dude. The dude has over the other fellow of equal capacity the merits of personal neatness, polish of manner, cleanliness of talk and association and pride of gentlemanly character. Even if one must be an idiot, it is better to be a well-dressed, polite one than a slovenly, rude one.

The follies of the dude are harmless. What matters it if his shoes be of peculiar shape—they don't pinch your feet. What matters it if his coat be long or short—it is not your back that it covers. What matters it if his trousers be tight—you are, perhaps, quite as particular to have your own loose. What right have you with two useless buttons on the back of your coat, to laugh at the useless stick in the hands of the dude. Your costume judged with strict regard to absolute utility is every whit as absurd as his. Is not the dude the better man to originate his affectations than to copy them as you do. Is he not the braver man to clothe himself according to his own taste than to trail as you do in the wake of fashions which you condemn but lack the courage to disregard. It takes real force of character to repudiate the mode and dress as you think you look best. The courage of conviction is not a quality of higher nerve than the courage of taste.

It is surprising that the people who condemn the unusual nicety of the dude often look without condemnation on the untidiness of the sloven. When I come to like rudeness better than good manners, when I come to prefer a sloven to a clean man, when I come to think it more becoming and manly to seek companionship in barrooms and livery stables than in polite society, then I will rail against the dude.

There is a deal of rot in the efforts frequently seen to copy English manners, and there is a deal more rot in the talk as frequently heard against English manners. The former is at least an effort to improve though it may be mistaken and silly, and the latter is a rude affectation of superiority over the best civilization in the world. A nation whose traditions, culture and tendencies are drawn from England, or have been developed in the line of English ideas, is properly English in its manner. All the great models before us are English in fact or in character. We are English in spirit and heart, and we ought to be proud of it. The mistake of the Anglo-maniac is that he attempts to imitate English provincialisms rather than to cultivate the English virtues of strength, integrity and courage. It is not by slurring his vowels that a man can make himself strong, truthful and brave—a true Englishman, the worthy son of English stock and of English ideas, no matter whether he be borne in England or America.

We have lost the provincialisms and sense of the narrowness of a people who live cramped in a small space. Contact with a new and savage world has developed the good English stock in us; but at the same time it has roughened us a little. We have more enterprise, more of the impulse to get ahead, more of the capacity to do than our fellow-countrymen of old England, but we lack some of the graces they have cultivated in repose.

Listen to the talk of an intelligent, well-bred Englishman (and not every English clerk in America is intelligent and well bred) and you will be charmed by the propriety of his expressions. He may be raw, and even offensive in his provincial conceit, but there is about him a tone of culture. His information is very often narrow, but it is likely to be sufficient for his business, and what he knows he probably knows thoroughly. He is not so generally wide-awake as an American of equal station, but he is a safer man in his specialty. It would be well if we could take on the English thoroughness, the English repose, and leave off a little of our slapdash; but we must have a care lest in the process we acquire that rude conceit which mars the manners of John Bull in his own narrow island. We should pattern after higher higher and truer English models than British globe-trotters and merchants-clerks.

Cole of Columbia was the fun-maker of the legislature. His speeches were not intended to be funny and were all the funnier for that reason. Late in the session a bill for the employment of official stenographic reporters in the circuit courts was up for consideration and Cole in his character of economist opposed it. He talked a few minutes without apparently making an impression, when, turning from the speaker to the members, and stamping the floor, he said with wrathful emphasis: "You intellectual giants, *you old grangers*, I want you to listen and understand this measure. It is a bill to pay a Portland dude $2000 a year to loaf about the courts and do nothing but mash the ladies—" There was a roar, but Cole continued in a voice that almost lifted the roof—"*to the detriment of you and your sons!*" When the proposition to reconsider the bill for a constitutional convention was before the house it was strongly championed by Cole, who proposed to speak upon it, and who, so it was whispered about, was "loaded for bear." Speaker Keady, who took the opposite view of the matter, feared the effect of Cole's speech, and in order to throttle it called him to the chair, going himself to the floor, where he voted against reconsideration. Cole writhed, evidently fully understanding the trick to keep him quiet. When Keady sat down Cole rapped the house to attention and said: "The chair is of the opinion that in this emergency it has a right to its seat on the floor. The question having been opened for discussion, the chair rules that the gentleman from Columbia has the right to participate in the debate. Will the gentleman from Benton, Mr. Keady, please take the chair." Of course there was an explosion and nobody laughed louder than Keady as he took the vacated seat. There was a general sense of disappointment when Cole, as he rose to speak, was shut off by the previous question. A. H.

Portland, 28th of February.

Jones (of Jones, Brown & Co.)—"Yes, we want a new hand. I advertised for an experienced packer." Applicant—"I would like to get the situation, sir." "Well, as you see, our goods are pretty tough and can stand rough handling, so there is no trouble about breakage, but boxes cost money, and our aim is to get the largest quantities crowded into the smallest possible space, not an inch of air room being left. Have you had any experience in that kind of packing?" "Oh, yes, sir. I used to be a conductor on a street car."—Philadelphia Call.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1885.

CURRENT FUN.

ART IN TEXAS.

Texas Siftings.

Two Texas ladies were talking about the children.

"How is your boy coming on at school?"

"He is quite an artist. He is drawing live animals."

"So is my boy, Bill. He drew a cat up in a tree. He drew it all by himself, too."

"Did he use a crayon?"

"No; he used a rope."

THE WRONG BOW.

Newman Independent.

"Pa, did you see the rainbow this morning?" asked a sweet sixteen of her father.

"No, my daughter, but you will see a wet beau to-night, if that soft dude of yours undertakes to serenade us again like he did last night."

And the old man placed a bucketful of water inside the window.

POSTPONED.

Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. N. Y. Cashier—What is that you ask, Johnny?

Johnny—Can't we go to the Montreal ice festival, ma?

"Not this year."

"But you said we could."

"I know; but the bank examiner didn't come around."

MARRIAGE A LA FRANCAISE.

Exchange.

M. le Maire (to blushing bride)—Do you consent to wed this man?

Blushing Bride (firmly)—No.

M. le Maire (pushing his spectacles up on his nose and looking stern)—And pray, Madamoiselle, why did you take so long in making up your mind?

Blushing Bride—You're the first person who's thought it worth while to ask my opinion.

THE JUDGE KNEW THE GAME.

New York Sun.

Judge Welde had some alleged gamblers before him yesterday, captured in a raid on an East side saloon. The police captured a lot of playing cards and chips. The accused men had a lawyer to defend them, and produced witnesses not disinclined to swear to most anything. One of them did swear that no gambling was going on.

"What were you doing with those chips?" asked the justice sternly.

"We were not gambling, your honor, we were playing penuckle."

"Playing what?"

"Playing penuckle."

"Oh, no," said the justice, "you can't fool me that way. I never heard of playing penuckle with chips."

"But he swears to it," interposed the lawyer.

"Never mind," said the justice, "he can swear as much as he likes. I know the game."

GOING SHOPPING.

Exchange.

Mr Winks—"I do wish you would read the papers, Mrs. Winks. If you did you would not do so many foolish things."

Mrs. Winks—Well, what's the matter now?"

Mr. Winks—"You should not carry your purse in your hand."

Mrs. Winks—"Oh, don't worry. It isn't at all heavy."

PERHAPS LIKE THE NORTH STAR.

Newman Independent.

"Darling," he said, as he tried to tickle his wife under the chin, "why am I like the moon?"

"You are not like the moon, John Henry, in any particular."

"Why, how do you make that out, my dear?"

"Because the moon has been full but twice this month."

He says that isn't the right answer.

HE GOT A JOB.

"So you want a position on the staff of our blanket sheet, do you?" inquired the managing editor of a new man from the country.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how are you on the spread?"

"Spread? Gosh, that's just my holt. When Widow Thompson's hen house burned last winter I reported it for the *Weekly Palladium*. Had four columns of description, two columns of notes and a wood-cut diagram showing all the tracks made in the snow by the escaping chickens."

MOST ANYTHING FOR ENCOURAGEMENT.

Hartford Post.

The esthetic maiden, fancy free, has about tired of embroideries and ceramic decorations and darned lace and "water colors" and "oils" and all the pleasing agonies of the times and longs for something more robust—more manly, in short. She actually proposes to "sculp."

"Now, Angela, you know, has quite an idea of art. She is anxious to bring home some clay and go right to modeling. Do you think it would be advisable?" queried Mrs. Fitzjoy of the easy-going head of the household.

"Don't make a bit of difference to me. It might sort o' encourage her, after she had modeled a few clay Apollos, to tackle the molding board and model some doughnuts, biscuits and such things." And Angela's clay was all dough.

MEDICAL ADVICE BY TELEPHONE.

Leonard's Medical Journal.

Husband—My wife has a severe pain in the back of her neck and complains of a sort of soreness in the stomach.

Physician—She has malarial colic.

Husband—What shall I do for her.

[The girl at the "central" switches off to a machinist talking to a sawmill man.]

Machinist to husband—I think she is covered with scales inside, about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, and then take a hose and hitch it to the fire plug and wash her out.

Husband has no further need of this doctor.

SLIGHTLY DIFFERING LIES.

Boston Bulletin.

"And this perscription that you have written is for an acid preparation, is it not?" asked the editor of the doctor who had just handed him a scrap of paper covered with undecipherable hieroglyphics, with the injunction to "take a teaspoonful of that before every meal."

"No, sir," replied the man of physic, "it is not an acid, but an alkali."

"Ah! I may then consider this as one of the lies of your profession, eh?"

"Certainly, and materially differing from the lies of yours, my dear sir," said the doctor, with a bow.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Texas Siftings.

Several bold highway robberies have been perpetrated of late after dark in the very heart of the city of Boston. The police have been unable to discover any clue whatever to the perpetrators. The morning after a particularly bold robbery the city marshal said to the policeman who had been on duty: "Did you hear the robbers pounding Professor Bessemer on the head with their clubs? It occurred right close to your beat." "I did hear some pounding, but I thought they were tapping a fresh keg of beer at Frischmeyer's saloon, so I went in and got a glass," was the reply of the guardian of the life and property of the citizens.

VERY FAITHFUL.

Philadelphia Call.

Miss Nobbs: "I supposed you would be very gay this winter, having inherited all that wealth, but, of course, I was thoughtless. It is not long since your rich uncle died."

Miss Hobbs: "No; only three months."

"Oh! is that all? Then I suppose you won't go out before next season."

"I fear not. The estate is not settled yet, and we have no clothes."

SMALL TALK.

Taffy is the soothing syrup of life.

Words that burn—Waste-basket poems.

Economy is the father of a fat bank-account.

Can a cannibal acquire a literary taste by eating an author?

A door belle—The pretty maid servant.—New York Journal.

Good terminal facilities—A pair of stout boots.—Boston Star.

The oculist is the eye deal doctor.—Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.

Men often miss a fortune by a heir.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A woman in some states cannot sue and be sued; but she can complain and be courted.—New York News.

A western calf has four ears. Hello, central! Do you want a competent receiver at your end of the telephone?

A road made of quartz is very hard, but it is a gneiss road.—Texas Siftings.

When milkmen stop watering their milk it will be the last of pump pay.—Whitehall Times.

The young doctor with patience can become an old doctor with patients.—Whitehall Times.

A lumber never allows his wife to burst into tears. He hasn't time to mend such leaks.—The Judge.

"One good turn deserves another," said the economical man as he reversed his cuffs for the second time.

"I'm tired running around with you fellows," spoke up a discontented wheel.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Fortune never frowns long at a time upon the plumber. Each cold snap is a smile for her favored son.—Lowell Citizen.

A man in Wisconsin became crazy from joy. Somebody must have told him that the author of "Beautiful Snow" was dead.

Suicides are not always prompted to become such by the belief that a non-est man is the noblest work of God.—Yonkers Gazette.

In a billiard-room uptown they have pails of milk standing about for players to dip their cues into when they requiring chalking.—Puck.

A Berlin doctor has been fined "for not keeping himself posted on modern methods of practice." He must have cured somebody.—Boston Post.

"Kill all the doctors!" exclaims a southern editor. The only trouble about this is that you can't persuade doctors to take their own medicine.—Boston Post.

A Stockyards young lady at a ball the other evening referred to her gentlemen escort as an Indian, "for," said she, "he's always on my trail."—Chicago Sun.

Custom compels an Icelander in his native island to kiss every woman he meets. Now we understand why the men of Iceland never emigrate.—Oil City Blizzard.

"No, I've never been seasick, but I've come mighty near it," said a lawyer to a lady friend.

"That's funny. What do you mean?"

"I once saw two men kiss each other. Ugh!

There is a glacier in Alaska moving along at the rate of a quarter of a mile a year, and there is some talk in sporting circles of getting up a race between it and a messenger boy.—Lowell Citizen.

Levy is troubled with insomnia, which he cures by getting up in the small hours and having a blow on his cornet. "And then," suggests a friend, "all the rest of the neighborhood suffers from insomnia."

"What do you think of that young man?" asked one young lady of another at a sociable.

"I don't think anything of him, but I am convinced by his conversation that he is as shallow as a strawberry box."

A teacher in the Presbyterian Sunday school in this place asked her pupils what was the meaning of "Publican." One of the scholars replied, "Something a little better than a democrat."—Glens Falls Messenger.

"What would you do if I should die?" asked a wife of her husband, as she laid her fair white arms around his neck. "Well, really my love, I hadn't thought of it," he answered, abstractedly, "but I presume I'd bury you."

Professor Agassiz, now in Honolulu, intends to study the formation of the Sandwich Islands group and the outlying reefs. He may possibly discover the rock from which the original railroad sandwich was quarried.

Young Snobbs was extremely particular
To retain a safe perpendicular,
But his feet strayed apart,
And fast thumped his heart
When he slid off on his auricular!
—*Norristown Herald.*

The sad-eyed, long-haired individual who brought in the poem, "Where Are we Drifting?" found out immediately. He drifted out of the window. Only three stories down to a downy bed of old lumber.—Brooklyn Times.

The wife of an Orange county milkman was reported in the local newspaper as appearing at a recent ball in a handsome milk-white silk. The report does not say that it was watered silk, but we presume it was.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Sunday school teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized. "Yes," said the little girl, "two times." "Two times! Why, how could that be?" exclaimed the teacher. "It didn't take the first time," said the little girl.—New York Tribune.

It was thought that Ella Wheeler would give up writing poetry when she got married, but she has not done so. Any feelings of gratitude which we may have expressed for the gentleman who married her are hereby withdrawn.—Fall River Advocate.

Reciprocity is all very well in its way, but when it comes to your wife wanting you to reciprocate a pair of fifty-cent braces with a fifty-dollar ring, you've got to brace up and figure out just where the reciprocity hits you on a sore spot.—Fall River Advance.

Eulalia (sentimentally)—"Oh, no! I have no desire for great wealth. I should be happy, very happy, as the wife of a noble bread-winner." George (practically)—"And I should be happy, very happy, as the husband of a good bread-maker." She concluded to learn.

The dear old pun is almost due
That comes out every year;
Come, bring it out, its dress renew,
For Lent is almost here.
It is the answer given a friend
By a facetious gent;
"I cannot my umbrella lend
Because, my boy, 'tis Lent."
—*Boston Courier.*

The daughter of an Allegheny millionaire is to be married to a plumber's apprentice. Everything nowadays points toward the consolidation of the wealthy classes.—Oil City Derrick.

"Sunshine in Water is a mental process," remarked the professor in the class room.

"I don't see how," replied a student.

"Because, sir, there is so much thaw it about it."—Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.

Florida has a town named Hurrah. A little way off is another called Kissime. It takes a Michigan man to get it off on the deck of a river steamer and yell to the first pretty girl he meets: "Hurrah, are you going to Kissime, too?"—Detroit Times.

"Where have you been, my pretty maid?"
"I've been a-milking, sir," she said.
And then they stopped so long to talk
That the weather froze her water and chalk.
—*Evansville Argus.*

Mrs. Blank—"Don't you think it was very cowardly for Mrs. Dudley to shoot Rossa in the back?"

Mrs Blank—"She had no choice."

"No choice? Why didn't she face him when she fired?"

"She was afraid the bullet might strike his cheek and glance off."—Philadelphia Call.

Philip Armour, the famous Chicago pork packer, is said to have one of the best private libraries in the country.—New York Morning Journal. He probably keeps the books in a mahogany case.—Gorham Mountaineer. Hogg and Bacon are his favorite authors.—Webster Eagle. Probably interlarded with Lamb.—Framingham Tribune. And he's probably not wholly indifferent to the productions of Swineburne.—Chicago Sun.

Mrs. Tattler (who has been describing at length the virtues of her numerous children)—And this is my son, the canon.

Ho worthy (becoming a trifle bored)—Ah, yes, I have always heard that there were a great many big guns in your family.—Harvard Lampoon.

"What is that, lovey-dovey?" asked a newly-married Legaleap Demurrer of her husband, as he laid a heavy volume on the mantel.

"That is my brief in the Jones case, sweetie," he responded, with a kiss.

"Why does lovey call it a brief?"

"Because it contains 338 pages."

Colonel William Pope, a wealthy resident of Galveston, hired a professor to teach his eldest boy, who was very lazy indeed. "Now that I have shown you how to do that sum, I'll prove it to you, to show you that it is correct," said the professor, who was teaching him arithmetic. "No need of proof, professor; I will take your word for it. I know you wouldn't tell me a lie."—Texas Siftings.

A fascinating woman is employed by the secret police to get at the secrets of a foreign diplomatist. The following correspondence is exchanged by telegraph between the minister of foreign affairs and his emissary: "Your report is vague; obtain further particulars." "Am having a lover's quarrel with him. Shall be reconciled to-morrow; shall send full details." She is, and does.—French paper.

A story is told of a shrewd Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from dram-shop by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted. "Gie's a shake o' your hand. I am married tae a sister o' yours."

When General Roger A. Pryor and his wife introduced their daughter into Brooklyn society a few days ago there were present William M. Evarts, Henry Ward Beecher and General Geo. B. McClellan. Miss Hall, daughter of Rev. Dr. Charles Hall, a co-worker with Garrison and Phillips against slavery, served tea from a solid tea service, and handed cups to General McClellan and his wife. "Presented by the State of Virginia to Colonel Roger A. Pryor for Valorous Services in the Confederate Army," were the words the ex-union general read on the silver. "I can certify to the valor mentioned," he remarked, good-humoredly. "Thank you, general," said Pryor, and the two men shook hands.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Matters of Interest to the Wives, Mothers and Sisters of the Land.

Felix Adler on the Marriage Relation—The Proper Dress for Gymnastics—Fancies of Fashion.

Felix Adler, in his recent lecture on marriage, says: The new ethics does not seek to banish mystery from the world. There is mystery all about us, and one of the mysteries is marriage. The leading idea of the new ethics is unity. The old idea was that each man was an isolated individual, separate in himself, adapted to the attainment of perfection in himself alone. But no man is complete. Each has a particular bias, each can do some one thing better than another. We often hear men say, "I could be a statesman, a scholar, a poet, as great as your Webster, your Agassiz, or your Tennyson, if I had time; I am too busy; if I only had time I would be a great man, too." Those are the words of a fool and a fop. The true man is ever ready to perceive and acknowledge his own deficiencies and to seek the help of others who can supply their place. Hence arises society. The more closely men are knit together so that each can give to each what is wanting the more perfect does the true unity, organized society, become.

The most obvious deficiencies in the perfection of humanity are to be seen in the differences of sex. Man alone is imperfect, and woman alone is imperfect, and it is only when the two are knit into a complete unity that a perfect individual becomes possible. The poet Dante inscribed in his *Vita Nuova* at that spot in his memory where he first met Beatrice, "*Incipit vita nova.*" When the man and the woman who are to love each other meet, their old lives of isolation cease, their former selves die, and a new individual begins to live. I am not speaking of common so-called marriages which are rushed into without reflection or forethought, of marriages of fashion and marriages of convenience, for these are not marriages but accidental connections.

I have no sympathy with those who strive to prove that man and woman are fitted for the same work; that there is no essential difference between the natures of the two sexes. That is the vanity of those who deem the individual man and woman the true unit of perfection, failing to perceive that completeness comes only from the organized unity of incompetence and specialized parts. No man and no woman who has read the lesson of life will arrogate to himself the crown of perfection. The most obvious difference between man and woman is the difference between strength and weakness. The superior muscular development of man, and the periods of prolonged repose required by woman should be sufficient to show that their tasks lie in different paths, and to condemn a civilization in which thousands of women are doomed to severe toil in the factory, the field, and even the mine. Another distinction is that indicated by the words "brave" and "fair." None but the brave deserve the fair, and none but the fair deserve the brave. I do not speak only of physical bravery or of physical beauty, but the man who would command the love of a woman must show in himself the power to conquer circumstances; and woman to be loved must exhibit some beauty, not necessarily of figure and face, but of soul. The chivalric words of "knight" and "lady" still have a living meaning; and love is a mockery unless the man is in the eyes of his wife a knight and she to him a lady.

The difference of sex are summed up in the words active and passive. A man goes forth to conquer; a woman lives to endure. You ask of a merchant, or a lawyer, or a poet, what he has done. You ask of a wife, a woman, what is her nature. Man is judged by what he does; woman by what she is. Hence woman has always been the custodian of gentle manners, since manners, more than anything else, express the individual; and hence to woman is intrusted the education of infantile life, upon which she lets the gentleness of womanhood stream like a benediction. The mental habits of man and woman are different. Man is formed to generalize, woman to specialize. If this difference is to be found a grand opening in intellectual research for the work of woman. The generalizations of science are built upon careful observations, and to women careful observation is a natural faculty. There is no true marriage unless the sympathies of man and woman blend and help each other; and there is no security against that painful estrangement which is so often seen after a few years of married life, but intelligent intercourse of mind with mind, and the love of soul for soul.

FOREIGN MAID SERVANTS.

Almost every American well-to-do family that travels abroad returns with one or more foreign servants, says *Demorest's Monthly*. Maid servants are most in favor, for American ladies find it difficult in this country to secure young women who are willing to wait on them, dress their hair and perform other personal services. American girls who "live out" have not the submissiveness of the foreign-trained body servants. They resent any appearance of authority, nor are they as well trained as foreign servants in those personal attentions that add to the comfort of a woman's life. Then it is often an advantage to have a girl in a family who can speak French or German, as they help in educating the children into the mysteries of foreign languages. Many men servants are also brought over, but they do not stay with their employers so long a time as do the maids and governesses hired abroad. The latter find it more difficult to change their employments, and girls at service do not marry so readily as young women who receive their company at home or who work in shops.

Domestic service in these modern times is disorganized, because ministering to the wants of another human being is regarded as menial and degrading. It should not be so considered. Adding to the comfort and ministering to the necessities of others should be looked upon as the most laudable of occupations. It has been so deemed in all the best ages of the world. The squire and the page in the middle ages did everything for the personal comfort of the knight they served. To wait on a kingly or noble person was a mark of honor. Fidelity to any other person than one's self is among the chiefest and most useful virtues; but reverence and respect for others is dying out in America, and so our servants are drawn in great part from classes trained in European ways of thinking.

FEMININE DIAGNOSIS.

There is a deal of shrewd insight into human nature, and especially woman nature, in the following extract from Oliver Wendell Holmes' address at the centennial of the Harvard medical school:

"I have often wished that disease could be hunted by its professional antagonists in couples—a doctor and a doctor's quick-witted wife making a joint visit, and attacking the patient—I mean the patient's malady, of course—with their united capacities. For I am quite sure there is a natural clairvoyance in a woman which would make her as much the superior of man in some particulars of diagnosis as she certainly is in distinguishing shades of color. Many a suicide would have been prevented if the doctor's wife had visited the victim the day before it happened. She would have seen in the merchant's face his impending bankruptcy, while her stupid husband was prescribing for his dyspepsia, and endorsing his note; she would recognize the lovelorn maiden by an ill-adjusted ribbon, a line in the features, a droop in the attitude, a tone in the voice, which means nothing to him, and so the brook must be dragged to-morrow. The dual arrangement of which I have spoken is, I suppose, impracticable, but a woman's advice, I suspect, often determines her husband's prescription. Instead of a curtain-lecture, on his own failings, he gets a clinical lecture, on the puzzling case, it may be, of a neighbor suffering from a complaint known to village nosology as 'a complication of diseases,' which her keen eyes see into as much better than his as they would through the eye of a small-sized needle. She will find the right end of a case to get hold of, and take the snarls out as she would out of a skein of thread or a ball of worsted, which he would speedily have reduced to a hopeless tangle."

THE PROPER GYMNASTIC DRESS.

Health is a subject much talked about of late, and health exhibitions have become fashionable places of resort for those with time on their hands to lounge away an idle morning, as well as places of interest and instruction for those who are aware of the important fact that health is, and should be, the first and highest consideration of our lives, and when physicians tell us that it may be greatly aided and supported by regular and reasonable movement and exercises, such as gymnastics, riding on horseback, and even fencing, which are all alike salutary, we should not fail to impress this fact on the minds of the young and growing, to induce and excite them to use their limbs in every possible way and manner.

Gymnastics, often called calisthenics, when practiced by young ladies and children, were greatly appreciated by the ancients, and has become very fashionable pastime in these days, but it is necessary to have suitable, easy-fitting dresses when taking lessons of the clever and even talented masters and mistresses, especially educated for giving instruction in such exercises.

The pretty gymnastic costumes for children are mostly composed of short trousers and a blouse of gray linen, either ornamented with rows of stitching, or embroidered tastefully with border of bright-colored cotton, and drawn in at the waist with a broad belt and buckle, or clasps; for young and married ladies flannel robes are particularly recommended, although dainty arrangements are made up in soft woolen materials and above all dark jersey stuffs; the pantaloons going down to the middle of the leg are buttoned below, and the blouse, which is high and closed before, completed by a short pleated skirt, trimmed with colored braid, a colored pleated frill goes round the neck opening and encircles the wrists, and with sash bow behind makes the costume fit well to the figure, yet without pressure.

It would be impossible to enter fully into the principles of gymnastics as practiced by the pupils, but we can only state the results and assure our readers that many diseases of the chest and stomach have not only been relieved but entirely cured by the daily use of these excellent and healthy exercises; we have seen, too, weak growing girls and delicate, sickly looking children rapidly gain strength, vigor and elasticity, as well as fresh, bright blooming complexions.—The Season.

PARIS FANCIES IN BONNETS.

Crimson capotes, says the Paris correspondent of the *Millinery Trade Review*, are in great vogue just now for visiting; they brighten up a somber toilet very nicely. Green is also very fashionable. Both combine well with gold; and the green and gold and crimson and gold lace is effective. Sometimes the crown as well as the ruched edging is made of the lace, the only opaque portion being the cocade of velvet loops, which, in combination with flowers or birds, is set up in front of the high crown, overtopping it by one inch or so. The blossoms must be mounted on pliant but firm stalks, and they nod as the wearer moves. Other shades of green are superseding water-cress. They are pistache, angelique and absinthe—the first and second a very bright green and the third much paler. The pinkish mauve, called cender de roses, is maintained, and is to be worn equally with a peach-blossom to be known as salgon in the future. I saw a very pretty bonnet the other day. It consisted of a piece of peach blossom velvet, cut like a fichu, the points reaching down behind the years, and the back turned up in a double plait and fixed on the buckram form by two handsome gold pins. A ruching of white yak and gold lace finished it off in front, above which was a bouquet of white and peach-blossom velvet primulas with gilt hearts. When the crowns of the bonnets are made of lace it is sometimes arranged in a double shell-shape behind with bows of colored velvet in the center. A capote of ecru embroidery edged with gathered black velvet, and tied with narrow black velvet strings, has bows of bright yellow velvet inserted among the quillings of lace; forming a diadem in front are five small black birds with yellow heads and gilded beaks. A garnet-red, silk-lace bonnet may have bows of pale pink velvet, either on the ruched crown or beneath the point of the ruched brim, and a plume of pink marabout. Black lace bonnets embroidered with jet or with gold will be among the most fashionable this season. Like the majority of these fancy capotes, they are worn without strings. A coronet of black net worked with jet or a quilling of gold-worked lace serves for the brim. In front may be placed a pyramid of soft, natural roses,—pink tipped with cream or pale yellow or a sheaf of velvet cornflowers. Hitherto this flower has only been reproduced in muslin and satin; velvet however, suits it to perfection, the leaves being "natural"—a word used to specify those that are made in the usual way of waxed cambric.

LEADING COLORS IN SPRING WOOLENS.

The leading colors for the light cloths shown for spring suits are brown, chiefly in tan and beige tints, grays with no glint of steel, and the never failing navy blue. Much braid is used for trimming these, not only self-colored, but in gold and silver, put on in many straight rows around the skirt at the foot, across the vest, and up and down the collar in a flattened spiral. There are many novelties, and the effort to reintroduce alpaca and poplin shows some signs of success, inasmuch as among the new fabrics there are some which, though not stiff, are at least not limp and clinging. Among these is prunella, with a soft gloss on its surface. The newmoures are very small; a few feet off no armure effect is perceptible, and in the very newest the armure weave has the effect of a tiny check.

Another novelty is the maisowa cloth, a sort of woolen grosgrain, or ottoman with very small cords. Silk warp veilings and woolen batistes bid fair to divide favor for evening dress at watering places. They come in any number of evening tints, in blue, rose, gray, absinthe—a pale, yellowish green—lilac, beige, ecru, cream, ivory, and milk white. There is a new brown, the American brown the French call it, because it is so often seen in the hair of American women, a warm chestnut with a touch of red when the light strikes it.

There are many broches and tapestry weaves and brocades which one must scan closely to tell from embroidery, frise woolens, and others, yet with dainty designs wrought in machine embroidery scattered thickly over the fabric. There are also others in chenille dots or figures, but these must be carefully selected, since there are only a few weaves in which the chenille does not pull out on slight provocation. To le bouclee is another French term, so named from the tiny curled rings which are raised all over its surface. Another novelty woven in two colors looks as though the one had broken out like measles thickly over the other, and on this is superimposed a brocade design in rings and squares. For each and every one of all these fancies comes its matching cloth, and to this will often be added velvet in the same shade for collar, cuffs and revers.—Philadelphia Press.

TRUE FASCINATION.

The reign of very young girls over the heart of man is ended. "Sweet sixteen" is insipid; "fascinating eighteen" tame. At 25 the young lady of the present day may be said to be interesting, at 30 she is charming and at 33 fascinating. But it is not until the woman gets well into the forties that she reaches the angelic period where temper no longer lends the mastery and mature thought smooths out the rugged outlines of her mental life. If she understands the art of self-preservation she may also retain at this age the better part of her physical charms and be pretty in spite of the years. Ninon de L'Enclos was regarded as a belle and a beauty at 60, and care and discretion are only necessary to carry the beauty of youth far into mature life.

Another custom is coming into vogue which must lend hope to many a spinster and widow of uncertain age, and that is the fashion of women marrying men younger than themselves. Perhaps this can hardly be called a novel innovation, however, for it has been practiced in the older countries for many years, and in Ireland has long been the custom. Dr. Johnson married a woman old enough to be his mother; Disraeli was many years his wife's junior, and Aaron Burr married a widow several years older than himself. The famous Madame de Stael was 44 when she picked up a young officer of 20 or so, and Rachael married Vernhagen Von Euse when she was over 40 and he in his twenties. All of these were happy marriages, and Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Craik and Margaret Fuller seemed to believe in such unions, for they each chose comparative youngsters for matrimonial mates. Modern and ancient unions of this kind have proved lucky unions, and as some of the latter have given a sort of tone and fashion to costume, we may look for a tide in that direction. If it becomes the fashion for women to chose husbands younger than themselves, old fashioned folk may preach against it in vain.—*London Echo.*

FASHION HINTS.

Teel or apricot is a favorite shade in satin toilets this season.

The princess style of dress is in high favor for new evening toilets.

The newest opera cloaks are in short circular shape, with tabs down the front. They are made of white satin, embroidered and embossed with gayly-colored roses and lined with pink quilted satin. They have hoods for use to be brought up over the head, fastening under the chin with broad ribbons of pink satin, which are tied with a lavish hand.

A unique French bonnet for reception wear exhibited in upper Broadway is made of deep colored olive plush, with strings of olive satin shot with gold. These strings are lined with pale blue surah; as is also the inside of the brim. On the outside of the brim an embroidery in gold, green, and blue beads closely imitates the tips of peacock feathers laid one over the other. The soft upright folds of plush around the square crown are run through with several oddly-shaped hat-pins of gold, set with aqua marines.

The best dressed women in society ignore the strap which serves, in many full-dress toilets, for a sleeve. Quite short sleeves are very often chosen, but the sleeves, in some recognizable form, must be *en evidence.* In the case of bodices with sleeves of lace, tulle or silk muslin, the armhole is cut a little lower on the shoulder than usual, which brings the bodice and lining of silk a little lower on the arm. The lace sleeve is then considered sufficient, without one of the bodice material, though many prefer a semblance of one, made by a single fall of lace. For high or demi-decolete dresses, flat sleeves, with mousquetaire revers, are used for heavy materials. The Louis XV. sleeve, with sabot, i. e., a graduated frill of the same fabric or of lace, is of light transparent toilets, and the "Medici Manches" for dresses of damask satin and velvet.

The fit and draping of American made dresses so closely follow, in these latter days, the grace and finish of the always artistic French costume, that the two, placed side by side are very often almost exact in appearance. One of the most difficult robes to finish, and fit to perfection is the princesse dress, where unerring skill in shaping the skirt is imperative. It must, in the direct language of the workroom, be "well hung," or the effect is wholly spoiled. In all houses known to fame there are distinct workers, each branch of labor necessitating a different course of study and experience, as in the case of medicine and surgery, with the same natural relevance. It is for this reason that the dress as a whole is complete and perfect within its outlines and accessories.

Handsome matinee saques are made of the new and heavy "winter quality" of surah of a dark Neapolitan cardinal shade. These are warmly lined, and trimmed with lace laid in shell pleatings from throat to hem, this trimming held down by bands of velvet covered with embroidery wrought in rich India colors.

A very pretty Mother Hubbard wrapper lately worn had a yoke and sleeve-cuffs of pale blue velvet polka-dotted with cream-colored silk chenille. The full skirt, of cream-colored camels' hair, was laid down the front in three wide box pleats, which reached from the yoke to the foot of the skirt. The skirt was gathered to the yoke in the back. An inside belt, tacked to the back and side seams, and fastened snugly to the waist next to the lining, gave a trim look to the figure of the wearer, and a four-inch ribbon of pale blue velvet fastened to the outside on the side seam, was brought forward and tied in a bow and long ends low on the front of the skirt. The style of this wrapper for a stout and rather short-waisted person, is about the only Mother Hubbard which such figures can dare to adopt. The original Mother Hubbard was too voluminous for any but the most slender forms.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The late Countess Bose, of Cassel, by her will made a legacy of $120,000 to the university of Berlin for the benefit of poor students of medicine.

Kate Field is a cremationist, and rises to remark: "We are poisoning the earth by filling it with dead bodies. The water we drink is poisoned, and we live in cemeteries."

Mdlle. Rhea is said to have made a will directing her body at death to be cremated, and half the ashes to be deposited in her native Belgium and half beside the remains of a friend buried out in Nebraska.

Mrs. Bertha H. Ellsworth, of Lincoln, Kas., edits a page of the *Spirit of Kansas*, published at Topeka. Her department has the unique title of "Columbia's Daughters," and her writings are spicy and vigorous.

The legislature of New Jersey has been converted to some extent. By a recent act they have made women eligible to the office of commissioner of deeds, and Miss Mary F. Seymour has been appointed to fill that position.

Mrs. Hannah Swasey, who died at Alameda, Cal., last week, was 96 years old, and claimed to have been kissed by General Washington, who drilled his troops on her father's farm near Dover, N. H., at the time of the revolution.

Miss Mary Packer, daughter of the late Hon. Asa Packer, has just donated the elegant Packer mansion at Sayre, Pa., for hospital purposes, to be used in caring for persons injured along the line of the line of the Lehigh valley railroad.

Madame Sophie Menter, who has achieved fame as a pianist, was recently elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic society of London, in place of Wagner. This is the first time that this distinction has been conferred upon a woman.

Mrs. John G. Carlisle is noted for the magnificence of her toilets. She is tall, large and splendid looking, and carries fine clothing to the best possible advantage. She has great physical strength, and is a brilliant talker and quick at witty repartee.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, has one of the pleasantest homes in Mobile. She places a white camelia at her husband's plate at table at every meal, "and he has never" she says, "been without a flower if any breaking of bread in our home since we were married, now sixteen years ago."

Miss Daisy Hampton, daughter of General Wade Hampton, is a lovely brunette with large, lustrous black eyes and a peachy complexion. She receives calls on senators' day at the Riggs house in a dress of white satin, cut a la Pompadour, at the neck and garnished with a large boquet de corsage of orchids and hyacinths.

Miss Julia K. Clark, superintendent of public schools in Boone county, Ill., traveled 512 miles from school to school in the best and worst weather in January, and put in a full day's work at every school she visited, showing the good sense in employing the right kind of women for such work.

A lady advocating woman suffrage recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure, if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, "Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

From the last published official list of members of the American Medical Association, it appears that but twenty-one women have as yet secured membership in this the highest body in the profession. Illinois heads the list with nine, almost as many as all the other states together. Michigan and Pennsylvania contest the second place with an equal number, four; New York, Ohio, Iowa and Nebraska have each one representative.

Miss Mary Clara Dawes has obtained the degree of master of arts in the University of London, the first woman in England who has been awarded that honor. Miss Bella Guerin received the degree of bachelor of arts from the University of Melbourne, in Australia, the first woman so honored in that far off land. Miss E. F. Fitzgerald won the Prince of Wales gold medal at the Queen's university of Kingston for proficiency in Greek. Miss Mary Wurm, of Southampton won the Mendelssohn scholarship, the highest prize attainable in England for musical students.

The lady who has been sort of smuggled into Columbia college, notwithstanding the stubborn opposition of the trustees, headed by Rev. Morgan Dix, is a graduate of Wellesley college. Being specially devoted to astronomy, she desired to avail herself of the advantages of Columbia, and after considerable opposition she was at last admitted to study and work in the observatory. Her name, which has been withheld, and the fact of her admission kept dark for fear the conservative trustees would raise a rumpus in case of any publicity, is Miss Edgerton.

It is an unusual occurrence in one family to have four sisters attain high rank in literary work, as is the case with the Jackson sisters; Mrs. Helen M. Gougar of Lafayette, Indiana, has been until recently a highly successful editor and publisher of a newspaper; Mrs. L. J. Lampriere of Des Moines, Iowa, has issued a "Reference Book for Chatauqua Readers." Mrs. Henrietta Cosgrove, of Lafayette, a book of instruction in oil, water color, cameo, luster and other paintings, entitled "Amateur Art;" and Miss Edna C. Jackson will soon issue in book form "That Girl," a serial now running in *Our Herald.*

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox has a bracelet which her friends describe as "a poem written in gems." It is a gift from her husband. A golden horseshoe, studded with turquoises, bears the date of their first romantic meeting, a small gold plaque, set with superb rubies, the date of the first letter ever written by Mr. Wilcox to Miss Wheeler; a Roman gold star, set with sapphires, represents the engagement week. Several other days and events are symbolized in beautiful designs—the whole completed by the "wedding bangle," an exquisite anchor and crown set with six rubies and six diamonds. The bracelet was designed by Mr. Wilcox and presented as a surprise to his wife.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Florence Marryat, the daughter of Captain Marryat, the famous novelist, has just given her lecture on "Love Letters" and "The Woman of the Future." Miss Marryat is tall, broad-shouldered, and well-formed. She wore a girdle of green velvet, to which was attached an old gold skirt. The neck was lined with point lace, the arms were bare and her hair was brushed out straight from the center of the back of her head, in all directions, curling over the forehead and ears like a polo cap. The love letters were bright sketches of characters, seen in any stylish neighborhood, and the letters characteristic of them. In the last part she wore a dress all of the same color. The outside was very simple, box-pleated from the neck down held in at the waist by a band; the shoulders were covered by a cape of the same material. She wore a "mortar-board" hat, such as college students have, and looked very pretty. Her speech was intended to be given in 1985, entitled, "What shall we do with our Men," delivered much in the same strain as men talk of women engaging in politics. It must be granted that she would be a good-looking senator in her robes. She said it would not do to let men take part in public life. They are too modest. Miss Marryat said that as the country had been successfully managed by women for fifty years (1935-85) and as men were good to work in the garden she had come to the conclusion that the best thing to do with our men was to "sit on them."

MADGE'S LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 17.

Dear Oregonian: It takes at least twenty-four hours of dear Mother Earth to recover the balance an ocean trip so successfully upsets; to drive away the haunting vision of swaying lights and swinging decanters, uncertain seats, unsteady floors and the waltzing about in general of objects intended by Nature and Art to remain stationary; above all, to clear from brain—and, I had almost added, heart, so nearly does it affect me—the recollection of that restless, unhappy spirit which roars caged in every engine and wails and throbs and shudders its existence away, in a ceaseless effort to escape.

So in a very much dazed condition we allowed ourselves—Charis and I—to be dragged through the bawling, gesticulating swarm of hackmen, baggagemen, draymen and wharfmen who were engaged in wrangling over our possible trade in dollars and the pleasure of transporting us to any or all hotels. Charis said the first whoop deafened her. She must thus have been spared all the subsequent noise, but I was not equally fortunate.

We were glad to go to bed for a day and recuperate, so Friday is more or less indistinct, but Saturday morning I was awakened by a glare of sunshine across my sleepy eyes, an early-spring sort of laugh from Charis and the soft thud of a bunch of violets on my pillow.

"I have been up for an hour," she cried disdainfully, "and out to buy those, and we are going to the park this morning, and this is California, God's own country, until you have left winter behind you. Get up!"

Charis is young and will gush, so I make allowances. But she did go to the park and take me, and it was gracious and green and glad, and so were we, after a little, for those three qualities are easily acquired. And here, among the other natural beauties of the place, we saw the little children, all sizes, ages and shades, and in all manner of pretty dresses. The children here are certainly dressed exquisitely and comfortably, the Work's gown, of dark or bright plaids or plain dark colors, the pointed hood lined with silk of contrasting shade, and the Mother Hubbard cloaks, the latter worn very long—nearly to the ground—are the only styles which seem in prominent favor. There could scarcely be anything very much prettier, perhaps, for children to wear. Their hats are pictures. Two little girls came in on the same car with us and our eyes never left them. They were fair as the day and dressed in little plaid gowns, very blue and dark red, and wore the first of these picturesque hats which we had seen. Great soft felts, round and shaggy like the English Tennis hat, but without the pointed crown which makes that less lovely. A little brown sparrow with his claws turned pathetically into view, fastened three ostrich feathers which fell just as they willed and under the crown, resting over the soft yellow bang was a narrow, but very full ruche of white lace. One little girl had a rosette at each ear, and the other had her hat tied under her round, pink chin with immensely wide strings in a large, careless bow, navy blue were both the hats.

In the Mother Hubbard style, black satin for dress, or black cloth seems most popular, and the little *Bebe* caps of white lawn are worn exclusively with these coats—the big hats, with them, are singularly ugly. Children's aprons are the darkest of ginghams and percales; navy blue with embroideries of red or white, or dark plaids. Boys wear the little sack aprons, plain at the bottom; great wide collars, almost capes, of elaborate embroidery, being the only trimming, with the exception of a frill at the wrists. They are also very short, and display as much chubby leg, in black stocking, as possible. The little fellows look very cunning, and the short coat, long dark legs, wide collars and floating hair make a picturesque baby, even if nature has not made him a pretty one.

These children were all over the park, under surveillance of their nurses, nearly all of whom wore the correct *bonne* caps, big aprons, and short, plain, black sacques.

But though the Golden Gate park is beautiful and pastoral enough to be a charming relief after paved streets and cobbles, its landscape has an artificial smile after all; you cannot pick the flowers which bloom so temptingly on either side; the broad smooth roads have been made by the hands and not the feet of man, and I gave a regretful sigh in the direction, I think, of the Connell road. Charis, disgusted at my inconsistency, told me a very interesting story which I think I have heard before, about a discontented woman who went to heaven and growled because her halo did not fit. But, then, Charis is rude.

The dummy cars are the crowning glory of San Francisco, and if they are not absolutely equal to a team neither are they so expensive. We came in from the park on a dummy, and as we approached the city began to gather the usual crowd of Saturday afternoon young ladies. It was very nearly time for the matinee, and we allowed ourselves the indiscretion of sauntering down Kearney street and coming up in order to meet them. The way in which the Saturday afternoon girl makes up, from her complexion down to minor details which one notices later, strikes the unaccustomed eye with awe and a certain respect for her noble disregard of appearances. She affects a certain style of bustle which lifts her dress neatly from the ground and displays her individual style of shoe with its short vamp, rounded toe and high, curving heel. It is a Junoesque sort of bustle, with grand lines and undulations and a wave and a swing of its own, which works independently of the motion of its wearer. This has the peculiar effect of a propelling power, and taken with red mits, more or less jewelry, a hat of marked expression, to say the least of it, a certain florid style throughout the costume, one can almost hear this young lady for several blocks, and one regards that many a stranger, who sees her and her ilk—which is legion—must carry away with him this impression of the San Francisco girl.

The shop windows beam beneath the placards "Newest Spring Styles," and everything is at such remarkably low prices that it is to be regretted that as no one has much money, that advantage is cancelled. There seems to be very little in woolen goods which is not figured or striped. Some of the newest patterns look like designs for wall paper, but for all that they are pretty and if at first, a little bizarre—well—nothing remains that long in San Francisco. Charis bought a house dress that will be lovely; it is a pale Chinese blue—as they call the new shade—the faint shade to be seen in Persian embroideries and rugs—and it is covered with single pinks of different sizes in various shades of maroon. She wavered several hours between this and a creamy white with Arabesque design of a mixed uncertain color which I hesitate to name. I decided for her eventually, because I was tired to death and wanted to get her out of the store. Everybody is wearing furs still, though you positively see straw bonnets on a few enterprising females who are trying to force the season. Some still cling to the short capes simply because they are so pretty and useful, that it is hard to give them up, but they are generally discarded in favor of long boas or tippets. The boas are all lengths, some reaching to the feet, being thrown carelessly and gracefully around the throat—others simply fasten at the bust. The tippets have tabs falling from the front of the collar and they are less pretty and stylish. Beaver and sea otter are the correct furs, though one sees a great deal of handsome black fox.

I have seen three lovely imported costumes; the first and most beautiful, a dinner or reception dress—the body and train of a rich shade of red, which the importer informed me blandly was *pain brule.* I don't agree with him, for that runs more in the brown, but I did not argue the point. The front breadth and panels were of Aurora brocade, a pattern of hyacinths in large, loose bunches. The skirt was finished with a curious little fan-like pleating all around the train. The corsage square, with a full ruche lined with the pink and the sleeves forming a puff on the shoulders, made of straps of the red satin under which a full puffing of the pink satin was drawn. The long gloves, nearly reaching the shoulders, were of undressed kid—a perfect match for the brocade.

The second was a silk calling dress of dark green, something undecided between bronze and olive, but very successfully pretty. The entire front breadth was covered with tiny points of chenille, each ending in a fine gold tip. On the left side were three large butterfly bows of the silk, one beneath the other, and on the right was laid the inevitable panel. The back of the dress was all full drapery from beneath the very short basque, which had a small vest trimmed to correspond with the front of the skirt. The tiny bonnet had a crown covered with this little chenille tassels and a gold rim. No strings.

The last costume had been worn here all winter, but is remarkably pretty and stylish. It is of dark green cloth, trimmed with pale gray astrachan. The astrachan forms the collar cuffs, pocket and trimming for the skirt; and a dark green hat with a gray dove. You can imagine nothing prettier nor in better taste. No one in San Francisco is apparently so needy as not to one a muff—and such muffs! The tiniest receptacle that can be found for a woman's hands. I felt with my reasonably comfortable fur one that I was carrying, some large, hairy animal in my arms, and without delay sent it to be cut down. There is nothing here startling in hats or bonnets. Every one dresses in rather quiet colors and in close-fitting coats, and there is something suggestive of tailor-made garments in the richest and most expensive toilettes. It is a pretty style and gives us the necessary antidote for the dose of [illegible] long and [illegible]

All California is [illegible] and Nevada [illegible] Opera [illegible] doubtless w[illegible] material [illegible] from what musical [illegible] indulge in. At present [illegible] drama at the Baldwin [illegible] not amuse [illegible] to hear [illegible] whom I have not yet seen [illegible] Year, which has driven all [illegible] ens not und[illegible] the protection [illegible] feebly mad. Such firing and [illegible] nounding [illegible] description [illegible] the Clay street car which [illegible] it all, made a mad plunge [illegible] was completely darkened by [illegible] as the firecracker exploded [illegible] hind my bonnet and [illegible] platform I closed my eyes [illegible] fate on this free and [illegible] man is at liberty to enjoy his [illegible] izen or not, with perfect [illegible] for. of his neighbor. [illegible]

YAKIMA [illegible]

The Fight Between the [illegible]

[illegible] Yakima [illegible]

Just now there is a fight [illegible] the people of the old town [illegible] Northern Pacific Railroad [illegible] establishing a new town [illegible] north, which they have [illegible] When this road, which [illegible] branch of the Northern [illegible] about to be completed [illegible] months ago the people [illegible] to have "a big boom," [illegible] the railroad company such [illegible] usually tendered in such [illegible] the donations of grounds [illegible] depot buildings, etc. [illegible] land were offered for [illegible] sides "every" alternate [illegible] the town site. [illegible] taken personally by Mr. [illegible] Harris, president of the [illegible] pleased with it and said [illegible] but for some unaccount[illegible] promptly refused by the [illegible] pushed on to the new town [illegible] least attention to Yakima [illegible]

People are compelled to [illegible] four miles to get on the [illegible] shipped to the old town [illegible] distance. These things [illegible] dered a bitterness which [illegible] able magnitude. The [illegible] circulated during the past [illegible] generally signed:

"The impression has gone ab[illegible] ple of Yakima City would [illegible] the railroad company [illegible] expense of such removal [illegible] impression that the [illegible] and to set it [illegible] signed business men and [illegible] ima City, W. T., say that [illegible] should offer to move them [illegible] proposed new town, located [illegible] miles north of the city, that [illegible] the offer."

Some of the residents of [illegible] been in something of a [illegible] the best line of policy [illegible] and a number of them [illegible] the town in order to be [illegible] of emergency. But they [illegible] their first overt act [illegible] blame them when they [illegible] standpoint. Many of them [illegible] and exercised economy for [illegible] business and secure a home [illegible] road company comes in [illegible] pets and say, "Move along [illegible] crush you."

The population of Yakima [illegible] It is the county seat and [illegible] house, has a fine public [illegible] cost $6000, and having an [illegible] 170 pupils, and a Catholic [illegible] scholars. It has three churches [illegible] gregations, and Catholic [illegible] been built last summer [illegible] built across the Yakima river [illegible] cost of $9000. The various [illegible] are well represented, which [illegible] following list:

Four general stores, three [illegible] hotels and a new one [illegible] shops, one restaurant, two [illegible] bank, one bakery, two [illegible] ery stores, one flouring mill, [illegible] one skating rink, four [illegible] breweries, one [illegible] stores, a [illegible] and [illegible] saloons and three livery stables.

The Ahtanum creek furnishes water power, and the soil [illegible] large extent of most excellent [illegible] Wheat is the principle crop [illegible] yield is large, but the soil [illegible] duction of almost anything [illegible] fruits or vegetables. [illegible] profitable crop in this [illegible] sorghum grows to the [illegible] Colonel Kinney, formerly [illegible] office, who is known [illegible] Sorghum, is quite enthusiastic [illegible] taking it as his subject [illegible] an opportunity offers. [illegible] Mr. J. H. Adkins, there [illegible] fine specimens of the [illegible] tural products of the [illegible] well as a very interesting [illegible] cal specimens. Among [illegible] weighing 26¼ pounds, [illegible] pounds, a potato [illegible] squash weighing [illegible] kinds produce well [illegible] flavor. Those are [illegible] old towners propose to [illegible] make a stubborn fight [illegible] the pursuit of liberty [illegible]

At present the [illegible] place are very [illegible] from The Dalles to Yakima [illegible] per week. The [illegible] ma. was [illegible] stage unt[illegible] the railroad [illegible] contractor [illegible] is he is only [illegible] coming in [illegible] running [illegible] counties of Yakima and [illegible] be increased [illegible] efforts are [illegible] Colonel Kinney [illegible] ver of the United States [illegible] Thomas, Esq. [illegible] G. W. [illegible] at North Yakima [illegible] will have charge of [illegible] Visitors to Yakima [illegible] Yakima hotel, [illegible] The best [illegible] s the fact that [illegible] all the [illegible] man and [illegible] comforts [illegible] gentlemen [illegible] town.

SCIENTI[illegible]

Dr. G. Johnson lately [illegible] Association [illegible] had lived upon a milk [illegible] took a gallon of milk [illegible] any other food. This [illegible] Bright's disease.

At some of the [illegible] very simple prescription [illegible] the patient should [illegible] walking or riding [illegible] simple treatment [illegible] plemented by [illegible] baths, and [illegible] eases, and [illegible] claimed to be [illegible] prepared by [illegible] tumblerful [illegible] needles [illegible] and closed [illegible] and when [illegible] a muddy [illegible] surface. [illegible] fusion of [illegible] agreeable [illegible] ciously sor[illegible] the nerves [illegible]

Herr Lindstrom [illegible] found a perfect [illegible] lurian rock of the [illegible] den. The [illegible] dorsal plates [illegible] rax. The surface [illegible] ance to the [illegible] ization [illegible] breathed [illegible] *N. inctus*, [illegible] most anc[illegible] libellules [illegible] Canada [illegible] est known [illegible] of thoracic [illegible] those of the [illegible] and campo[illegible] exist in the [illegible] boniferous [illegible] semble the [illegible]

Velvet ribbons [illegible] will be quite [illegible] toilets, [illegible] will form [illegible] loop from [illegible] point of [illegible] in ruby [illegible] or sun's [illegible] cuffs of [illegible] and ends [illegible] loops will [illegible] the overdress [illegible]

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

Ceremonials Attending the Assumption of Presidential Duties from the Time of Washington.

John Adams' Description of his own Inauguration—The Sequel to Harrison's Log-Cabin Campaign.

Preparations for the inauguration ceremonies at Washington next Wednesday are being pushed forward with great vigor by the local committees of arrangements, and there is no reason to doubt that, should the eventful 4th of March be a fair day, the induction of Grover Cleveland into office will be celebrated by the most imposing military and civic pageant which has ever taken place on this continent. Judging from the present indications, the strangers who will come to Washington upon that occasion will be numbered by tens of thousands, and the crowd in the aggregate will be larger than has ever gathered here, except possibly at the great military review just before the volunteer army was disbanded at the close of the late war. Not less than one hundred thousand persons are expected to march in the procession which will escort the president-elect to the capitol, and thence to the executive mansion after he has taken the oath of office. Uniformed organizations of every kind—political, military, social and benevolent—from all parts of the country will be in line, keeping step to the music of a hundred or more of the most famous bands in the United States. The city itself, throughout its length and breadth, will be bathed

IN A RAINBOW OF COLOR,

the red, white and blue of course predominating. The broad avenues, which radiate from a common center, like spokes from a hub, will be gay with banners and bunting, and flags will float proudly from hundreds of lofty buildings. At night the city will be brilliantly illuminated, and the great white capitol, ablaze with electric lights, will glisten and sparkle on the lofty hill like a monster diamond; thousands of torches will be carried through the streets, while fireworks exploded in the various parks and squares will aid in banishing the darkness; and in the vast hall of the new patent building a merry multitude will be dancing in the new administration. Altogether, the spectacle, by day and by night, will be at once impressive and imposing, if the weather clerk does his duty.

There are, of course, the usual protests against all this fuss and feathers, and the inevitable demand for a return to the republican simplicity of our forefathers. But the protests and the demands go alike unheeded, and the Jeremiahs who lament that the gorgeous pageants with which every new administration is ushered into existence presage a downfall of our free institutions are only laughed at. The fact is that the event which has come to be surrounded with all this spectacular ceremony is still exceedingly simple. The president-elect is waited upon at his lodgings by the retiring president, and the two proceed together to the capitol building. They are met by a committee of the senate and ushered into the senate chamber. There the vice president-elect takes the oath and thus the autonomy of the senate in the new administration of consummated. At this moment the old administration dies, and for the time being the chief magistrate in fact is the new vice president. He with the senate he presides over takes the president-elect to the east portico of the capitol, before the people, and there, in their presence and amidst the firing of cannon, the oath to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States is administered. There is a new president from that moment. He talks to the crowd, and then proceeds to the White house and takes possession, his predecessor having vacated the premises.

But most of these things are non-essentials. It makes no difference whether the president-elect goes to the capitol afoot, or on horseback, or in a barouche, or indeed whether he goes at all. All that is necessary is for him to take the oath of office at the hands of a qualified judge in the presence of witnesses, and he becomes president. It was thus that John Tyler and Andrew Johnson and Chester A. Arthur assumed their great responsibilities, and the transfer of administration in those cases was made as effectually as on the occasions when the most elaborate ceremonies were observed. All of this information may be deemed superfluous by the intelligent reader, but it seemed not amiss to state it, in view of the delusion apparently entertained by many that the constitution ordains fireworks and a big ball as requisites to a change of rulers.

But as to the republican simplicity of our forefathers—well, in truth, that is a good deal of a myth. Jefferson and Jackson, it is true, indulged themselves in something of the kind when they were inaugurated, but as for the rest of our venerated ancestors who were struck by presidential lightning—including the great and good G. Washington—they were much

GIVEN TO FURBELOWS AND FRIPPERY,

and very vain, withal, of the powdered wigs and gold lace and burnished buckles with which they adorned themselves on all state occasions. If the shows with which the people were regaled when the early presidents were inaugurated did not equal those of recent years upon similar occasions, it is to be borne in mind that our revolutionary sires had very slender resources for such undertakings as compared with those which are possessed by their descendants. But the ceremonies attending the early inaugurations—with the exceptions above noted—were made as imposing as possible.

Washington was not installed on the 4th of March. There was no quorum in the senate until April 6, 1789, and on that day the votes for president and vice president were counted and declared in due form in joint session of the two houses. On April 14 Washington received notice at Mount Vernon of the result, and he departed at once for New York, where congress was sitting. His journey was one prolonged ovation. He was accompanied by a continued succession of cavalcades and processions. At the bridge near Trenton, which was so closely identified with important events of the war, Washington passed under a triumphal arch of laurel and flowers, and was received by a procession of Trenton matrons, while a retinue of beautiful young girls strewed flowers before him and chanted an ode composed in his honor. At Elizabeth Point he was met by a committee from both houses of congress, with various civil functionaries, and taken on board in splendid barge built for the occasion, and manned by thirteen branch pilots who were masters of vessels, and dressed in elegant white uniforms. As Washington dismounted at Murray's wharf he was warmly greeted by Governor Clinton and received with the ringing of bells, the roaring of artillery and the shouts of a vast multitude. Carpets were laid to a superb carriage in waiting, but he preferred to walk. The streets were adorned with flags, silk banners, and garlands of flowers and evergreens. A long civic and military procession passed through the crowded streets, escorting Washington to his home in Cherry street, near Franklin square. In the morning special religious services were held in all the churches. At precisely noon the light dragoons and a legion of infantry preceded Washington from his residence to Federal hall, which stood on the site of the present subtreasury building on Wall street. The president-elect rode alone in a carriage drawn by four cream-colored horses, and was followed by a vast concourse of people. Washington was received by both houses of congress, who rose to their feet as he entered Federal hall. John Adams had taken the oath as vice-president on the 21st of April. Washington was attended to an open gallery, supported by lofty columns, just adjoining the senate chamber. In a center was a table covered with crimson velvet, upon which lay an open bible, superbly bound. Washington was received with loud cheers. His hand rested on the open bible as the oath was administered, and then he bowed down and kissed the book reverently. The chancellor (Otis) said: "It is done," and, turning to the multitude, with a loud voice exclaimed: "Long live George Washington, president of the United States!" At that moment a flag was displayed from the cupola of the hall.

THE ARTILLERY THUNDERED A SALUTE

from the battery, and the bells began to ring all over the city. Washington bowed to the crowd and returned to the senate chamber, where he read his inaugural. He then walked to St. Paul's church, followed by a great multitude, and solemn religious services were held. At night there were illuminations and fireworks, and several nights later the inauguration ball was held.

Washington was dressed for the inauguration in a suit of dark-brown cloth, with white silk stockings, all of American manufacture. His hair was tied and powdered, his silver shoe-buckles were brightly burnished, and a steel-hilted dress sword hung by his side.

Washington was inaugurated the second time on March 4, 1793, at Independence hall, in Philadelphia. There was a great concourse of people about the building, and a little after noon an elegant white coach, having on its four sides designs of the four seasons painted by Sipraini, and drawn by six superb white horses, arrived in front of the hall. The door of the coach was opened, and two gentlemen bearing long white wands issued forth and opened a passage through the crowd. The president followed them, bowing in response to the cheers which greeted him. He was dressed in a full suit of the richest black velvet, his lower limbs encased in short clothes, with diamond knee-buckles and black silk stockings. His shoes, which were brightly japanned, were surmounted with large silver buckles. In his hand he carried a plain cocked hat decorated with the American cockade. His hair, powdered, was gathered into a black silk bag, on which was a band of black ribbon. He wore a light dress sword, with green shagreen scabbard and a richly ornamented hilt. If Washington were alive to-day he would doubtless be considered a dude.

As he entered the hall the members of the house rose and remained standing until he had reached the platform. At their head stood Thomas Jefferson in a single-breasted blue coat, with bright buttons, vest and small clothes of crimson. The Spanish ambassador, the only foreign minister then in the United States, was resplendent in gilt and lace, and wore a gorgeous silk *chapeau bras* edged with ostrich feathers. Washington kept his seat a few moments, and then rose and read his address from manuscript. He laid it on the table and shortly withdrew. After his departure it was reread by the clerk. The president was driven to his residence, and there were no further ceremonies.

JOHN ADAMS

Was inaugurated March 4, 1797, at Independence hall, Philadelphia. The ceremony was purely formal. Mr. Adams sat in the speaker's chair between Washington and Jefferson. Officers of the army and navy, members of the diplomatic corps, and judges of the supreme court were present. Mr. Adams wore a full-dress suit of black and a *chapeau bras;* his hair was powdered. After reading his inaugural, he bowed and retired. It is recorded that when the other officials were leaving the hall, Mr. Jefferson sought to give Mr. Washington the precedence, but he declined, and as they passed out arm in arm shout after shout rose from the assemblage.

In a letter to his wife, written the day after the inauguration, Mr. Adams said: "A solemn scene it was, indeed; and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the general, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say: 'Aye, I am fairly out and you are fairly in. See which of us will be happiest.' When the ceremony was over, he came and made me a visit and cordially congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful and honorable. In the chamber of the house of representatives was a multitude as great as the space would contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. The sight of the sun setting full-orbed, and another rising, though less splendid, was a novelty. Chief Justice Ellsworth administered the oath, and with great energy. Judges Cushing, Nelson and Wedell were present, and many ladies. I had not slept well the night before, and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however. All agree that, taken altogether, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America."

JEFFERSON

rejected as monarchical the etiquette which had been observed at the inauguration of his predecessors. A day or two before his entry into office he wrote a curt note to the speaker of the house, informing that body through him that he should at noon on March 4 take the oath of office in the senate chamber. The capital had just been established at Washington, which was a mere straggling village, and very difficult of access, even from Baltimore, but there was a large number of people to witness the ceremony. Adams and Jefferson did not then speak as they passed by, and the former, in company with Speaker Sedgwick, left the city early the morning of March 4 for their homes in Massachusetts. Jefferson rode on horseback without a single guide or even a servant in his train, dismounted at the capitol without assistance, hitched his horse to the palisades, and walked unattended into the senate chamber. His dress was of plain black cloth. Vice President Burr surrendered his chair to Jefferson and took a seat at his right, Chief Justice Marshall being seated at the left. The new president was then sworn into office. Several volleys of artillery were fired, and Mr. Jefferson then read his inaugural and quietly withdrew. He went to the executive mansion on his horse, unattended, and was there assisted by "Dolly" Madison in receiving the people who flocked to congratulate him. The horse he rode on this occasion was his famous blooded nag known as Wildair. It is worth mentioning that Jefferson owned a team of bright bays considered the finest team ever seen in Pennsylvania avenue. They cost $1600—then a fabulous sum to be invested in horse-flesh.

Jefferson's second inauguration, March 4, 1805, was also very simple. He went to the senate chamber without attendants, took the oath in the presence of a large crowd, read his inaugural, and withdrew. He wore his favorite attire—a black dress-coat, scarlet waistcoat, small clothes, and a red hat. General Washington and two supreme judges were present. When

JAMES MADISON

Was inaugurated March 4, 1809, the customs and formalities discontinued by Jefferson were re-established, mainly, as is supposed, through the influence of his wife, the accomplished "Dolly" Madison, who was the founder of presidential levees and the originator of the code of white-house etiquette. There was an imposing military procession, and a great display of flags and bunting. The following account of the celebration, which I have copied from *The National Intelligencer* of Monday, March 6, 1809, preserved in the files at the treasury library, will be found exceedingly interesting:

"On Saturday James Madison, in obedience to the voice of his country, assumed the duties of president of the United States. The day from its commencement to its close was marked by the liveliest demonstrations of joy. It appeared as if the people, actuated by a generous and spontaneous impulse, determined to manifest in the strongest manner the interest excited by this great event, and their conviction of the close connection between it and their happiness. For many days before the citizens from the adjacent and even remote states had been pouring into the city, until its capacity of accommodation was strained to the utmost. The dawn of day was announced by a federal salute from the navy-yard and Fort Warburton, and at an early hour the volunteer corps of militia began to assemble. Such was the interest to be present at the inauguration that the whole area allotted to citizens in representative hall was filled and overflowing several hours before noon, the time assigned for that purpose, and it is computed that the number of persons surrounding the capitol unable to obtain admittance exceeded 10,000. The senate convened at 11 o'clock in the chamber of the representatives, Governor Milledge, president pro tem, in the chair. Agreeably to arrangement the senators were placed next to the chair, foreign ministers and suites on the left, judges of the supreme court on the right of the president of the senate, members of the house of representatives on the floor, and various other places assigned for other public characters and for ladies.

"Mr. Jefferson arrived about 12 o'clock. A short time before that hour Mr. Madison left his own house, escorted by the troops of cavalry of the city and Georgetown, commanded by Captain Brent; and at 12 o'clock entered the representatives' hall, attended by the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of the navy, the attorney general, and Mr. Coles, secretary to the late president, and introduced by a committee of the senate, when Mr. Milledge left the central chair and conducted Mr. Madison to it, seating himself on the right. Mr. Madison then rose and delivered his speech. The oath of office was then administered to him by Chief Justice Marshall, on which, and as the president retired, two rounds of minute guns were fired. On leaving the capitol he found the volunteer militia companies of the district, nine in number, and in complete uniform, under the command of Colonel McKinney, drawn up, whose line he passed in review, when he entered his carriage and was escorted home in the same way he came.

"A large concourse of ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Jefferson among the number, immediately waited upon him, among whom refreshments were liberally distributed. The company generally, after calling upon the president, waited on Mr. Jefferson to take a last farewell before his departure. In the evening there was a grand inauguration ball at Long's hotel, the most brilliant and crowded ever known in Washington, at which the late and present presidents of the United States and foreign ministers were present by invitation. The company is supposed to have exceeded 400. Thus terminated a day memorable for an important event, and which, we trust, will prove the harbinger of much good in store for our country. Mr. Madison was dressed in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture, made of the wool of Merinos raised in this country; his coat from the manufactory of Colonel Humphreys, and his waistcoat and small clothes from that of Chancellor Livingston, the clothes being, we understand, severally presented by these gentlemen."

On the 4th of March, 1813, Mr. Madison's second term began, and the *Intelligencer* reports that the official oath was administered to him by Chief Justice Marshall in the presence of many members of congress, the judges of the supreme court, the foreign ministers, and a great concourse of ladies and gentlemen. The president was escorted to the capitol by the cavalry of the district, and received on his approach by the several volunteer corps of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, drawn up in line for the purpose. "The day," we are told, "was fine, and the sun shone brilliantly as if to welcome it. The appearance of the military, the marine corps and volunteers was unusually animating. No accident occurred to mar the ceremonies of the day. The scene was truly brilliant; at the same time it was solemn and republican. Previous to taking the oath in the chamber of the house of representatives the president delivered an elegant and appropriate speech. In the evening there was a splendid assembly at Davis' hotel in honor of the day, at which were present the president of the United States, heads of departments, foreign ministers, etc., and a most lively assemblage of the lovely ones of the district."

March 4, 1817, when

JAMES MONROE

was inaugurated for the first time, was a lovely day, and the spectacle, according to the *Intelligencer*, "was simple, yet grand, animating and impressive." At 11:30 the president and vice-president-elect, left Mr. Monroe's private residence, attended by a large cavalcade of citizens on horseback. The procession reached Congress hall a little before 12 o'clock, and the president and vice-president-elect entered the senate chamber with Mr. Madison and the supreme judges. The vice-president-elect was sworn in, made a brief speech and took the chair. The senate then adjourned, and Mr. Monroe was escorted to an elevated portico erected in front of the building, where, in the presence of a multitude of people, he took the oath, which was announced by a single gun. He then read his inaugural, after which salutes were fired from the navy-yard and from a battery of artillery at Fort Warburton. At the executive mansion, in the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe received the congratulations of the public, Mr. and Mrs. Madison assisting them. In the evening the inaugural ball took place at Davis' hotel, then the leading inn of the city, and was numerously attended. The number of strangers in the city to witness the inauguration was greater than upon any former occasion in the history of Washington, being estimated at from five to eight thousand.

March 4, 1821, fell on Sunday, and Mr. Monroe was inaugurated for the second time, on the 5th, which was a cold and wet day. He had been re-elected without opposition, and the zest of a party triumph was lacking to excite interest in the inauguration. There was not much form about the ceremony. Two thousand people filled representative hall and a large crowd surrounded the building. The president was escorted to and from the building by a procession of citizens on horseback. The chief justice administered the oath on the platform in front of the speaker's chair, and Mr. Monroe then read his inaugural. "The whole ceremony," says the *Intelligencer*, "was characterized by simple grandeur and splendid simplicity."

A good deal of pomp and parade attended the inauguration of

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

On March 4, 1825. Drums were beating, trumpets sounding and cannon booming as Mr. Adams rode on horseback from his residence to the capitol, preceded by detachments of cavalry and infantry, accompanied by a mounted escort, and followed by a long procession of citizens. He entered representative hall arm in arm with Mr. Monroe. There was a brilliant assemblage in the hall, the beauty and fashion of Washington and Baltimore being largely represented. The supreme judges in their robes, army and navy officers in full uniform, the diplomatic corps in court attire, and the marshals of the day wearing large blue scarfs, made the scene a lively one. Mr. Adams, who was dressed in a plain suit of black, took the oath amidst the plaudits of the spectators, and salvos of artillery from the outside, and made an address forty minutes in length. General Jackson was one of the first to take the hand of the president-elect, and there was an affecting meeting between the latter and Mr. Monroe. *The Intelligencer* reports these inaugural ceremonies as more imposing than any that had preceded them, with the possible exception of those at the beginning of Madison's second term. It also records with great particularity a "curious and interesting spectacle" witnessed while Mr. Adams was reading his address. Four large eagles were seen poising themselves above the capitol for ten minutes, when one of them, larger than the rest, began to descend, and after making a number of circles around the center of the dome arose in graceful spirals, and all wheeled off to the west.

On March 4, 1829.

ANDREW JACKSON,

Saddened by the death of his wife, and following the example of Jefferson, declined an escort or procession, and rode on horseback to the capitol, where he was met by the senate committee of arrangements. At just noon he entered the senate chamber arm-in-arm with Vice President-elect John C. Calhoun, who took the oath of office. A procession was then formed, and General Jackson was escorted to the east portico of the capitol, where, in the presence of 10,000 people, he took the oath and delivered a brief inaugural. Salutes were fired by the artillery, and the president was escorted to the White-house by an impromptu procession. The day was one of the brightest and balmiest of spring, and the popular enthusiasm was unbounded. Writing to a friend on the following day, Mr. Webster said: "I never saw such a crowd here before. Persons have come 500 miles to see Gen. Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger."

There was very little pomp or ceremony attending Jackson's second inauguration on March 4, 1833. The president went to the capitol with Mr. Van Buren, and proceeded to the hall of representatives, where the venerable Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath. The inaugural address was brief. The weather was not pleasant, the thermometer registering 20 degrees above zero, but there was a vast crowd in and about the capitol. In the evening there was an inauguration ball at Masonic hall, which was described as a very brilliant affair.

MR. VAN BUREN'S INAUGURATION

On March 4, 1837, attracted thousands of strangers to the city, many of whom were obliged to walk the city all night, being unable to obtain quarters. The day was beautiful, and an imposing military and civic procession escorted Mr. Van Buren and General Jackson to the capitol. They rode with heads uncovered in a phaeton made of the wood of the frigate Constitution, which had been presented to General Jackson by the democracy of New York. It was drawn by four splendid gray horses. The usual ceremonies were observed at the capitol, Mr. Van Buren reading his address from the east portico before 20,000 people. In the evening a "splendid ball" was given at Canisi's, attended by General Jackson, President Van Buren, Vice President R. M. Johnson of Kentucky (who remembers him now?) and other distinguished personages.

The inauguration of

GENERAL HARRISON

On March 4, 1841, was a fitting culmination to the ever-memorable log-cabin and hard-cider campaign of '40. The whigs, wild with exultation at their return to power after twelve years of defeat, flocked to Washington from all parts of the country. For days prior to the inauguration the streets were thronged with sight-seers, and there were demonstrations of enthusiasm on every side. The morning of the eventful day was cloudy, and rain threatened. Soon after 10 the procession began moving, and it eclipsed anything of the kind that had ever been attempted before in this country. General Harrison rode through Pennsylvania avenue

ASTRIDE A NOBLE WHITE CHARGER,

preceded by the chief marshal of the day and aids on fine horses, suitably caparisoned, and followed by officers and soldiers who had fought under him. Many novel features were introduced into the procession. A large body of militia dressed in Revolutionary costumes were in line. The delegates to the convention which nominated Harrison for president marched in a body behind their victorious candidate. The farmers of Prince George county, Maryland, brought a log cabin, which was mounted on wheels and drawn by a dozen horses with gold-mounted harness. The precedents were all followed in the ceremonies at the capitol. General Harrison took the oath at the east portico, and read a very long inaugural address, after which a salute of twenty-six guns—one for each state—were fired. The *Intelligencer* thus describes the appearance of the veteran, whose lease of life was so short:

"General Harrison looked cheerful and composed. His bodily health was manifestly perfect, and there was an alertness in his movements which is quite astonishing considering his advanced age and the multiplied hardships through which he has passed and the fatigues he has undergone. He took the oath in tones loud, distinct and solemn, and read his inaugural in full and commanding tones." The president was escorted to the executive mansion by a large procession and held a levee, shaking hands with thousands. The *Intelligencer* soberly declared that there were from 50,000 to 60,000 strangers in town—manifestly an absurd estimate.

In the evening there were three inauguration balls. Among the floor managers of the "Tippecanoe ball" were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Millard Fillmore, John Bell, and Lieutenant D. Porter (now admiral). Tickets were $5. President Harrison received a number of gifts from his admirers. One of them was a "fatted calf," five months old, and weighing 384 pounds; another a magnificent coach built in Baltimore, and presented by the whigs of that city; and a third a walking cane made of a part of George Washington's coach, presented by Bishop Meade of Virginia.

General Harrison survived his inauguration but a month. The office seekers killed him. Vice President John Tyler, when notified of his death, hastened to Washington, where, on April 7, 1841 at a hotel, he was sworn into office by Judge Crouch, in the presence of the members of the late president's cabinet. There were no other ceremonies. Two days later Mr. Tyler issued an inaugural address.

The democrats prepared to celebrate their restoration to power in 1845 by an imposing inauguration of

JAMES K. POLK,

But rain, which poured in torrents the entire day of March 4, materially interfered with the success of the demonstration. The city was thronged, and there was a long procession to the capitol, the famous Empire club of New York in gaudy flame-colored uniforms leading the way. The people swarmed in Pennsylvania avenue like bees in a hive, thousands of umbrellas giving that thoroughfare a sombre aspect. There was a crush at the senate chamber, which Polk and Tyler entered arm in arm. Mr. Dallas dignified of mien and white of hair, was first sworn in as vice-president, and made a brief address. Then at the east portico Mr. Polk took the oath and read his speech "in a clear, firm voice." Volleys of artillery were discharged and the president was followed to the white house in the rain by a great multitude. At night there was a ball at Canisi's, to which six hundred tickets were sold at $10 each. The new president was in attendance, and General Scott's tall form, incased in full uniform, towered above all the rest in the merry throng. The dancing began promptly at 8.

The 4th of March, 1849, fell on Sunday, and the inauguration ceremonies were held on the following day. The sky was cloudy and the atmosphere raw, but we are assured that the crowd was the greatest that had ever been seen in Washington. The *Intelligencer* complained that the "extortionate" rate of from $3 to $5 per day was charged for transient board, and that windows on Pennsylvania avenue brought $5 each.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR,

The president-elect was dressed in plain black, and rode to the capitol with Mr. Polk in an open carriage drawn by four gray horses. It took an hour for the procession to get from Willard's hotel to the capitol. A dozen military companies and a score of bands were in line. All along the avenue the roofs and windows were black with people, and the decorations were profuse and elegant. Mr. Fillmore was sworn in at the senate chamber, and Chief Justice Taney then administered the oath to General Taylor at the east portico in the presence of 20,000 people, and the latter read his address "in a distinct voice, many parts of it enunciated with full and clear emphasis." When it was completed there was a salute from the artillery and "nine long and loud huzzahs from the people." Among the members of the senate committee on arrangements were Jefferson Davis and Reverdy Johnson. At night inauguration balls were held at Canisi's, Jackson hall and City hall, and General Taylor looked in upon all of them.

General Taylor died on July 10, 1850, and on the same day, congress being in session, Millard Fillmore proceeded quietly to representative hall, and took his seat at the clerk's desk. The gallery was packed with spectators. Presently the oath was administered to him, and he took it in a clear and distinct voice and at once retired. He made no remarks.

GENERAL FRANK PIERCE.

Was inaugurated March 4, 1853. The weather was raw and unpleasant. A cold, northwesterly wind prevailed all day, and the streets were in a horrible condition. The whigs estimated the crowd at 20,000 and the democrats at 75,000. Jesse D. Bright and Hannibal Hamlin were among the members of the senate committee on arrangements. The *Intelligencer* said there were from 10,000 to 15,000 persons in the procession, which was thirty-five minutes passing a given point. The military features were especially conspicuous. Fillmore and Pierce rode together in an open carriage to the White house, where the usual ceremonies were observed. General Pierce delivered his inaugural, which was brief, 'without notes, but with much energy and considerable rhetorical action, and in a strong, clear voice, which made itself heard."

The 4th of March, 1857, was mild and balmy. After three days of wintry weather "the skies were propitious, and the atmosphere calm and hazy, like Indian summer." There was certainly nothing in the elemental conditions which attended the birth of President Buchanan's administration to presage the storm in which its sun was destined to set four years later. Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan rode from Willard's to the capitol in an open barouche, followed by a long procession including a score of military organizations and as many fire companies with their engines. Among the features was a liberty pole rising from a four-square pedestal and drawn by six horses, and a full-rigged ship from the navy yard, with ten hands on board and in the tops. Mr. Buchanan was administered the oath by Chief Justice Taney, and read his inaugural—twenty minutes in length—in a clear, distinct and forcible voice. In his address he congratulated the country that the slavery agitation was at last at an end. When he reached the White house he was congratulated by many thousands of people. There was a balloon ascension from in front of the executive mansion, and in the evening an inauguration ball was held in a long temporary structure erected for the purpose in judiciary square.

MR. LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION

Took place on March 4, 1861, under circumstances of the greatest peril and anxiety the country had ever experienced. The air was full of rumors of conspiracy, and there was a universal feeling of dread and anxiety lest the event should be the signal for a bloody outbreak. The morning dawned serene and beautiful, and at an early hour Pennsylvania avenue was packed with such a mass of humanity as had never been gathered there before. General Scott had provided a trained military force, which was at hand to suppress any hostile demonstration. Batteries of light artillery were posted in different parts of the city, and sharpshooters covered the roofs of the houses in Pennsylvania avenue, along the line of march. At 9 the procession moved from the White house, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Buchanan riding together in an open barouche, and behind them a triumphal car magnificently draped and furnished to allegorize the constitution and the Union. Upon the car were thirty-four young ladies picturesquely draped to represent the several states (none being recognized as having seceded), the whole drawn by six gray horses, covered with banners, on each of which was printed in large letters the word "Union." The procession was comparatively short, and the display less imposing than many which had preceded it upon similar occasions. When the procession reached the capitol Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Buchanan ascended the long flight of steps arm in arm. It was observed that Mr. Lincoln was slightly flushed, his lips compressed, and his countenance wore an expression of great firmness and seriousness. As Mr. Lincoln took his stand upon the platform of the eastern portico he faced 30,000 people, who were surrounded by a formidable array of cannons and bayonets. Mr. Lincoln slowly unfolded his manuscript and read his address in a clear voice, which seemed to penetrate with its distinct articulation the remotest ear. While he spoke Stephen A. Douglas stood by his side and held his hat. When he concluded he was escorted back to the White house, where Mr. Buchanan bade him farewell. As he entered the mansion he was met at the door and warmly congratulated by General Scott. The inauguration ball was held at night in a temporary structure, which had been erected adjoining city hall, and was a "grand affair."

Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration took place under vastly different circumstances from those which attended his first introduction into office. The southern confederacy was tottering rapidly to its fall, and triumphant peace was universally believed to be at hand. The city was thronged and the display of flags and bunting unprecedented. The weather was rainy. At 11:30 the procession moved toward the capitol. Many military bodies were in line, besides numerous fire companies with their apparatus and a large number of civil organizations. Thirty-four lads, representing the several states, rode on a car, taking the places of young ladies, who were prevented by the weather from appearing in that role. A working model of the original monitor from the navy yard was in the procession. Chief Justice Chase administered the oath at the east portico, and Mr. Lincoln read his brief but eloquent inaugural in a firm voice to a vast crowd. At night a long torchlight procession paraded the streets, and Mr. Lincoln was serenaded at the White house. The inauguration ball took place Monday night, March 6, in the large hall of the new patent building, which was brilliantly decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln attended, and the toilet of the latter was notable for its elegance.

Mr. Lincoln was assassinated on the night of April 14, 1865, and died at 7:30 the next morning. Two and a half hours later a small but august assemblage met at the private apartments of Vice-President Johnson, where Chief Justice Chase administered the oath. The ceremonies were brief and simple, but invested with unusual solemnity.

GENERAL GRANT'S FIRST INAUGURATION

took place on March 4, 1869. The weather was rainy and disagreeable, but the city was of course crowded. At 10 o'clock General Grant and family entered at their residence a handsome new park phaeton, and were drawn by a pair of splendid bays to army headquarters. There the general was joined by the late Schuyler Colfax, vice president-elect, and the procession formed. Company K, Fifth United States cavalry, acted as a body-guard, and immediately behind the general's carriage followed the members of his staff. At the White house the procession paused and waited for the retiring president, Mr. Johnson, and his cabinet, but in a few minutes word was received that they were too busy to participate in the ceremonies, and progress was resumed. General Grant's memorable controversy with Johnson and his cabinet was regarded as the secret of their deep immersion in public affairs at that precise moment. As the procession reached the White house the sun emerged from behind the clouds which had obscured it, and shone brightly for a few moments, but soon disappeared again. General Grant nimbly mounted the grand flight of marble stairs leading to the senate chamber, where Mr. Colfax was sworn in as vice president. Among those who viewed the scene from the galleries were Horace Greeley and Samuel J. Tilden, the next two presidential candidates of the democratic party. The usual inauguration ceremonies took place at the east portico. General Grant read his brief address in a voice which was inaudible to many of those nearest him. He was dressed in a brand-new suit of black clothes. When he reached the White house after the ceremonies he found that the retiring president and family had vacated the premises. There was a great crush at the inauguration ball, held that night at the new treasury building, the crowd being so dense that dancing proved well-nigh impossible.

March 4, 187 when President Grant was inaugurated for the second term, was a cold, raw, windy day. Thousands of strangers filled the city, but the arrangements for the ceremonies were imperfect, and the confusion which prevailed rendered the demonstration a partial failure. The oath was administered at the usual time and place, and the president then returned to the White house. The ball at night, held in a "wigwam" at Judiciary square, was, like the one four years previous, a "perfect jam," and, on the whole, Grant's second inauguration was almost as unsatisfactory to the public as his second administration.

Circumstances of unusual interest attended the inauguration of

R. B. HAYES

On March 4, 1877, into the office to which he had been elected. It was not until 4:10 on the morning of March 2, that the joint session of congress, at which his "election" was finally declared, adjourned. March 4 fell on Sunday, and on the previous evening, at 7:30, at the red parlor in the White house, Mr. Hayes was administered the oath of office by Chief Justice Waite in the presence of Ulysses S. Grant and Hamilton Fish. No bible was used, the oath being taken with uplifted hand. The fact of this ceremony having been performed did not become known until several days later. Monday, March 5, was a cold, bleak day. There were fifty thousand strangers in the city, and the republican managers were very nervous lest the supporters of Mr. Tilden should attempt a coup d'etat. President Grant and General Sherman had assembled a large military force at the capital, and were prepared to promptly suppress any hostile demonstration. The procession was not long, there being no organizations from distant cities in line. At the capitol the customary formalities were observed. The democratic supreme judges, Clifford and Field, and all the democratic leaders in congress, with the exception of Cox, Holman and Clymer, were conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Hayes spoke his piece from the east portico and repaired to the White house, where he was duly congratulated. At night five thousand torches were carried through the streets in honor of the success of the Chandler conspiracy.

GEN. GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION

four years ago was celebrated in the midst of a driving storm, which materially interfered with the execution of the very elaborate programme which had been prepared. However, a remarkably fine display was made considering the circumstances, the military features being especially creditable. The crowd which assembled at the east portico of the capitol, where General Garfield took the oath and read his inaugural, was estimated at 50,000. Among those who took a prominent part in the ceremonies which were of the usual character, was General Hancock, the defeated candidate. The inauguration ball, held at night at the national museum building, was on a grander scale than anything of the kind ever before attempted in America.

General Garfield died at Long Branch at 10 P. M. on September 20, 1881. At 2:15 the next morning Chester A. Arthur was administered the oath of office in the parlor of his residence, No. 123 Lexington avenue, New York, by Judge Brady, of that city, in the presence of two witnesses, and thus became president of the United States.—*Chicago Times.*

An Almost Forgotten Satirist.

We mentioned the other day that Dr. O. W. Holmes, in his "New Portfolio," in the *Atlantic* alludes to William J. Snelling's satire called "Truth," in which nearly all the authors of Holmes' early days were belittled, and of whom only Whittier, Lunt and himself are now living. We may add Snelling was a free-lance, of dissipated habits, but brilliant parts. He belonged to a good family, and was the favorite of all who liked to see sharp and caustic things printed about well-known personages. He had a weekly journal called the *Galaxy* and he was one of the writers of the *Experiment*, a satirical whig semi-occasional sheet which lampooned the Jackson men. He flourished in 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834 and 1835, and then disappeared. We doubt if such reckless philippics would be tolerated now. The satire of which Dr Holmes speaks was entitled "Truth: a New Year's Gift for Scribblers," the first edition of which appeared in 1831, and a second edition in 1832. Dr. Holmes says that he "escaped with a love pat as the youngest son of the muse." In the first edition he is not mentioned. The love pat was as follows:

Give Holmes a [illegible], the Muse's youngest son,
Equaled by few, surpassed by none, not one—
A dawn of worth in whose meridian blaze
Bryant, with effort, shall retain his bays.

Whittier gets this mention, and more like it:

The wax still sticking to his fingers' ends,
The upstart Whittier for example lends
The world important aid to understand
What's said, and sung, and printed in the land.
Unchecked by modesty, our Johnny Raw
Instructs his elders, and expounds the law;
Pronounces, ex-cathedra, on the worth
Of poems, novels, annuals, and so forth;
And with God-only-knows-how-gotten light
Informs the nation what is wrong or right;
On men and things alike his strictures fall;
The self-appointed judge decides on all.
Proud of some scores of barely decent lines,
Heavens, how he swells! and how his genius shines!

Bryant, Halleck and Hillhouse were the only poets whom Snelling praised without stint. Longfellow was not mentioned in the first edition, though getting 'a brief nod of acknowledgment' in the second. John Pierpont is thus served:

[illegible] little wool, great cry! that doleful whine
Is Pierpont's howling "Airs of Palestine!"
Prime parson but poor poet; sells, in short,
Soap for the alms-house at a cent a quart.
His motive good, but yet I grieve to tell
The crude concoction never would, will sell.
Scarce any food to Yankees come amiss;
But sawdust better relishes than this.
Pierpont, a man may be of judgment clear,
Have taste and talent and a faultless ear,
Yet be no poet; be advised by me;
Stick to thy pulpit; let the muses be.

George Lunt, Nathaniel P. Willis, John Neal, Isaac McLellan and Grenville Mellen were among those who had little favor from Snelling.

Wisconsin Lawyers.

Chicago Herald.

A middle-aged, enterprising-looking passenger said he was a lawyer in a Wisconsin town, and the handsome, dashing young man who was flirting with a pretty girl in the front end of the car was his son.

"Is your son a lawyer, too?"

"No, he never comes near the office. Doesn't know any law. But he is a great help to me, though."

"Assists you in the court, then, or in hunting up witnesses, or taking depositions does he?"

"No, he doesn't. The fact is he won't work at anything. He is a gentleman of leisure, he is, and does nothing but wear fine clothes and have a good time. Don't know how I could get along without that boy."

"Ah!"

"Guess you don't understand me. That boy is always flirting with women, and prefers married ones. He's a rakish lad, you know, and has been the cause of seven divorce suits in the last year. Six of 'em are in my hands, on one side or the other. If the boy does as well this year I've promised to take him into partnership."

Professor Bell, whose 'radiaphone' attracted attention at the electrical exhibition in Philadelphia, states that he has been successful in conveying speech for 500 feet by means of a strong ray of light acting upon a selenium cell.

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WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY YOUNG MAN. Apply at room 18, Strowbridge Block, between 9 and 12 A. M. 20f10

HELP GOOD PLACES; GIRLS CAN WAIT n women's room. Mrs. Plato. Dekum bk.

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FOR SALE OR TO LET—TWO STORES, WITH lease of ground, 100x100, within one block Kalama depot. Inquire at North Pacific Lumbering and Mfg. Co.'s office, Second st., bet. F and G, bet. 9 and 10 A. M.

FOR SALE—A GOOD PAYING CORNER SALOON in good running order; reason for selling ill-health. For price and terms inquire Webfoot saloon, corner Second and Salmon streets. 28tf

FOR SALE—SINGLE UPRIGHT MARINE ENGINE and boilers, built by Delamater & Co., New York, 24½ horse-power; steam donkey pumps; surface condenser; independent air circulating and feed pumps; tools and connections complete. For price and particulars apply to FRANK WOOLSEY, cor. First and A sts., Portland. 7fd&w

WANTED—TO SELL A HALF INTEREST IN a well established drug store in a thriving town in Washington territory. Applicant must understand the business. For particulars address J. W., care of Snell, Heitshu & Woodard, wholesale druggists, Portland, Or.

FOR SALE—300 LAST YEAR'S CHICKENS, and two houses and gardens to rent on Robinson's Hill, in neighborhood of Nineteenth and Market. 24f8

SPECIAL—HAVING REMOVED OUR OFFICE to 106 Morrison st., and having on hand the largest stock in Portland, we make the following liberal offer: To parties contemplating the purchase of an instrument we will furnish a Piano or an Organ for next two months at wholesale rate, for cash, or on installment. Call on us and save money. GARDNER BROS., 16f 109 Morrison, bet. Fifth and Sixth sts.

FOR SALE FOR CASH—15 YOKE OF OXEN, belonging to the Columbia River Lumber Company; they are first-class logging oxen, in excellent condition; will be kept for purchaser free of charge until March 15 if he so desires. For terms or other particulars, apply to A. P. ANKENY, Manager of Columbia River Lumber Co., New Market Block Ash street entrance Portland, Or. 1ftf

FOR SALE—A RARE CHANCE FOR A MAN TO buy an established business in the thriving town of Walla Walla, W. T.; a well stocked grocery and provision store, with fixtures, horse and wagon, at cost; anyone wishing to engage in the grocery business a bargain is offered; reasons for selling, ill health; a full investigation desired. Address H. L. G., P. O. box 34, Walla Walla, W. T. 8 1m

FOR SALE—HOUSE OF 6 LARGE ROOMS AND 1 lot, with well of good water; situated on cor. 5th and E, East Portland. For information address W. A. R., care of this office. 8 1m

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

CHANCE FOR SMALL COLONY.—900 ACRES near Dundee, in Yamhill county; suitable for subdivision into farms for 6 or 8 families; price low. CREIGHTON & CO., 43 Stark street. f20 tf

FOR SALE—ON CARTER'S HILL, A NEAT little cottage and barn, on quarter block. Apply on premises. T. SCOLLARD. 17f2w

FOR SALE—108-ACRE IMPROVED FARM; 12 miles east from Portland, on the line of the O. R. & N. Co. R. R.; 85 acres in cultivation; 100 fruit trees; new barn, cost $1500; good house; 1 mile from railroad depot; beautifully watered; all the land is good, principally rich swail; this is one of the best farms for vegetables, grass or fruit in the state. See or address HARRISON B. OATMAN, 7 Stark st., Portland. f15t

ONE, FIVE AND TEN ACRE TRACTS OF LAND for sale on the instalment plan; near the city of Portland. For particulars call on or address HARRISON B. OATMAN, No. 7 Stark street.

FOR SALE AT 30 PER CENT. LESS THAN ITS value. 700 acres of prairie; all improved. Enquire of C. B. MOORES, Salem. 21netf

FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE FINEST farms in Yamhill county. If you mean business, call at our office and we will go with you to see it. CREIGHTON & CO., Real Estate Agts, 13 Stark. 11d

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOHEMIAN BUREAU—SAM. L. SIMPSON.—Persons desiring assistance in the preparation of literary correspondence, after dinner speeches, amatory or elegiac verses, etc., or wishing to have manuscripts revised and corrected can apply in person or by sealed correspondence. Communications will be absolutely confidential. Room 5, No. 147 First street. Advertisements spicily written. f18tf

UNCLE IKE PAYS HIGHEST PRICE FOR old clothing and furniture. 66 First, near Pine.

MME MIZPAH—THE EMINENT REVEALER and fortune-teller; the Le Normand of America. Now is your chance to consult one of the most noted clairvoyants living for $1 50; 173 Third. 15f2w

E. RICHARDS, DEALER IN COLUMBIA river salmon and all kinds of fish, wholesale and retail; country orders solicited. No. 74 Washington street, cor. Fourth, Portland, Or. 4f1m

A. I. WEILER & CO., CIGAR MANUFACTURERS, N. E. cor. First and Alder streets, Portland, Oregon. Prop's Factory No. 38, 1st district S. F.

W. M. GARDNER & CO., PRACTICAL PLUMBERS, Gas and Steam Fitters. Hot water heating a specialty. Corner Third and Alder sts., Portland.

LOST.

LOST—A SOLDIER'S OVERCOAT—ON OR BEtween the 3d and 20th of February. Any information that will lead to its recovery will be rewarded by applying at the International hotel, corner of Third and E. Portland, Or. 2f2

LOST—ON THURSDAY, 12TH INST., BAY horse gelding, 8 or 9 years old, and about 15 hands high; black mane and tail; thin in flesh; long body, neck and head; unshod; brand on right shoulder a cross. A reasonable reward will be paid for his return to No. 161 Twelfth street. 13f1t&w2

MACHINISTS.

BRENKMAN & WOLFF, MACHINISTS, CORNER F and Third sts.—Housework, doors, railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions; planing and moulding tools to order.

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KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

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Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

TO LET—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED ALCOVE rooms fronting east, with conveniences; no other roomers. 35 N. West Park street, corner D. 1f6f

FOR RENT—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS from $7 upward. 72 Oak street. 30tf

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS IN PRIVATE family. Apply at 151 Yamhill street. 20ftw

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED FRONT AND back room, with privilege of breakfast; in modern house; beautiful location; references exchanged. Inquire at N. W. corner Eighth and Alder streets. 2tf

NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOMS (BAY window), fire and bath; gentlemen preferred. 211 Taylor street.

FOR RENT TO FIRST-CLASS ROOMERS, NEWLY furnished room; gentlemen preferred. McGinn's block, 132 Washington, cor. 7th. MRS. HOUGRUE.

A LARGE ROOM OR HALL, FRONT AND Washington streets. R. KILLIN, room 1, Dekum's block. 31-tf

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, EN SUITE OR single, in private family; 229 Ninth st., between Main and Salmon. 31j tf

FOR RENT — HANDSOMELY FURNISHED rooms, near postoffice; all modern conveniences; terms moderate. 188 Sixth. 28ftw

SOUTH AND EAST FRONT ROOMS FURNISHED en suite $12; single $6; unfurnished suite $7 per month; also rooms furnished complete for housekeeping in the fire-proof building, 293 First, cor. Columbia.

THE RAYMOND HOUSE, 306½ FIRST STREET, nearly opposite the St. George Hotel; fire-proof brick; the most elegantly furnished lodging house in Portland; rooms en suite or single. 27f1m

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT—gas, bath, etc.; convenient to street cars. Inquire at 394 Morrison st., corner Pacific. 15e

TO LET—HOUSES AND STORES.

HOTEL FOR RENT—THE WELL KNOWN COSmopolitan hotel at The Dalles is offered for rent; the house is in good repair and doing a fine business. Address Cosmopolitan Hotel, The Dalles.

FOR RENT—CHEAP—THREE NEW COTTAGES of 5 rooms each, 7 blocks from L st. ferry. Address P. O. Box 43, or apply at 22 Washington street. 25tf

TO RENT.

FOR RENT—DESIRABLE HOTEL PROPERTY in a thriving town in eastern Oregon. For further information apply at Oregonian office. 12tf

LAND TO RENT—TWENTY ACRES, NEAR the car shops, East Portland. Apply to F. W. GILLETTE, 27 Stark street. 12f1m&w

BOARD AND ROOMS.

BOARD—SINGLE MEALS, OR BY THE DAY or week; woman cook. 81 Fourth cor Oak. f13tf

FURNISHED ROOM, WITH OR WITHOUT board, at 18 E. Park st. References. 3d

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP — NOtice is hereby given that the firm of J. Selling & Co is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. J. Lippitt retiring.
J. SELLING.
E. MEYER.
J. LIPPITT.

The remaining partners, J. Selling and E. Meyer, will continue the above business under the old firm name of J. Selling & Co. 25f1w

THE COPARTNERSHIP HITHERTO EXISTing between Geo. H. Myring and T. W. Bleick, doing business as Myring & Bleick, has been this day dissolved. All debts due said firm are to be paid to T. W. Bleick, who alone is authorized to receipt for the same.
GEO. H. MYRING.
Portland, Or., Feb. 25, 1884. T. W. BLEICK. 26f

CITY TAXES—THE TAX ROLL FOR 1885 IS now in my hands for collection, and all taxes assessed thereon must be paid at my office, 105 First street, within thirty days from this date, or the same will be returned as delinquent.
D. C. McKERCHER, City Treasurer.
Portland, Feb. 20, 1885. 2tf

ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING.— NOTICE IS hereby given that the annual meeting of taxpayers of School District No. 1, Multnomah county, will be held at the court house in said county on Monday evening, March 2, A. D. 1885, at 7:30 o'clock. The object of said meeting is for the purpose of levying a tax for the maintenance of the public schools for the ensuing year, to hear the annual reports of the Board of School Directors and Clerk, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting. By order of the Board,
WM. CHURCH, JR., School Clerk.
Portland, Feb. 19, 1885. f19td

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

W. S. MASON (LATE OF McCRAKEN & MAson) and successor to H. Abraham, wholesale grocer and commission merchant, Nos. 2 and 4 North Front st., Portland, Or. 3d

T. O'CONNOR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL grocer, dealer in ship stores, garden and grass seeds, foreign and domestic fruits, etc., N. E. cor Front and Alder sts, Portland, Or. 7alm

MARK LEVY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, importer of and dealer in tropical and domestic green, dried and canned fruits, nuts, figs, dates and raisins. 122 First st. Consignments of Oregon and California produce solicited. 13e

I. COHN & BRO., 170 FRONT STREET, FARM and country produce a specialty.

SUTTON & BEEBE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores, 16 N. Front st., Portland, Or. 26e

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or.

M. E. BATTIN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERchant and produce dealer, 142 Front street.

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants; agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co. 34 Front street, cor. Ash st.

MILLER & WEST—(J. C. MILLER, W. H. WEST,) commission merchants in general and dairy produce, 111 Front st., between Washington and Stark.

GIBSON, CHURCH & CO., SHIPPING AND COMmission Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour, salmon, grain bags, etc., N. W. cor. Front and Ash sts, Portland, Or.

MILL AND FARM MACHINERY.

RUSSELL & CO., 188 AND 190 FRONT STREET manufacturers of Threshers, Horse Powers, Saw Mills and Portable Traction and Stationary Engines.

FRANK BROTHERS' IMPLEMENT COMPANY importer and dealer in farm and mill machinery 68 and 70 Front st., Portland, Or.

CHAS. H. DODD & CO., SOLE AGENTS BUCKEYE Mower and Reaper, Canton Pitt's Thresher, Haines' Header, Schuttler Wagons; Front, First and Vine sts.

KNAPP, BURRELL & CO., WHOLESALE FARM machinery and dealers in agricultural implements, farm and spring wagons, buggies, carriages, etc., portable and stationary engines; saw mills and grist mill machinery a specialty; rubber and leather belting. all

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

ALLEN & LEWIS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, CORner N. Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, 64 and 66 Front st., Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Nos. 44 and 46 Front street, Portland, Or.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. R. GLISAN, RESIDENCE COR. N. EIGHteenth and I. Office Second and Ash. 15ftm

DR. C. E. GEIGER—HOMEOPATHIST AND SURgeon; Cambridge building, Third and Morrison.

WM. McLAIN, VETERINARY SURGEON; graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. Office Goddard & Frasier's stable cor. Fifth and Taylor. 15e

BOAT ENGINES AND SMALL POWER.

TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 91, 93 Front st., Portland, Or., sole agents for Willard's celebrated Lake Boat Rigs and small engines for general work. 14e

IRON & WOODWORKING MACHINERY.

TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 91, 93 Front st., Portland, Or., Iron and Woodworking Machinery 14e

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H. HAWGOOD,
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8jy Portland, Oregon.

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TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 91, 93 Front st., Portland, Or., sole ag'ts. These lubricants are largely used in San Francisco, throughout California, the East, England, Australia, &c. They are unequalled in efficiency and economy.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

BENJAMIN I. COHEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Notary Public, Room 4, up-stairs, N. E. cor. Front and Ash streets, Portland, Or. 3tf

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

HERBERT BRADLEY & CO., SUCCESSORS TO Bradley & Doheny, 109 Front, bet. Washington and Stark sts. Leather and Findings, Shoe Store Supplies.

MINING MACHINERY.

PARKE & LACY, MILL, RAILWAY & MAchinists' supplies a specialty. 66 North Front st.

TRUNKS AND VALISES.

L. SILBERSTEIN & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS 143 Front street.

SADDLERY.

R. SHERLOCK, SADDLERY, HARNESS, HARDware; 71 Front st., Portland, O.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, ESTABLISHED 1851. Portland. Or. 27e

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS.

JEGELE, CROWELL & CO., IMPORTERS; 52 and 54 Front st., Portland, Or. 27e

SAILS, FLAGS AND TENTS.

V. E. SMITH, SAIL, FLAG AND TENT MAKER. 34 North Front st., Portland, Or. 26e

MERCHANDISE BROKERAGE.

FRANK WOOLSEY, COMMISSION AND MERchandise brokerage, cor. First and A. Portland.

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Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for a copy. The best medium to circulate in the east.

For a good Glass of Beer go the "Boss," Second and Ash.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1885.

FLYING MACHINES.

Aerial navigation, if ever successful, must be accomplished on mechanical principles. The force of gravitation, which draws all bodies down to the earth, is the very force which is the principal one concerned in flight, and without which flight would be impossible. It is curious, as the duke of Argyle remarks in his "Reign of Law," to observe how completely this has been forgotten in almost all human attempts to navigate the air. Birds are not lighter than air, but immensely heavier. If they were lighter than the air they might float, but they could not fly. This is the difference between a bird and a balloon. A balloon rises because it is lighter than the air, and floats upon it. Consequently it is incapable of being directed, because it possesses in itself no active force enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed, and because if it had such a force it would have no fulcrum, or resisting medium, against which to exert it. It becomes part of the atmosphere, and must go with it wherever it goes. No bird is ever for an instant of time lighter than the air in which it flies; but being on the contrary always heavier, it keeps possession of a force capable of supplying momentum and therefore capable of overcoming any lesser force, such as the ordinary resistance of the atmosphere, and even of heavy gales of wind. The law of gravitation, therefore, is used in the flight of birds as one of the most essential of the forces which are available for the accomplishment of the end in view.

The next law appealed to and pressed into the service, is again a law which would seem an impediment in the way. This is the resisting force of the atmosphere in opposing any body moving through it. But in this force an agent is found for supplying the requisite balance to the force of gravity. In order to solve the problem of flight, the resisting power of the air must be called into action as strongly as possible in the direction opposite to the force of gravity, and as little as possible in any other. Consequently a body capable of flight must present its maximum of surface to the resistance of the air in the perpendicular direction, and its minimum of surface in the horizontal direction. And further, to accomplish flight, another law must be appealed to, and that is the immense elasticity of the air and the reacting force it exerts against compression. To enable a body heavier than the air to support itself against the force of gravity, it must be enabled to strike the air downwards with such force as to occasion a rebound upwards of corresponding power. The elasticity of the air is the law which offers itself for the counteraction of gravity, and to make it available there must be some great force of downward blow in order to evoke a corresponding rebound. It cannot be too often repeated—because misconception on this point has been the cardinal error in all human attempts to navigate the air—that in all the beautiful evolutions of birds upon the wing, it is weight and not buoyancy which makes the evolutions possible. Aerial resistance and elasticity, being brought to bear upon the force of gravity, then, according to the universal laws of motion, a direction is given to the body which is the resultant or compromise between the forces so employed.

On the earth and sea man has attained to powers of locomotion with which, in strength, endurance and velocity, no animal movement can compare. But the air is an element on which as yet he cannot travel—an ocean which he cannot navigate. The birds of heaven are his envy, and on the paths they tread he cannot follow. But it is not certain that this exclusion is to be perpetual. His failure has resulted quite as much from his ignorance of natural laws as from his inability to meet the conditions which they demand. All attempts to guide bodies buoyant in the air must be fruitless. Balloons are mere toys. No flying animal has ever been formed on the principle of buoyancy, and the weight of birds is one of the forces most essential in their flight. Heretofore there has been a real impediment in the way of man navigating the air, and that is the excessive weight of the only great mechanical moving powers at his disposal. Will electricity now furnish the lighter power?

It is not improbable that it will. The idea of applying it has already been conceived and worked up by E. A. Bolikofsky of this city, who has completed his drawings of a flying machine, to be constructed on a plan to meet the principles of aerial locomotion laid down in the first part of this article. The wings, or lifting agents, of his machine, are great wheels, or concave disks, one at each corner, to be driven by an electric motor. These disks are to be metal, light, but very strong, and adjusted on elbow joints, so as to turn them at any angle to the plane of flight. Driven at high speed, they are expected to lift the machine and at the same time to perform an important part in carrying it forward. Electricity to supply the motor is generated by the movement of the machine through the air, acting upon turbine wheels. A screw propeller gives an addition to the momentum, and the machine is guided by adjusting the inclination of its surfaces to the air through which it moves. Whether this effort to construct a flying machine shall prove to be successful or not, we cannot doubt that it contains ideas which will contribute largely to the final success of this last remaining triumph of human locomotion. Man must achieve yet greater speed in transporting himself from one place to another. The conditions of life require it, and navigation of the air seems to open the only solution of the important problem.

ENGLAND'S INVASION OF EGYPT.

Why is England in Egypt? What business has she at Khartoum? She invaded Egypt in the interest purely of a set of usurers, to put down the resistance of the people to the demands of these usurers. She has gone to the Soudan to complete the conquest of the country of the Nile.

The whole revenue of Egypt, though extorted by a taxation more oppressive even than that of India, will just about furnish money enough to pay the interest claimed by the British bondholders. The British government took possession of the revenue of the country to pay this interest, and the rebellion of Arabi Bey was only a protest against his usurpation.

The rights of Turkey over Egypt have substantially ended; Egypt is subject no longer to a Moslem power. To Moslems a change like this is a tremendous calamity. It has armed the fanaticisms of the Mussulmans of the whole country of the upper Nile, and England is warring against them as "rebels" though they never owed the slightest allegiance to her power.

In the long run it will be doubtless for the interests of civilization for England to prevail in Egypt, but even the Gladstone government does not expect to hold the Soudan.

In an article defining the policy of criticism, the *Literary World* gives as its reason for not publishing the name of its contributors, "that the authority of a journal is greater than that of any of its signatures. This statement is hardly an axiom. There are individual critics, for instance, who could speak with more authority than some journals. While unsigned criticism is certainly a good thing so far as it masks the critic from the author and strengthens the impersonal element which is generally desirable in criticism of any value, yet it is easy to find cogent reasons for the contrary practice. What is perhaps the best literary weekly in the world, the *London Academy*, publishes signed articles mainly, and these are usually both pungent and impartial. Writing over one's own signature is apt to have an effect both stimulating and sobering. This does not prove, however, that the other plan may not be the best.

Fanny I. Armstrong has written a series of sketches entitled "The Children of the Bible," in one of which she says: "Moses' habits were good; he 'sowed no wild oats,' drank no whisky, played no euchre, and, I make bold to assert, used no tobacco." Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll would be inclined to class these omissions among the "Mistakes of Moses."

A MISTAKE ABOUT CRIME.

It is a popular delusion that crime is increasing faster than the population of the earth. Men who were boys twenty-five years ago cling to it most tenaciously. They point to the columns of the daily newspapers for the proof. They say, and very truly, that a quarter of a century ago the papers were not teeming with accounts of murder, theft, arson and domestic troubles growing out of faithlessness to the marriage vow. But the fact that all this is true does not prove that the popular belief that crime is increasing alarmingly is not a delusion; and it is worth while to show that, though the newspapers would seem to confirm the belief, they in reality prove nothing of the sort.

Comparatively speaking there is no more crime to-day than there was fifty years ago, if we may except the opium habit and abortion as not belonging to the category of crimes, though they undoubtedly do belong in it. But we will deal with crime as it is commonly accepted to mean murder, incendiarism, theft and adultery, leaving out of consideration those frightful practices and habits which have been the camp-followers of the advance of civilization.

It is true that at first blush, the columns of any enterprising daily newspaper would seem to give convincing proof that the increase in crime in the last score of years has been appalling. It is not an unusual thing for the reader to find in his morning paper accounts of a dozen murders, of a score of stabbing and shooting affrays, two or three elopements, half a dozen defalcations by bank cashiers, and an array of casualties that is sickening to gaze upon. What wonder is it that he should believe that the day of total depravity is coming on a gallop, and should moralize on the degeneracy of human nature?

But he does not know, or does not stop to reason it out, that these crimes were perpetrated a quarter of a century ago just as they are to-day, and perhaps to a greater extent, and that the reason why he was in ignorance of them at that time was because the day of perfection in telegraphy had not yet come. Newspapers were misnomers twenty-five years ago; they were more in the nature of magazines. They printed reports of the meetings of the council and the selectmen, of the school board; the president's message every four years, an inkling of the doings of congress, a few paragraphs of European news, a month old, accounts of crimes committed in the locality in which the papers were published, and such news from the large cities of the country as an embryonic system of gathering information for the press could furnish. In addition to the hindrance of an incomplete telegraph system, the publishers of newspapers were, in nine cases out of ten, in dense ignorance as to what constituted a piece of news and what did not. Between the two the reading public was in a bad way.

In those days a murder which was committed five hundred miles from the place of publication of a newspaper was never known to the readers of that journal. The news of the perpetration of a great crime in Europe never reached America. Nothing less than the death of a king or prince or prime minister was considered worth while for the correspondents to send to the few American newspapers that were enterprising enough to employ them, and when the news was printed here it was a month after the happening of the affair whatever it might be.

The fact that it was difficult to transmit news quickly had a tendency to make it of secondary importance, and thus the thousand and one occurrences in all parts of the world which are now reported in the papers, never got into print.

But when the great telegraph system of America was perfected, and the Atlantic cable laid, associations were at once organized to gather news from every corner of Christendom. There is not a happening of any note in America, or in any European country, that is not chronicled in the great journals of America the day after its occurrence. The doings of the world of one day are laid before the readers of a newspaper on the next and when we stop to consider that the collection of crimes which is thus made takes in almost the entire universe, we must admit that there is not so much wickedness in the world as is popularly supposed.

If the newspapers of twenty-five years ago had possessed the facilities which the newspapers of to-day enjoy, they would have printed as alarming an array of accounts of crimes as are now to be found in our daily journals. But they had no facilities. Hence, they did not print the news. The journals of to-day print the doings of every people under the sun.

No; there has been no alarming increase in crime. The growth has been in the facilities which the world has for gathering news. As crime is news, it is not remarkable that it figures to a considerable extent in the newspapers.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

A correspondent of the New York *World* says that the reason why Jefferson rode to the capitol on his own horse on inauguration day was that the streets were so unfathomably bad that he couldn't get there in any other way. It was not because of his simple and frugal habits. He paid $500 for the saddle which he rode on to the capitol. His financial diary recently purchased by Samuel J. Tilden, shows that he was, for the times, a man of extravagant habits. This diary contains page after page of entries for wines purchased—barrels of rum, hogsheads of Cognac, pipes of Madeira—"400 botts champagne, 400 Dolls." His wine bill for the eight years of his presidency was about $11,000. This diary also shows, says this correspondent, that "the author of the declaration of independence and the father of the democratic party seldom missed a show of any sort. He joyfully patronized Punch and Judy and the peep-shows and swung his hat with other boys when the ring master made the clown dance. Jefferson was always out of money and generally in the hands of note shavers and sharpers, who called themselves "factors." He hired these fellows to extend his notes, and even when he was president he got them to advance his next quarter's salary and paid a rousing shave for it." Jefferson was so expensive in his way of living that he died a bankrupt, despite the fact that he had a large property originally and was eight years president at a time when the office was relatively better paid than at present, since $25,000 in 1809 was as good as $50,000 is to-day.

Jefferson was not an aristocrat in thought, but he was born and bred a Virginia gentleman; and though he did a great deal for the masses, his life in Washington affords no example to his successors of simplicity or frugality. Neither does that of James Monroe, who is popularly believed to have been a plain and simple man. Mr. Crosby says that Monroe "lived high, spent more than his income, ran into debt and was always embarrassed. After having been twice president, he was glad to be elected justice of the peace in Virginia, but still his debts accumulated, and he fled to New York City to avoid the sheriff. Here he hid himself among his relatives, and for some months, I have heard, canvassed for the sale of books, which about that time began to be sold by subscription."

The Manchester *Mirror* says that there was more drunkenness, more extravagance in "the upper circles," that is, among people who had money to spend, in the days of Jefferson than there is now, and all that kept the masses "simple" in their habits was their poverty. With rum at three cents a glass and wine in proportion, the revolutionary fathers and their immediate descendants could and did get pretty drunk on the small wages earned in their times, but empty pocketbooks, and a lack of opportunities shut out other excesses and extravagances.

The Massachusetts tariff reform league is following with great energy and success the plan of public discussion of the tariff by manufacturers. It has had a ship builder from Delaware and a hardware maker from Connecticut to show how the tariff oppresses their industries, and more recently an address from a Lynn shoe manufacturer, Mr. Howard M. Newhall. This gentleman hit upon a new and very happy term to describe the effect of the tariff on the materials of his trade. "It ought not to be called protection," he said; "it is a case of prevention." He confirmed the opinion of Mr. Sargent that the cheapest labor was by no means the lowest paid labor. The German workman does in eleven hours only three-fourths as much work as the American does in ten hours. That is to say his efficiency measured by quantity alone is only 68 per cent. of the American's. But measured by quality it is very much less than that. The American manufacturer, however, loses all of this advantage when he seeks a foreign market because of the duty on his materials. He is shut up to the home market, and yet the factories of the United States can make in eight months all the shoes the home market can take in a year.

"THE KNIFE-GRINDER."

The dictionaries inform us that politics is "that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or state; the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the defense of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest; the augmentation of its strength and resources; and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals." And yet, while we are assured that "politics" implies and includes all this, it is gravely treated as a question whether clergymen should be politicians, and many people answer the question with an emphatic negative. It was on this plea that many ministers before the rebellion maundered and pottered over something they fancied was clergymen's work and gospel preaching, while they durst not whisper a word against manstealing, and did not even mumble in their own cowardly hearts a word of protest when the notice met them in capitals, "Slaves, horses, and other cattle sold here at 12 o'clock, noon, on Saturday next." That domestic institution was a great political question, but it was the business of ministers, as its supporters held, to pass by on the other side. This was the tyrant's plea. And there are many now who want the clergyman to be conveniently blind to every sort of political delinquency, and quite incapable of moving tongue, or hand, or vote in order to put the man of principle and capacity into the place of honor and influence, where he could conserve the country's freedom and promote its honor and prosperity, or to keep the unprincipled and the vile from working their will and compassing and completing their country's ruin and dishonor.

In a free country such a doctrine carried to its legitimate issue, would let the the worst class of the community have all politically its own way, without exposure and without protest. When a "Christian politician" is sneered at as a humbug or an impossibility; and when a clergyman who takes an enlightened and cordial interest in having his country governed as he thinks with wisdom and integrity is denounced, as if contempt could no further go, as a "a political priest," things are in a bad condition, and Cæsar's wish is in the fair way of realization—

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights."

Canning's knife-grinder long ago assaulted the world; "As for myself, I never love to meddle with politics." If the knife-grinder is to be taken as the ideal character for the clergyman, and for all men who are so conscientious and upright as to be disagreeable companions for practical politicians, the "existence" and "rights" of the country would soon pass into the control of those who would be quite willing to sell either or both for a dollar or a dram, and like the knife-grinder be satisfied with their "pot of beer" and the "Sixpence" with which their favorite beverage can be secured.

It is said that Daniel Manning of New York is to be secretary of the treasury. Manning is a local political boss and editor of a provincial newspaper. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "He is not a financier, nor an economist, nor a lawyer, nor a statesman, nor an experienced legislator or administrator, nor a scholar. Although an editor he is merely a scurrilous and not a dignified or astute or accomplished journalist. His journal has cut no figure in journalism proper, and he himself had no position in the world except as a ringleader in personal politics, a mere machine boss. His position, such as he has, is of the kind that Tweed had in New York, or that M. C. McDonald or Mackin now has in Chicago, but with a good deal less personal power than Tweed, and probably far less financial sagacity and personal dignity of deportment than Mackin. To place such a man at the head of the United States treasury is to proclaim to the world that the Cleveland administration is to be the rule of a Buffalo and Albany gang of the fatal parasites to whom Cleveland owes his making."

Rules are indispensable in schools as in business and domestic life, but they should not be set up as heathen gods and worshipped. The Indianapolis *Journal* relates an affair which shows the result of making them too inflexible: "A few days ago a 10-year-old girl attending one of our public schools as school was dismissed thoughtlessly left her gloves and comforter in her desk. She returned in a few minutes, reminded by the chilling blast of her loss, and was about to re-enter the school room to get the forgotten things. She was stopped by the school ma'am and denied entrance, it being against one of the numerous procrustean rules to enter the room out of school hours. In consequence she went home without her wrap and gloves. She took a severe cold in consequence, it sets a week or ten days from school, and her father, in the meantime, is accumulating a doctor's bill.

Edward Atkinson in his work on the distribution of products says that to the rich a tax constitutes more of an annoyance than a heavy burden; to the man of moderate income it merely causes a slight decrease of comfort or a small reduction in savings; from the skilled workman it may take half of what he might have saved; from the laborer it takes even the small pittance that might have served to mitigate the poverty of his later years; and from the poor it takes a part of what is necessary to existence and reduces them to pauperism. No class of men have so grave an interest in an honest and economical government and in the reduction of taxation as those who possess no property of their own, but who depend wholly upon their daily work for their daily bread.

Bayard is to be secretary of state, Lamar is to be secretary of the interior and Garland is to be attorney general—all original secessionists and two of them confederate generals. When we get the full list of cabinet members perhaps there will be more of the same kind. They are such selections as Jefferson Davis would make; and, in fact, since his party is triumphant, he ought to be president. He was the "top man" in sustaining "the principles of the party" during the "dark days."

Cleveland pronounces for good as the standard of value. Now if he makes a stand for civil service reform and a protective tariff, he will excite a red-hot rebellion in his party.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The New York *Sun* says: It is to the credit of Manning that the so-called civil service reformers and free trade theorists do not seem to take so much pleasure in the prospect of his appointment as secretary of the treasury.

The New York *Mail and Express* learns upon good authority that Gould holds $20,000,000 of stock in the Western Union; $17,000,000 in Missouri Pacific; $10,000,000 in the Union Pacific and $5,000,000 in the Manhattan elevated road.

The Boston *Herald* unwillingly confesses that it will be a hard task for Mr. Cleveland to find seven competent democrats for his cabinet who have advocated civil-service reform in the past.

Says the Boston *Post*: The verdict at Harvard has gone against Greek except as an elective study, and now the storm may be expected to rage all along the line of the higher educational institutions, though it will hardly force Harvard to retrace the step she has taken.

Says the New York *Sun*: If Mr. Cleveland attempts to conduct his administration without due regard to the wishes and the ideas of the democratic party he will make a shipwreck of it. There may be such a thing as a political elephant which cannot be kept within the traces, but however vast his physical proportions, such a creature would make a very poor job of attempting to conduct the government of the United States.

Getting Things Mixed.

From the Ingleside.

At a recent gathering in a St. Louis General Sherman was present. Said a young lady resident: "He doesn't look like a literary man." "On, he isn't," replied another young lady resident. "Didn't he write 'School for Scandal'?" "Mercy, no. You are thinking of General Sheridan. He is not here to-night."

"I was very much debilitated with constant pains in my chest from a severe cough," writes Mr. Lewis Edwards, sexton Mt. Vernon Place church, Washington, D. C., "and after trying various remedies, I used Red Star Cough Cure and it gave me entire relief."

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Some of the Late Productions of Our Publishing Houses.

Personal Gossip and Literary Notes. News of Interest to Book Lovers and Buyers.

ANTIPE.—By Mrs. G. W. Chandler. Published by Phillips & Hunt, New York.

Mrs. Chandler, the author of this book, is the wife of the pastor of the Taylor street M. E. church of this city. Her style of writing shows literary culture and taste; her subject is the attempt of an irreligious father to stifle the natural promptings of religious faith in his daughter, and to bring her up in the negations of a cold and polished skepticism. Treatment of such a subject admits the exercise and employment of a wide range of observation, reflection, experience and emotional power. The father's efforts to plant and cultivate in his daughter's nature his own principles of unbelief—founded on substitution of blindly-working laws of nature for the Divine intelligence—he caused to be seconded by the efforts of those with whom he surrounded her; but the clear insight of her deeper spiritual nature penetrated all the sophistries of their pleadings and arguments, and the dignity and firmness of a true religious womanhood, sustained without display of pride or cant, triumphed over all attempts upon it. Yet it was not done without a terrible struggle that carried her to the very threshold of despair. The skill and power of the writer are shown in the human interest which she awakens in the story through which the development of her idea is wrought out. The story is rapid, earnest, dramatic, close to its purpose, full of variety, not too long, and never tedious. For sale by George H. Hill, Portland.

A POPULAR MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Maude Gillette Phillips. 2 vols. Published by Harper & Bros. New York.

So numerous and so excellent are the manuals of English literature that whoever publishes a new one, must produce a work whose merits will fully justify its publication; otherwise it will receive no attention. But such a work we have in "A Popular Manual of English Literature" by Maude Gillette Phillips, in two fine volumes. The design of the work is to serve three practical ends: first, as a school manual; second, as a guide to the general reader; and third, as a book of reference. The plan is different from that of any other similar book in that it contains, with its accounts of the characteristics of English literature through all its periods, an outline of the literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain and the United States of America, together with an exposition of the relations of these literatures to each other, and their influence at different periods upon the literature of England. The analysis of the characteristics of each age is clear, concise, scholarly and just. The books are enriched with abundant quotations from eminent critics on the works of our great representative authors—a new plan, which has striking advantages over the common method of furnishing detached passages from the writings of the authors themselves. We can safely say that a better book on the subject than this it is not possible to find. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

WEIRD TALES. By E. T. W. Hoffman. Translated from the German by J. T. Bealby. Published by the Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

American readers will welcome this new and attractive translation of the singular tales of Herr Hoffman. Carlyle once wrote of the author: "Moody, sensitive and fantastic, he wandered through the world like a foreign presence, subject to influences of which common natures have happily no glimpse. His head was forever swarming with beautiful or horrible chimeras. The products of a mind so brilliant, wild and singular as that of Hoffman may long hover in the remembrance of the world, and he is not to be overlooked in any survey of German literature, and least of all by the foreign student of it." For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. William M. Taylor has written a book on the life of John Knox, the Scotch reformer, which A. C. Armstrong & Son are about to publish. The volume will contain a steel portrait engraved from a painting in the possession of Lord Somerville.

The frontispiece of the March number of the *Century* will be a portrait of Daniel Webster engraved from a daguerreotype made in Philadelphia in 1849. Webster wears a tall silk hat, the portrait having been made in that manner as a memento of a speech which he made while wearing the same hat.

Cassell's Family Magazine for March is as fresh and strong as March winds usually are. Two serials are now running, "A Diamond in the Rough," by Alice O'Hanlon, and "Sweet Christabel," by Arabella M. Hopkinson. The prize story, "A Lost Opportunity," forcibly illustrates the evils of vacillation. Beside the fiction we are told "What to Do in Court," by a barrister, and Walter Squires, in an illustrated paper on "Life at an American College," gives a capital description of the venerable Yale.

The catalogue of the library of the British museum promises to be a prodigious thing. Already there are seventy-four volumes in print, which represent 270 of the old manuscript volumes, whose pages have so long tormented the bewildered "reader." The work is now proceeding at the rate of thirty volumes a year; so that there are good hopes that by the end of another decade the larger part of the catalogue may be got within something like reasonable limits and presented in a comparatively convenient form.

It is understood that the late Henry G. Bohn's collection of art books though comparatively few in number—said to be less than 800—forms a perfectly unique library of reference, and in many languages. The *Academy* hears that it includes splendidly-bound folio editions of engravings from the great masters in almost every known European gallery. Mr. Bohn's general private library—a substantial but by no means extensive one, considering his colossal dealings with books—is not likely to be sold. It may not be generally known that he sent nearly 1400 volumes to the London Crystal Palace exhibition some years ago, and lost them all in the fire there.

Mrs. Speedy, in her 'Wanderings in the Soudan,' relates the following curious episode: After a long day's march she was just settling herself down to sleep when our host, an Arab telegraph clerk, separated from her only by a thin partition, began to say his prayers in a loud sing-song chant. She remonstrated; for a time there was silence; she was falling asleep when the clerk began his prayer again. Again she remonstrated, again there was a brief silence, to be broken, alas! too soon by the indefatigable clerk, who once more began saying his prayers "da capo," this time faster than ever. It was like "speaking by machinery; the whirr and buzz was terrific. We learned next morning that our host belonged to a sect which obliged him to repeat his prayers aloud, and which also enjoined as one of its most stringent rules that the voice of either a woman, a donkey or a dog, if heard at any time during the service, made it necessary that the whole of the prayers should be repeated."

THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

YAKIMA VALLEY, Feb. 23.—Since the iron horse of the Northern Pacific has entered this valley it is attracting more attention than formerly—is now considered as one of proper places to be visited by drummers, bummers and seekers after land and places of business. To get here, coming from the west, one gets off the Atlantic express at Pasco Junction at 3 A. M., waits there a half an hour, until it is time for the train on the Cascade branch to pull out. After the train has run a mile and a quarter from the junction the coaches are put aboard the Frederick Billings and taken across the Columbia river to the west side. At the new town of Kennewick, on the west side, a stop is made long enough to get breakfast. Again getting under way, the train goes faster than an ox team, until the roadbed gets put up in better shape, about forty-two miles, when another halt is made to get dinner at Prosser station. This station, which was named after Colonel Prosser, is on the south bank of the Yakima river. After leaving Prosser the Simcoe Indian reservation is traversed, and forty-six miles, and four hours more, the Yakima valley is entered through a gap in the hills from the south. About the first thing one hears after arriving here is the unfavorable account told of the old and new towns of Yakima by their opponents; in cow-boy phrase, they are pawing dirt at a fearful rate at one another, but like the angry bulls that paw dirt, in time they will forget their animosity and feed along slowly towards one another and meet on good terms. They are only three miles apart. If each grows as each claims it will, like Minneapolis and St. Paul, they will soon be as one. There is no denying that this part of Yakima valley at both towns and between them is a good location for a city, the surface of the ground is even, with sufficient slope, and good water in abundance near by can be brought down under a good pressure.

Ranging along on the north and south of the valley are abrupt, gullied hills, forming a nearly straight horizon; farther off to the east, lower and with a more jagged horizon, the ranges rise in a semi-circle; they come together the same in the west, but are high enough to be called mountains, and are covered with timber. Looming up off to the southwest is the snow-covered peak of Mount Adams; and in the distant west-northwest, just peering above the dark horizon of pine-covered mountains, glistening in the sun's bright rays, is Mount Rainier's icy top, in three rounded domes. About in the middle of the southern range of hills is a narrow gap or pass; a similar one, a little more to the west, is through the northern range; the Northern Pacific railroad runs across the valley in a straight line between these two gaps, in about a northwest course. The distance between the gaps is about eight miles. The old town is on the line of the railroad near the southern gap; the new town, on somewhat higher ground, is within a mile and a half of the northern gap. The Natchez river comes from among the hills at the northwest corner of the valley, runs west at the base of the northern range and contluences with the Yakima river, which comes in through the northern gap that the railroad passes through. The course of the Yakima, as it meanders away through the northern part of the valley, can be traced by a line, at present, of brownish-looking willows. From the Columbia river on the south-east to the valley by railroad it is eighty-two miles; to the Columbia river at The Dalles, little west of south of the valley, it is about ninety miles by wagon road—passing through Goldendale, sixty-two miles south.

The route of the Northern Pacific after leaving the valley continues in a general northwest course and crosses the Cascade mountains through the Stampede pass. End of track at present is at the new town of Yakima. Graders are string along the route as far ahead as Ellensburg, a distance of about forty-five miles. The old survey of the Northern Pacific crossed the Columbia river at Priest rapids, almost due east of here, followed down the Moxee stream crossed Yakima valley from east to west, passed up the Natchez river and across the Cascade mountains through the Cowlitz pass.

The Indians hereabouts take to civilization better than the most of their class. They have their farms fenced, houses and farming implements similar to their white brothers; and do not wear the everlasting blanket and leggins peculiar to their race, but good clothes.

In the old town the *Yakima Signal* is published by J. M. Adams; at the new town the press and paraphernalia of a printing office is being put in place to publish the *Washington Farmer*, by Colonel Legh R. Freeman, of frontier publishing fame.

NEWS OF THE NORTHWEST.

OREGON.

Oregon City school district contains a population of 1336.

John Cox, at a $850 team a few days ago while attempting to cross the Umatilla river above Echo. He drove into too deep water and the team was drowned.

WASHINGTON.

There is a sealing fleet actively at work off Cape Flattery.

Port Townsend wants an iron foundry and machine shop.

A telephone line is being talked of between Olympia and Montesano.

The Northern Pacific railroad company pays out monthly in Sprague $20,000.

Some of the Samish farmers have commenced their spring plowing. There will be a large amount of grain raised on the Samish valley this year.

Twenty thousand dollars will probably be invested by an eastern company in a factory to convert the waters of Medical lake into soap, as experiments show that it makes the finest kind of toilet soap.

In going from LaConner to Seattle last Tuesday, the schooner Uisaldy encountered a gale of wind and was blown ashore at Holmes harbor, breaking her rudder and doing some other small damage.

Joel Risder, a resident of Olympia for many years and who is nearly 80 years of age, fell and broke his hip Lone Sunday. He has been quite feeble of late and little hope is felt that he can recover from this accident.

John B. Voorhees, an attorney of Port Townsend, decamped Wednesday, leaving numerous creditors. It now turns out that Voorhees is only another name of ex-Mayor Nevins of Adrian, Mich., whose escapades several years ago caused him to leave that city.

J. A. Gilliland, the fugitive defaulter of Whatcom county, leaves delinquencies amounting to $30,000, most of which comes out of poor settlers, who proved up on their lands and deposited with him, as clerk of the court, the government price; and farmers who sold him grain and could little afford their losses.

It is said there are 20,000 tons of wheat in the various warehouses along Snake river. Farmers claim they have from 5000 to 10,000 bushels more on their farms. The river is at a fine boating stage, and four steamers are engaged hauling wheat to Riparia. About 200 tons are hauled there daily. The growing crops are reported as appearing very fine in that country.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

There are 33,011 Indians in the province.

The total cost of the Esquimalt graving dock will be $600,000. The imperial government contributes $243,000.

The provincial parliament, by a vote of 17 to 6, on Saturday ratified the bargain making Coal Harbor the Canadian Pacific terminus.

John Bagnal, a well-known merchant of Victoria, died in that city Saturday last aged 56 years. He came to the province in 1862.

A movement has been started by the citizens of Sprague to have the United States land office removed from Spokane Falls to Sprague.

The British Columbia penitentiary cost $28,207; the estimated value of the labor of the convicts was $7748. This is for the last fiscal year.

The potato crop of Island county last season bid fair to prove more remunerative than wheat. Large quantities of potatoes are being shipped to California.

Spokane and Lincoln counties have come to a settlement, $6800 in cash being paid to Lincoln, and $2100 paid to Spokane in Lincoln county warrants, giving a gain to Lincoln county of about $900, less attorney's fees of $400.

The new coal mines near Westcom are said to be very extensive. By actual measurement and calculation it is claimed there are one million tons of coal in sight. The coal is of superior quality, coking satisfactorily. The opening of these mines will be of great benefit to Whatcom and vicinity.

The wife of John McDonald, of Cedar district, was found dead within a short distance of her home last Wednesday morning. She was returning from Nanaimo alone, with a horse and cart, on Tuesday evening. At the bottom of a steep hill the body of the unfortunate woman, whose neck had been broken by the fall, was found, and alongside were the horse, nearly dead, and the cart.

On Thursday morning an accident occurred at Camp 3, Haslam creek, on the Nanaimo section of the E. & N. railway. A very large stump was to be removed, and two kegs of powder were placed beneath. The stump split in twain, one-half being sent 350 yards away. Behind a tree were standing two young men, named Robinson and Tole. The half stump struck the tree with terrific force, and the concussion knocked Robinson insensible and threw Tole to the ground with such violence as to break his collar bone. Robinson recovered consciousness in about two hours' time. His wounds consisted of bruises on the scalp, neck and left knee.

IDAHO.

The accounts of the valuable deposits of peacock copper ores, carbonates of copper, carrying from 30 to 300 ounces of silver, together with bromides and manganese of iron ores, found in the Mineral, Ruthburg and Seven Devil mountain districts of western Idaho, have attracted wide interest on the coast. The preliminary stampede has begun, and 1885 will witness a large influx of capital, machinery and prospectors. A sale has just been consummated of some rich copper and silver prospects to Portland parties, for the sum of $25,000. These prospects were located last fall and the further development of this district is expected to open up to the world some of the most notable mines in Idaho. Early spring will see a tide of miners flowing into the Seven Devil mountains. The Oregon Short Line road reaches this section via Weiser, and the mines are only fifty to seventy-five miles distant.

An excellent breakfast cake is made by taking a large cup of bread dough and adding a small cup of sugar and a lump of butter about the size of half an egg; mix them well, and let this rise all night; in the morning roll out into a flat cake and put it into a tin; cut apples into slices, not too thin, and cover the top of the cake with them, pressing them down into it just as far as possible so that the top of the cake will be nearly smooth; then take half a cup of sugar with water enough to dissolve it and with cinnamon for flavoring; let this come to a boil, and then pour over the cake; bake in a quick oven. This is nice warm or cold.

MEETING NOTICE.

C. D. and M. Society. No. — The members of C. D. and M. Society who are to take part in the coming entertainment are requested to be present at their hall this afternoon at — o'clock. By order of the committee.

BORN.

In this city, Feb. 28, to the wife of Nathan Hall, a daughter.

DIED.

At Moosic, Feb. 24, Moses Bettman, aged 72, father of Leopold and Ludwig Bettman, Mrs. S. Koshland, Mrs. L. Ferguson, Mrs. M. Bettman of this city, Mrs. L. Baum of The Dalles, and H. Bettman of Eugene City.

NEW TO-DAY.

SEASON 1885

First Invoice—Direct Importation

—OF—

NEW DRESS GOODS,
COMBINATION SUITS,
NEW BUTTONS,
MILITARY JERSEYS.

Exclusive and Choice Designs

Will be on sale

TO-MORROW, MONDAY, MARCH 2.

S. Lehman & Co.

FINE DRESS-MAKING— LITT, THE LEADER.

CHOICE SUITE OF ROOMS AT 183 SEVENTH ST., between Yamhill and Taylor. 31tf

THE CRITERION—BEST AUTHORITY WEST of New York, on lowest prices on dry goods. Write for samples. Burke, McDonnell & Co., 163 First.

FOR RENT—TWO STORY HOUSE OF 7 ROOMS. 46 Fifth street, near College. 1m3

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE MOST STYLISH horse and carts in the city. Call at Magoon's stables. 1m2

FOR RENT—TWO NICELY FURNISHED rooms for gentlemen at 257 West Park.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN ABOUT 18 OR 20 years of age as salesman in notions and fancy goods; one with some experience preferred. Address, with reference, P. O. Box 764, City. 1m2

COTTAGE WANTED—WILL PAY $25 PER month on long lease, and pay six months in advance for a 5 or 6 room cottage, properly put up and situated between Park and Twelfth and Yamhill and B streets. Address Cottage, Oregonian office. 1m3

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG FRENCHMAN from Paris, who speaks French, English and German fluently, wishes a situation in a private family as butler or in a hotel. Address Louis A., de la Roche, care Oregonian. 1m1

DESIRABLE 7 ROOM COTTAGE, CONVENIENT to two lines of street cars, may be rented at once, with complete set of household furniture for lease or sale, suitable for young housekeepers, and a bargain. Address D. E., Oregonian, for further particulars. 28f3

WANTED—A SITUATION AS PURSER ON river or Puget Sound boat, or wharf clerk in city, or to take charge of sawmill yard; can run stationary engine; references given. Address PURSER, care Oregonian. 28f3

IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE, CREAM, LIMburger, etc.; Eingemachte Haerings, German Pickles, Sauer Kraut, Pickled Beans, German Smoked Beef Tongues, etc. Assortment of family groceries at lowest rates. Mrs. M. Baum, 86 Morrison, bet. 4th & 5th

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Telegram.

YALE, B. C., Feb. 9th, 1885.

To R. D. PITT, Portland:—Plenty of work for men who want work. M. J. HANEY, Gen. Sup't Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Axemen, Rockmen and Laborers for the Canadian Pacific Railroad will require to register on or before Friday or Tuesday, to leave on Saturday or Wednesday, at No. 9 Washington st. R. D. PITT, Commissioner of Deeds for all States and Territories.

$200.00 RAFFLE.

FINE FRENCH DINNER SET—230 PIECES—AT one dollar a ticket, at McBreen's Crockery Store, 7 Washington st. 3f2

WOOD! WOOD!

FIR $3 50, ASH $4 50, OAK $5 00.

FOOT MORRISON ST. 20f9

Notice of School Meeting.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ANnual school meeting of school district No. 51 will be held at the Albina school building on Monday, March 2, 1885, at 7:30 P. M., at which time and place a special tax will be levied for the support of the schools during the ensuing year. Also a director and clerk are to be elected. JOHN M. PITTENGER, District Clerk. 2fro

REDUCTION IN BOARD.

After March 1st Table Board $20 per month, or $5 per week. Table Boarders Accommodated.

MRS. TROUP, 181 Sixth Street.

ANTIPE

—BY—

MRS. G. W. CHANDLER.

Cloth $1. Postage paid, to any address.

GEO. H. HILL,

City Book Store, 151 First St., Portland.

THE

[illegible]

FIRST EDITION OF

500 SOLD IN DAY.

SECOND EDITION READY MARCH 2.

Many Advance Orders already received.

THIS IS

THE BEST COOK BOOK

In the Market, the Recipes having been furnished by the best known Ladies of Oregon and Washington, and they have all been tried by those contributing, thus insuring a Practical Book for THE HOUSEHOLD.

Kitchen Edition, Board Covers,	$1 25
Cloth Cover,	$1 50

Sold by all Booksellers.

And sent post paid on receipt of price by the publishers,

W. B. Ayer & Co.,

Booksellers and Stationers,

93 First St., Portland, Or.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

AT RESIDENCE.

We are instructed to sell by auction, at the Residence No. 240 Stark st., bet. 10th and 11th,

ON MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1885,

At 10 o'clock A. M.,

The entire well kept Furniture of Residence,

COMPRISING

Brussels Carpets, Parlor Furniture, Chandelier,
Hanging Lamps, Center Table, Brackets,
Walnut Chairs and Rocker, Boston Rocker,
Walnut Extension Table, Lace Curtains,
Bedroom Suits, Mattresses, Stoves.

ALSO

Crockery, Glassware, Tea Set, Plated Ware,
Cooking Range and Kitchen Furniture.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

—OF—

ELEGANT HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND PIANO, AT RESIDENCE.

We are instructed to dispose of by auction at the residence,—

241 SEVENTH ST.,

Southwest corner Seventh and Main,

On Wednesday, March 4, 1885,

At 10 o'clock A. M.,

Fine piano, (G. A. Miller & Co. make)
Elegant Bigelow, B. B. carpets, in double parlors,
Hall, stairs, dining room and bed room carpets,
Fine solid walnut bookcase;
Handsome, sural desk; elegant sofa, ebony & raw silk;
Finely upholstered patent rocker;
Finely upholstered easy chairs;
[illegible]
Fine solid inlaid walnut table; Japanese card table;
Elegant ebony etageres, lace curtains & pole cornices;
Fine large walnut and marble sideboard;
Twelve foot extension table; 6 walnut dining chairs;
Fine steel engravings (Emb'ssed);
Fine French lounge in raw silk; walnut card tables;
2 fine solid walnut chiffoniers,
Fine walnut wardrobe;
2 elegant walnut bed room suits, full marble tops;
Fine walnut bedstead, ice chest, filterer;

ALSO

Kitchen range.

N. B.—We desire to call particular attention of buyers to this sale of fine furniture.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET T

This Sunday E

Farewell Perfor

OF THE

GRISMER-DAVIES COM

Which will be presented for the first time dramatization

"CALLED BA

POPULAR PRICES.

CASINO OPERA

Corner East Park and W
A. S. GROSS

Two Nights Only—Saturday, Sunday, March

The Chimes of No

With an inimitable cast

Louis Dommasch as
Louise Edgar as

Monday, March 2d, will be given Opera,

GIROFLE-GIR

When JEANNIE WINSTON will GIROFLE-GIROFLA

Popular Prices. Reserved seats without extra charge at Morse's. Doors open at 7:15 P. M. Perfo

NEW TIVOLI TH

RICHARD CLINTON,

This Evening,

AUGMENTED CO

—IN THE CAST—

Dress Circle 35c.; Orchestra Reserved Seats 50c. For sale at during day.

SHIPPING.

NOTICE.

The Str. Id

will sail from Portland

FOR ALASKA AND W

SUNDAY A. M., MARCH

Carrying freight and passengers.

Freight will be received until Friday A. M., Feb. 28, 1885.
Feb. 28 JOHN
26f4d Traffic Manager O. R. &

NEW TO-DA

DOWN COME THE PRICES at Mozart's, the latest styles Morrison street.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS

PERSONAL—THE LADY WHO the bargains goes to Mozart's Morrison street.

DRESS MAK

Prices for W

Making Street Suits, $5 to $8, being a reduction from former
Making Handsome Silk Suits
Cutting and Fitting

Perfect Fit, Best W

manship and entire

faction guaranteed.

your own material

Ruffles, dress goods

silks at our counter

First Cost.

MOZART'S CLOAK AND 70 Morris

$1000 WORTH OF CHILD dresses, closing out at one-half regular price, at MOZART'S

MEN WANTED—TO LEARN THAT goods are selling far below cost, Morrison street for particulars.

FOR SALE—NEW STYLE SERGE be worn with Jerseys, only $5, suits in same goods for $10. MOZART'S, 70

PUBLIC NOTICE—BIGGEST known in dress goods remnants Morrison street.

W. M. W

First and

DRUGS AND

Pure Chemicals,
Fresh Drugs,
Choice Toilet A
Delicate Perf
Elegant F

A COMPLETE

—OF—

Trusses, Supporters
Braces, Chest P
and Sundries

Prescriptions will receive

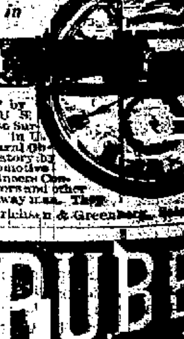
My purpose shall be to carry a first class stock and supply every customer politely with the very best of at all times reasonable and maintain class in every particular. In the hands of Portland's general the truth of my assertions

ROCK

Quick-Train

Unequaled

in



Used by the U. S. Coast Survey, in the U. S. Naval Observatory, by Locomotive Engineers, Conductors and other Railway men. They

Henrichsen & Greenberg

RUBBER STO

Rubber Hunting
Gossamer
Rubber, Leather and
Packing, Hose

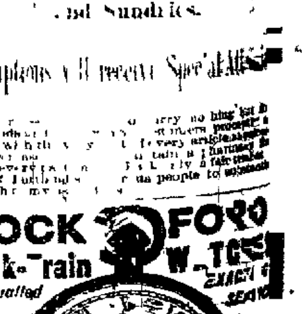
PRESTON NOT

164 First

MANHOOD

The reason that thousands SEMINAL WEAKNESS, HOOD, and the result of owing to a complication DR. LIEBIG'S the ONLY cure for $1.00 per package, Health and Self-An DR. DISPENSARY for

THE GERMAN[illegible]
MARKET THEA[illegible]
[illegible] Howe, Manager
This Sunday Evening
[illegible]well Performa[illegible]
OF THE
[illegible]DAVIS COMBIN[illegible]
[illegible] time the [illegible]
CALLED BACK
[illegible]LAR PRICES: Adm[illegible]
[illegible]NO OPERA HOU[illegible]
[illegible] First and Washingto[illegible]
[illegible]ROSS [illegible] Lessee and [illegible]
[illegible]his Only Saturday Feb [illegible] Sunday March 1st
Chimes of Norma[illegible]
[illegible]
March 4th [illegible]
[illegible]ROLL GIROFL[illegible]
[illegible]AND WINSTON [illegible]
[illegible]r Prices, 25c and 50c. Reserved [illegible] at 10 P M. Performance begins [illegible]
TIVOLI THEATR[illegible]
[illegible] CHARLES LINTON, Manager
This Evening THE
[illegible]
[illegible]MENTED COMP[illegible]
IN THE CAST
[illegible] seats 50c [illegible] at Prentice's [illegible]
SHIPPING
NOTICE.
[illegible]he SS. "Idaho"
[illegible] PORTLAND
[illegible]ALASKA AND WAY P[illegible]
[illegible]DAY, A. M., MARCH 1st, 1885
[illegible] freight and passengers.
[illegible] will be received on [illegible]
[illegible] JOHN MUIR
[illegible] Traffic Manager O. R. & N. Co.
NEW TO-DAY.
[illegible]COME THE PRICES IN DRESSMAKING [illegible] Mozart's [illegible] latest styles now [illegible]
[illegible]FD FIRST CLASS DRESSMAKER [illegible] MOZART'S
[illegible]SAL THE LADY WHO DESIRES [illegible] Mozart's Cloaking Department [illegible] street
[illegible]ESS MAK[illegible]
Prices for Work
[illegible]
Perfect Fit Best Work[illegible]
manship and entire Satis[illegible]
faction guaranteed. Bring
your own material or buy
[illegible] dress goods and
silks at our counter below
First Cost
[illegible]ART'S CLOAK AND SUIT [illegible] Morrison Street
[illegible] WORTH OF CHILDREN'S [illegible] at MOZART'S.
[illegible] WANTED TO LEARN THAT AT MOZART'S [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] NEW STYLE SPRING SKIRTS [illegible] MOZART'S [illegible] Morrison
[illegible] NOTICE—BIGGEST BARGAINS [illegible] dress goods remnants at Mozart's [illegible]
[illegible]M. [illegible]S[illegible]
First and Stark,
[illegible]
Chemicals,
[illegible]esh Drugs,
Choice Toilet Articles,
Delicate Perfumes,
Elegant Fancy Goods
[illegible]OMPLETE LINE
[illegible]
[illegible]sses, Supporters, Shoulder
Braces, Chest Protectors
and Sundries.
[illegible]
[illegible]OCK[illegible]FORD
[illegible]k-Train [illegible]W. TC[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]sen & Greenberg, Sole Agents, [illegible]
[illegible]UBBER
[illegible]STORE
[illegible]y Hunting Boots, Coats, [illegible]
Cossamers etc.
[illegible]bber Leather and Cotton Belting,
Packing, Hose, etc.
[illegible]ESTON, NOTT & CO
164 First Street.
[illegible]ANHOOD RESTORED
[illegible]



The Oregonian.
SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1885.
Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID) IN ADVANCE.

Daily, per month	$1 50
Daily with Sunday, per [illegible]	1 20
Daily, per year	[illegible] 00
Daily with Sunday, per year	[illegible] 00
Sunday, per year	[illegible] 50
Sunday and Weekly, per year	[illegible] 00
The Weekly, per year	[illegible] 50

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	25c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included	30c

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND, FEB. [illegible], [illegible] P. M.

Place of Observation	Height of Bar.	Ther.	Rel. Hum.	Direction of Wind	Vel.	Rain fall	State of Weather
Portland	30.19	[illegible]	[illegible]	Calm	[illegible]	00	Cloudy
Olympia	30.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Calm	[illegible]	00	Clear
Roseburg	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Calm	[illegible]	00	Clear
Red Bluff	30.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	NW	[illegible]	00	Clear
Sacramento	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	SE	[illegible]	00	Clear
Mendocino	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	E	[illegible]	00	Clear
Fort Canby	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	E	[illegible]	00	Clear
Tatoosh	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	W	[illegible]	00	Clear
Fort Townsend	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Minimum thermometer [illegible]; maximum [illegible].

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

Is for sale at the following places:

- John, First and Morrison
- Woods, Third bet. Morrison and Alder
- Shoen, near cor. First and Jefferson
- Lynch, 1[illegible] First
- Brown, First and [illegible]
- Lachman, First bet. Salmon and Taylor
- Merchant hotel, Third and D
- Postoffice candy store, Fifth and Morrison
- Staples, Fourth and Morrison
- Browning's, [illegible] Morrison
- Lotter's, First and Washington
- S. L. Stone's, First and Ash
- Chas. Koehl's, First and C
- Morgan's, northeast corner First and Salmon
- Odell, First near Clay
- Rankin, Fourth and I street, East Portland
- Mrs. M. Baum, 86 Morrison
- Bullet, 267 First
- Wilcox, southwest corner First and Oak
- Finnegan, northwest corner First and Oak
- Portland News Co., 1[illegible] First
- Holton house news stand, Fourth and Alder
- Quimby house news stand, Fourth [illegible]
- Kinney, Fifth and Morrison
- Reed, First near Salmon
- Mrs. Carroll, First bet. B and C
- Cornell, 110 First
- Shewberger, 41 Washington
- Helloh, 101 First
- Shields, 67 North First
- Vucassovich, 31 North First
- And at the counting room of THE OREGONIAN, corner Front and Stark

CHURCH NOTICES

First Christian church, East Park and Columbia streets—Sermon reading at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.

First Presbyterian church, Washington and Third streets—A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Services morning and evening. Seats for all and ushers at the doors.

St. Matthews Episcopal mission, First and Caruthers streets—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Weekly Lenten services at [illegible] P. M. Wednesday.

A. M. E. Zion church, corner of Main and Thirteenth streets—Sunday services at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 2 P. M., services at [illegible] P. M. Rev. W. A. Mitchell, pastor.

South Portland M. E. Mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets. Song service by the Sunday school at 3 P. M. Preaching at 4 P. M. by the preacher in charge.

St. John's Presbyterian church, corner Sixteenth and M streets, pastor R. J. Laughlin. Preaching services at 11 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. All are cordially invited.

Unitarian church, corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets, T. L. Eliot, minister—Morning service at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 12:30. The evening service is omitted on the first Sunday of the month.

South Portland chapel (Unitarian), Porter street, west of First—Sunday school at 3 P. M. W. Burrage, superintendent. There will be services and a sermon at [illegible]:30 P. M. Rev. Mr. Eliot officiating. The public of the vicinity is cordially invited.

Hall Street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. by the pastor. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M. Praise service at 6:30 P. M., conducted by Mr. [illegible] Frost. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. by the pastor. Free seats. Everybody welcome.

First German Evangelical church, corner Eighth and Clay streets. Services Sunday, March 1, at 11 A. M. and [illegible]:30 P. M. Sabbath school at [illegible]:40 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. Schlenk, residence 191 Clay street. The public are cordially invited to attend the services.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor Rev. E. T. Lee. Communion of the Lord's supper at 11 o'clock, the sermon will therefore be omitted. Sabbath school at 12:40 o'clock. Preaching in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial invitation extended to all.

St. Stephen's chapel, corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets. Divine service with holy communion will be held in the chapel Sunday, March 1, at 11 and at 4 P. M. Sunday school at 10. Also during Lent Thursday evening at 7:30, Saturday morning at [illegible] and Saturday evening at 6. Seats free.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church. Love feast at 10 A. M. Sacrament of the Lord's supper and reception of members at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12:15 and young people's praise service at 6:30 P. M. At 7:30 P. M. preaching by President Van Scoy of the Willamette university.

Plymouth Congregational church, corner Thirteenth and F streets. Communion service in the morning at 11 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, George H. Lee. Preaching in the evening at 7:30 o'clock by Rev. William R. Lee, father of the pastor. All are welcome. Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M.

The Church of the [illegible], corner Third and D streets. Chaplain Stubbs, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at [illegible]. [illegible] Lodge No. [illegible] I. O. G. T. of the World, Thursday bible reading, and prayer Friday, open temperance meeting by the ladies of the W. C. T. U.

W. C. T. U. Sabbath [illegible] at 11 A. M. [illegible] No. [illegible] [illegible] regular business meeting Monday at 2:30 P. M. at W. C. T. U. hall, 1[illegible] Fifth street. Temperance prayer meeting Friday at [illegible] P. M. No. 1 First street. Gospel meeting Friday night at Mariners' Home, corner Third and D streets.

First Congregational church, corner Second and Jefferson streets. Services at 11 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be celebrated at the morning service. Preaching in the evening by the pastor. Subject, "The Triumph of the Church." Sunday school [illegible] bible class at 12:30 P. M.

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets. Rev. William [illegible], pastor. Rev. A. M. Acheson [illegible] Oak [illegible] will preach morning and evening. Hours of service at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Communion [illegible] close of morning sermon. [illegible] preaching this [illegible] evening at [illegible].

First Baptist church, corner Fourth and [illegible] streets—Rev. [illegible] O. A. Henry, pastor. [illegible] at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject "Jesus the Breaker." Communion and reception of new members. Evening: "The Irresistible Foe." Baptism in the evening. Sabbath school at 12:30. All are welcome to attend the services. Strangers invited.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner [illegible] and Eleventh streets. Quarterly meeting services will be held in the morning. Rev. W. S. Harrington, D. D., of Salem, presiding elder of the district, will conduct the love feast commencing at 9:30 A. M., and preach the sermon at 11 A. M. The pastor, Rev. F. W. Caswell, will preach at [illegible] P. M. Sunday school at [illegible] P. M. Children's class at [illegible] P. M. Praise service at [illegible] P. M.

EAST PORTLAND CHURCHES.

Temperance hall, Tilbert [illegible], [illegible] by Rev. D. O. Ghormley [illegible] Sabbath school at 3 o'clock.

First Presbyterian church [illegible] Sabbath [illegible] Preaching by [illegible] Oregon at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered in connection with the morning service. Sabbath school at 2:30. All are invited.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS

Passed Sand Point to arrive over the Northern Pacific to-day: Jacob Mayer and wife, Miss Rosa Mayer; also twenty emigrants.

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Short Line: J. I. Hall, T. L. Skinner, and nine emigrants.

IMPORTANT

Now is the time to invest in furniture, carpets, wall paper, rugs, etc., as the well-known firm of G. Shindler & Co. are selling at actual cost to close out their retail business, so as to devote their entire time to manufacturing. Warerooms, 166 First, through 200 feet to 167 and 169 Front street, Portland, Oregon.

Lounges at cost. G. SHINDLER & CO.

Choicest 10-cent cigar in Portland at Hausman & Neustadter's, 163 First, under Towne's gallery.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

Anthe, by Mrs. G. W. Chandler, is meeting with marked success in the eastern states, and large numbers of copies are being sold. The book is sold for $1, and [illegible] H. Hill, 1[illegible] First street, is prepared to fill all orders for this part of the country.

Book-cases at cost. G. SHINDLER & CO.

Second edition Webfoot Cook Book ready Monday. W. H. Ayer & Co., 9[illegible] First street.

The Spirit of Enterprise and Confidence

Is readily seen at the corner of Front and Taylor streets in this city by the vast change and improvements in P. F. Cronin's saddlery and harness establishment, who justly prides himself of having a first class stock of goods in his line and sells them at the lowest possible rates. He has lately added the house adjoining him on Taylor street for his factory. His stock and Cheyenne saddles are A1.

Chairs at cost. G. SHINDLER & CO.

Trade supplied with imported Havanas; choicest brands. Hausman & Neustadter, 163 First.

Boston Baked Beans and Brown Bread, Buckwheat Cakes and Country Sausage at the Quaker Dairy to-day.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Last performance of "Called Back" to-night.

Mr. J. H. Huddleson returned to-day from Kansas City.

S. A. Tucker, agent for the Parke [illegible], is at the Gilman.

The Queen of the Pacific leaves for San Francisco to-night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mayer and Miss Mayer return to-day from a winter visit east.

Simon A. Sinterberg was yesterday admitted to citizenship in the state circuit court.

The box office of the Chimes of Normandy [illegible] for the sale of reserved seats from [illegible] to 6 P. M. to-day.

Governor and Mrs. Moody are at the Merchant. Mr. Moody leaves to-night for San Francisco.

Mrs. R. H. [illegible] [illegible] Los Angeles [illegible] the [illegible].

Mr. A. S. [illegible], formerly of Merced, California, is at the Merchant. He leaves to-day for Seattle, where he will engage in business.

Rev. George W. Izer lectured last Tuesday evening at the First Presbyterian church in San Francisco on "The Incarnation of Thought."

The case of the Multnomah street railway company against W. M. and J. F. Harris was yesterday referred to C. M. [illegible] to take testimony.

The W. C. T. U. will give a social, [illegible] music and recitations at [illegible] hall on Fifth street, between Washington and Alder, Tuesday evening next.

One of the cylinder heads of the large engine at Simeon & Co.'s? flouring mill in Albina blew out yesterday and will cause the mill to [illegible] down two weeks or more.

John Brown, the sailor who was kept in irons aboard the British ship Renen, has brought suit in the state circuit court against the captain for $2,000 damages for such imprisonment.

Judge Seneca Smith will call the docket to-morrow in the state circuit court and set down cases for trial. Lawyers who are interested will do well to be on hand early in the morning.

ARRESTS IN FEBRUARY.

The police made 151 arrests last month as follows: Drunk and disorderly 6[illegible], disorderly conduct 38, assault and battery [illegible], larceny 16, assault with a dangerous weapon 6, burglary 3, carrying concealed weapons 4, firing fire crackers 12, vagrancy 8, obstructing streets 7, other offenses 15.

A [illegible] DISASTER.

The ship Kirkwood, from Astoria to Liverpool, reported in yesterday's dispatches from London as dismasted and abandoned, had 2[illegible],000 cases of salmon shipped by several canneries along the Columbia. The salmon was insured for $4 80 per case. As the market price now is only about $3 per case, the consignors are in nearly $60,000 by the disaster.

NEW INSURANCE FIRM.

A copartnership has been formed with the well known Hy. Dobinson agency by the introduction of Messrs. George A. and James Steel, both of whom have long been associated in business circles. The combination will be a strong one, under the style of Steel, Dobinson & Co., and may be assured of a liberal share of patronage from those disposed to insure. The new partnership will date from March 1.

SHIPPING NOTES.

ASTORIA, Feb. 28, 8 A. M.—Clear, wind east. Alice arrived down with Montgomery Castle at 6 P. M. yesterday, str. Coos Bay left out this morning, ship Cheesebrough left out at 10 A. M.

CAPE HANCOCK, Feb. 28—Passed out 10:50 A. M., bktn Wrestler, for Panama; 11 A. M., Br. bk. Kincardineshire, for Cork; 11:20, Br. ship Sovereign, for Copenhagen; 11:45, str. Coos Bay, for San Francisco and way ports; 11:50, ship Cheesebrough, for Plymouth. A three-masted schooner passed in at 2:15 P. M. At 5 P. M., bar rough, cloudy, wind east, 16 miles.

SUIT FOR INSURANCE DISMISSED.

The suit of R. E. Bybee against the Home Mutual Insurance Co. to recover $800 claimed to be due for insurance, was yesterday dismissed in the state circuit court at the plaintiff's cost, the company having compromised with him rather than undergo a tedious and expensive litigation. The insurance was claimed upon a building at the northeast corner of South Third and Caruthers streets, which burned January 26, 1884. The policy was originally held by Van B. DeLashmutt, but was by him transferred to Mr. Bybee.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

The young people's union of Calvary Presbyterian church will celebrate their first anniversary this evening in the church, corner Ninth and Clay streets. This service will supplement the regular Sunday evening service. The evening programme will consist of an organ voluntary by R. W. Hoyt, singing by the congregation, quartette by Messrs. Ramsdell, Clayton, Hogue and Mulholland, reading by the president, K. J. L. Rose, prayer, "Charge to the Union," by the pastor, Rev. E. Trumbull Lee. Annual report of the retiring president, S. M. Rinaman; prayer, singing by the congregation, and benediction. All friends and members are cordially invited to attend.

CHRISTIAN DEARDORFF'S WILL.

Yesterday in the county court the will of Christian Deardorff, deceased, was admitted to probate. It bequeaths to his son Tobias G., $500, to David H. and John M., $400 each, to his daughter, Hulda J. Darling, $600, to his daughter, Rebecca I. Hennes, $300, and to his granddaughter, Clara F. Deardorff, $100, the remainder of the estate, after all debts are paid, to be divided share and share alike among the above-named six heirs. John M. Deardorff is named as the administrator, and he is enjoined to provide for the widow of the deceased, who has left to her a life interest in the real property.

CHANGES IN THE O. R. & N. OFFICES.

To-morrow the knife of retrenchment falls in the general offices of the Oregon Railway and Navigation company. The clerical force in nearly every department will be cut down and the salaries of nearly every man who remains will be reduced. All matters in the construction department have been turned over to the operating department, and the former branch of the service which began in the fall of 1879, will be discontinued. Mr. A. L. Stokes retires as general freight and passenger agent and Mr. J. H. Huddleson succeeds to his duties in the ticket department in addition to the office of auditor. Mr. Martin Winch retires as general [illegible] agent and his office will be [illegible] clerk in the traffic department. Mr. C. A. Cooper returns as traveling agent and there are numerous minor changes.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

At a meeting of this society held on Monday the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: C. H. Prescott, president; Henry Failing, vice president; Charles Hegele, treasurer; Edward Cookingham, secretary; Simon Harris, conductor; F. F. Coursen, Dr. R. G. Rex and S. Harris, directors; E. F. Coursen, Charles Hegele, William Vanderendorp, S. Harris and Dr. R. G. Rex, musical committee; C. C. Tellenius, librarian. The fourth concert of the season will be given at New Market theater on Tuesday, April 7. A fine programme has been arranged by the musical committee. Among the orchestral pieces are the following: Overture to "Masaniello," selections from Mozart's opera of Don Giovanni, a Haydn's symphony, Nocturne and March from Midsummer's Night's Dream. Mrs. H. D. Bosh has kindly consented to play on this occasion Weber's celebrated Concert Stuck op. [illegible] for the piano, accompanied by the full orchestra.

NOT A COUNTERFEIT.

Yesterday afternoon a Chinese merchant, Lee Tom, well known on Second street, came rushing into the police station in all the agony of a man who has just discovered that he has been swindled. He demanded in the very best English his excitement would permit, a warrant for the arrest of some unknown Mongolian who he claimed had passed a counterfeit twenty dollar greenback upon him, getting good silver in change. When Judge Moreland asked to see the bill before he issued a warrant, Lee Tom produced a worn and yellow $20 confederate note which he had accepted as legal tender. In his ignorance he had not discovered the deception until he tried to pay a debt to another merchant with the bill. The combined eloquence of the judge and his clerk could not convince Lee Tom that there was not something crooked about American law. Lee Tom fellow. He had never even heard of the great confederacy and the lost cause.

AFRAID OF BEING SHOT.

Leander Holmes, the attorney, was so excited yesterday that there was a suspicion of the pallor of fear in his face. "My life has been threatened," he exclaimed, as he came into the police station, "and I want to have the man arrested."

"Who is the man?" asked the captain.

"That crazy fellow, Charley Ware, who gets drunk and goes about the streets declaring that he will shoot me on sight. He used to be clerk at the St. Charles hotel, and has tried to kill himself twice besides shooting at his wife once. He has driven that poor woman nearly to distraction, so that she once attempted to take her own life."

"Why does Ware want to kill you?" asked a reporter, who chanced to be present.

"I am sure I don't know, unless he is jealous. His wife won't live with him, and I have been told that he lays that all to me and is determined to have my life for it. The woman came to me to get legal advice and I told her the only way to better her condition was to get a divorce."

"Are you afraid of him?"

"Why, certainly. I don't know what he might not do when he is drunk, and I want to have him arrested. I don't want to be shot down here on the street by any contemptible [illegible] [illegible] injured by me."

Upon Mr. Holmes swearing to a complaint, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Charles Ware, charging him with threatening [illegible]. He has not yet been arrested.

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

Mr. [illegible]'s dramatization of Hugh Conway's novel "Called Back" has drawn crowded houses throughout the week at the New Market. Those who saw the same play in San Francisco have no hesitancy in saying that for dramatic [illegible] force and terseness, Mr. [illegible]'s [illegible] is superior. Certain it is that "Called Back" as presented at the New Market has the three strong [illegible] necessary to success: Novelty of plot, unity of action and [illegible] company. We are glad that the [illegible] during the past week of the season [illegible] [illegible] first of the unprecedented stormy week which [illegible] [illegible] in December because it gave [illegible] opportunity to [illegible] [illegible] and his charming wife [illegible] thoroughly appreciated. "Called Back" will be presented for the last time to-night. The company take the steamer for San Francisco [illegible].

A NEW STREET EXHIBITION.

As previously announced the agents of the Harden Star hand grenade fire extinguisher gave an exhibition at the corner of Morrison and Second streets yesterday afternoon. A large crowd, numbering into the thousands, assembled to witness what proved to be a most wonderful performance. A partition about fourteen feet long and fully as high, with extensions at right angles at either end partially enclosing it, was well filled with kindling and the whole [illegible] with coal oil. The match was applied and in an instant the whole structure was wrapped in flame. The heat was intense, driving the crowd back a hundred feet or more. When the fire was the fiercest four of the grenades were dashed into the fire and it vanished instantly, although the wood was well charred. A bystander remarked that "a bird stood no more show against them blue bottles than a tallow candle in a Dakota cyclone," and he seemed to voice the sentiment of all present. This grenade is so simple, cheap and effective as to become at once a necessity. Another exhibition will be made at the same place to-morrow at 1 P. M.

THE NEW ANÆSTHETIC [illegible].

Several articles reprinted from scientific journals in the east have described the new anesthetic hydro-chlorate of cocaine. It simply renders that part of the body to which it is applied insensible to pain. Yesterday the first experiment with the new anesthetic in this city was tried at the office of Drs. Welch & Clarke, upon a customer who had a tooth pulled, Dr. Clarke applying the medicine. The tooth was extracted absolutely without pain. This remedy is just what the world has needed for years. Think of it, you nervous people who have had to sit in a dentist's chair from 9 o'clock in the morning until noon while the brutal tooth carpenter was sending you to the verge of insanity while he was cutting away the soft decayed portion of your molar. And to think now that the new medicine will keep up its lick for five or six hours and let a person sleep while the work at filling his teeth is in progress. No terror of little sharp chisels cutting "retaining points" in the hard sound tooth, no mortal fear that the instrument will slip and go tearing through the half exposed nerve, no blood-curdling chills when the fearful engine gets in its work with the emery wheel, no danger of temporary insanity from having teeth forced apart with wedges, no more untold weariness of dull thuds as the gold is being hammered in and no sickness of heart over the thought that like terrible experience must be passed through whenever you have another $10 saved up to increase the wealth of the millionaire dentist.

This stuff costs $1 a grain, but it is the duty of a journal to stand between the public and this apparently alarming statement of the cost. It can be used only when diluted to three or four per cent, so that the grains costing $3 will make an ounce of the solution, and an ounce is enough for a hundred teeth. That's three cents a tooth, and in all justice to the man on whom you rely for relief he ought to be satisfied with 1000 per cent profit and charge you only four bits extra.

OPENLY ADVOCATES SECRECY.

The article concerning the secret session of the board of school directors which appeared in Friday morning's OREGONIAN, although commended by citizens on all sides in its advocacy of publicity, brought out a stirring statement in the Standard, coupled with a lame sort of apology for having no report of the meeting. In the same column it reprints a considerable portion of THE OREGONIAN'S report of the previous day. Some member of the board or the city superintendent evidently furnished the information for the above statement, which closes: "The school board has a right to hold a secret session for the public good." Indeed! If they so consider it, it is in order to explain where that right came from. The people who choose the members of the board do not intend to make them absolute dictators over their children.

City Superintendent Crawford was met yesterday afternoon by the reporter whom he invited to go out of the board meeting. It must be confessed that the former looked very sour. When the reporter beamed at him he shot what was probably meant to be a withering glance, but it just glanced off harmlessly. He openly advocated secrecy in the board meetings, and advised the reporter to go to Washington and get bounced out of an executive session of the senate. The reporter assured Mr. Crawford that he owed him an apology. He had neglected to compare the school board in which Mr. Crawford holds such ample prætorian and tribunitial privileges, with the highest legislative body in this great and glorious republic. Had he done so he could but have seen the similitude. Unfortunately the reporter made the mistake of comparing Mr. Crawford's board with such small, trifling assemblies as the city council, the board of fire commissioners, the county court and the like that are supposed to serve the public publicly for the public good. The reporter has also heretofore labored under the mistake, which is common among the taxpayers, that the city superintendent is one of their servants hired by the board, but after talking with Mr. Crawford he is convinced that the superintendent is the board. To save time it might be well to adopt the military style: "Headquarters Portland Schools—General Orders No. — [Here insert the semi-monthly manifesto], and signed T. H. Crawford, B'd of Directors."

PASSENGERS FOR PORTLAND

The steamship Oregon sailed from San Francisco for Portland yesterday with the following passengers:

H Lawson
S K Uten
Chas W Whitehead
J D Gorelli
Mrs Brunsfield
N Martin & wf & s
Miss [illegible]
M E F[illegible]
M R R[illegible]
H S J[illegible]
I Lawsson
C Vadnais
J T Cochran
John McBride
D W Cook
J L Atherton
C W Tibbs
M J Brodrick & wf
C A Curran
Mr Fish
H F Matthews
L O Cowan
R Frizzell
[illegible]

E P Hurst
Thos H Crum
G K Arnold
W B Brunsfield
Mrs Alexand[illegible]
Mrs C H M[illegible]
Mrs I W [illegible]
J C Schwartz
J Maher
C B Upass
[illegible] Landaw
Jacob Josel
D H Levy
M Sterling
R D Gradon
A G Swift
Adolph Gaetner & wf
W M Bolin & wf
Miss Hoose
A Burke
F J Miller
John Gehri
C Price
and [illegible] steerage

TO THE LADIES

New Dressmaking Parlors

Mrs. Pfliger will open magnificent parlors in a few days in the elegant store formerly occupied by C. F. McBreen on Morrison street near Third. Having just returned from San Francisco her styles are the latest. Due notice will be given of the grand opening.

Beware of Imposition

It becomes necessary to warn the public that they are likely to be imposed upon by parties vending worthless extinguishers, representing them to be the same as the Harden and an improvement on the Harden and made under the same patents as the Harden [illegible]. [illegible] They assert that [illegible] [illegible] the Harden Star Grenade [illegible]. [illegible] that without exception all the extinguishers are valueless [illegible] and that [illegible] of them are liable to get into trouble against the manufacturers of [illegible] infringing [illegible] worthless imitations are morally and financially irresponsible. They have everything at stake [illegible] [illegible]. Don't be deceived [illegible] the Harden [illegible] Hand Grenade, the grenade with a record, the one adopted by the U. S. government and all the leading business establishments of the country. H. H. GROSS, General Agent. [illegible] Clifton House.

The Portland Zither Club will give their concert at the Club Hall, [illegible] First street, on Wednesday, March 4th. They will be assisted by Professor and Mrs. J. M. Navoni, Mrs. Schacht (late from the Conservatory of Music, Hamburg) and by Mr. August [illegible]. Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had of members and at D. W. Prentice's music store.

Two gentlemen would like to get a suite of rooms in a respectable private family, where they will find the comforts of a home. Sam J. Goodman, No. 1 Washington street.

AN OREGON TROTTER.

Jay Beach's Altamont Wins a Hotly Contested Trot in the 2:27 Class in California.

It was a well contested race at the Bay district track in San Francisco the other day, when Jay Beach's bay stallion Altamont, one of the best trotters ever known in Oregon, won in the 2:27 class over three competitors. Altamont's reputation made him a favorite in the pools at the beginning of the race, but this was soon superseded when three heats were over and he had won none. It is evident his owner, confident in his staying qualities, is pursuing the same policy in California that he did in Altamont's latest races in this state, wearing out his competitors and afterwards winning in mere practice time. Following is a brief account of the race, which was one of the most interesting of the season.

Trotting, 2:27 class, purse $[illegible], entries, Jay Beach's bay stallion Altamont, Ed A. Shine's gray gelding Nightline, N. Jackson's bay gelding Ed, and H. Hughes' bay gelding Frank Moscow. Pools sold, Altamont $40, Nightline $2[illegible], and the field $11.

First heat—This proved only a walkover for Ed, who had the pole, winning [illegible] around the circuit, winning by a couple of lengths, with Nightline second, Moscow third, and Nightline [illegible] last. The latter astonished the sports by breaking on the home stretch and going to the rear before he could recover. Time, 2:29.

Second heat—After scoring five times a start was made, with Nightline fetching up the rear, Ed a second [illegible] by a length, and Moscow almost neck and neck with him to the quarter. In the meantime the favorite, Altamont, worked up and at the turn, passing the post in [illegible], with Ed making it a tight race for first position. The interest was centered here in [illegible] these two horses, no attention being paid whatever to Moscow, who was gradually diminishing the gap between them as they all entered the home stretch. Within twenty feet of the wire Moscow passed both the others. Time, 2:2[illegible].

Third heat—Nightline became the favorite in the pools, as his staying qualities were thought to be better than Altamont's. He brought $21 against $20 for Altamont and $5 for the field. A fine start was made and Ed broke a few feet before reaching the first turn. At the quarter they were all in a bunch. At the half-mile Nightline led by a length, with Moscow and Altamont struggling along for the second place. These positions were retained into the home stretch, where the gray slackened up visibly and barely won with Altamont at a half head behind. Moscow and Ed were four lengths in the rear. Time, 2:[illegible].

Fourth heat—Selling against Altamont grew heavier and the pools sold Nightline $40, Altamont $20 and the field $6. The go was given and Moscow and Altamont led the van, reaching the quarter in [illegible], three lengths ahead of the other two horses. Moscow went off his feet [illegible] the half mile, which Altamont reached in 1:11. A little further on both Moscow and the gray broke, but the former recovered rapidly and entered the home stretch with Altamont and Ed. The race was most exciting at this stage as the three came abreast toward the wire. Altamont got in first, Ed second and Moscow third, just the slightest difference being in their positions. Time, 2:31.

Fifth heat—Altamont's stock went to $25 in the pools, Nightline sold at $12 and the field at $6. Moscow in the fifth heat took the pole from Altamont, who with Ed broke after passing the judges' stand. Down the back stretch the same positions were held. At the half-mile Altamont showed his speed to advantage and took the lead, keeping it to the finish. Time, 2:30¼.

Sixth heat—It was a foregone conclusion now that Altamont was to win and little or no pools were sold. Altamont assumed the lead from the start and retained it around the circuit, winning with a slight advantage, Ed second and Moscow third. Time, 2:3[illegible].

SUMMARY.

Altamont	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	1	1
Nightline	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Moscow	[illegible]	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ed	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	2	2
Time	2:29	[illegible]	[illegible]	2:31	2:30¼	[illegible]

THE O. R. & N. CO.

The General Mortgage 5 Per Cent Bonds to be Issued—The Question of the Lease.

N. Y. Special to Boston Advertiser, Feb. [illegible]

Now that the Oregon legislature has repealed the law which prevented the giving of a mortgage on property lying in more than one county of the state, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company will issue the general mortgage 5 per cent bonds that it intended to issue year before last. Those bonds were designed to take up the $6,000,000 6 per cent firsts of the company, as well as the $1,200,000 8 per cent scrip issued as extra dividends, thus saving considerable interest. When it was found that such issue would be illegal, the 7 per cent three years debenture bonds were issued in their stead, and the proceeds of the sales applied to the building of the road to Huntington, where a junction has been made with the Oregon Short Line, a branch of the Union Pacific. The Oregon Railway and Navigation debenture bonds will also be taken up with the new general mortgage, which the Barings of London had agreed to accept at par before its technical unlawfulness had been discovered. Whether the new 5 per cent loan can now be placed at that rate remains to be seen. It ought to be, as it is a first mortgage on the entire property of the company. A meeting will soon be held here to decide upon the details of the proposed transaction, which will materially benefit the Oregon Railway and Navigation company.

The Northern Pacific has recently re-opened negotiations with the directors of the Oregon Navigation concerning the lease of the latter company, although it has more than once declared of late that it could get on very comfortably without the Oregon Navigation. The improved financial condition of the Union Pacific, which has been desirous to lease the Oregon Navigation, has probably had a good deal to do with the present negotiations of the Northern Pacific. Nothing definite has been determined upon, nor is anything likely to be just at present. The Oregon Navigation directors seem content with things as they are. They appear to think that their situation between the two Pacific roads, both of which are more or less dependent on the Oregon Navigation, is entirely satisfactory. The final lease of the Oregon Navigation by one or the other of the competing companies looks altogether probable. Which one it will be will depend of course, on the terms offered. The Northern Pacific is of opinion that the best interests of the Oregon Navigation lie with it, and the Union Pacific is sure that the Oregon Navigation will consult its advantage by an alliance therewith.

HYMENEAL

Forty-one Persons Who Have Entered Matrimony During the Month of February

The following is a complete list of the marriage licenses issued from the office of the county clerk of Multnomah during the present month:

[illegible]—[illegible] Tiston, [illegible], Carrie Lammeren, [illegible]
[illegible]—James Aylward, [illegible], Mary Aylward, 30
[illegible]—Edw Peterson, 28, Engebon Peterson, 21
2—W D Smith, 30, Addie M Smith, 28
2—W Miller, 32, Mary M Kennel, 18
[illegible]—A Cavanaugh, 1[illegible], A Fitzsimmons, 37
4—Frank Deitz, [illegible]7, Mary L Glover, 17½
4—A N Church, 2[illegible], M M Stepenson, 18
[illegible]—A R Halgsted, [illegible], A Engebretsen, 40
[illegible]—James Nolan, [illegible], Viola Day, 21
[illegible]—J Hustes, [illegible], Ida F [illegible]lend, 24
[illegible]—F B W[illegible]lverton, [illegible], Anna Johnson, [illegible]
[illegible]—P Franey, [illegible], B O'Connor, 21
[illegible]—[illegible] McKenna, 2[illegible], Ida Shogren, 21
[illegible]—W Robinson, 29, B Lindenbourn, 1[illegible]
[illegible]—S Hanson, 31, Mary Nevy, 21
[illegible]—James Brown, 37, M Rosenberg, [illegible]
[illegible]—J Manion, 31, K C Galbraith, 21
10—A. Moe, [illegible], Laura Wampler, 2[illegible]
10—H S Neustadter, 2[illegible], Nettie Cohn, 2[illegible]
10—M F Bursey, 2[illegible], Jennie O'Kerson, 22
[illegible]—W T Gowsher, 2[illegible], Emma Krueger, 1[illegible]
11—O P Jacobson, [illegible], K Olson, 21
11—Wm Gregory, [illegible], Lenore Sparks, 30
11—P C Buford, [illegible], N P Dulang, 20
1[illegible]—Ben South, [illegible], Belle Jessup, 21
1[illegible]—B Sargrousse, 24, Honorine Langrez, 1[illegible]
14—T S Hogan, 21, Nellie T O'Donnell, 2[illegible]
1[illegible]—J A Waddle, 2[illegible], M E Rindlaub, 18½
1[illegible]—Frank Liase, 27, Minnie Hoffield, 18
1[illegible]—B C Emerick, 2[illegible], Maud E Barnes, 1[illegible]
1[illegible]—John H Stepwealt, 56, Eliza W Meyer, 47
18—Jacob Altman, 50, Dora Levi, 34
1[illegible]—T J Luper, 24, Elizabeth Tilton, 22
1[illegible]—Jerry Furdish, 29, Clara Brandro, 18
[illegible]—James H Closa, 23, Jane Leahy, 19
[illegible]—Daniel Thayer, 22, Annie F Cornelius, 1[illegible]
[illegible]—Jas I McCown, 30, Emily Chenowith, 28
[illegible]—Robert Irving, 3[illegible], Nellie Durant, 25
[illegible]—N K West, jr, 1[illegible], Mattie Woodward, 17
[illegible]—R A Buckley, 37, Tine McGillwray, 1[illegible]

Carriages and Buggies

[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] and thoroughly overhauled [illegible] in [illegible] respect. Work guaranteed cheaper than elsewhere. [illegible] North Pacific Manufacturing Co. [illegible] Telephone No. 2[illegible].

Best 5-cent cigars in the city at Hausman & Neustadter's, 163 First, under Towne's gallery.

Carpets at cost. G. SHINDLER & CO.

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week

The Weddings, Parties and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People

PORTLAND.

Nelson Bennett of Yakima is in the city.

Charley Knowles of Astoria is in the city.

S. A. Clark of Salem visited the city Friday.

M. Hosford of Crosby was in the city yesterday.

Miss Alice McGowan is visiting friends in Gervais.

Miss Dora McCrew is visiting friends in Chehalis.

H. Brown of Astoria was at the city hotel yesterday.

Mrs. H. H. Ross is visiting her parents in The Dalles.

W. O. Pohl of Tacoma was in the city Wednesday.

W. Lair Hill and wife, of The Dalles, are in the city.

Jerry J. Dulgens of Walla Walla was in the city Monday.

Miss Addie Cox of Salem visited friends in the city last week.

Mrs. A. B. Croasman and daughter of Salem are in the city.

Sig. Sa[illegible] of [illegible] is in the city on an extended visit.

Professor W. C. Blunt, of Salem, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. J. M. Buckley of Tacoma, was in the city during the week.

J. C. Martin, a merchant of Kalama, was in the city Thursday.

Mrs. [illegible] Knockshot, of Astoria, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Mattie [illegible]ord, of San Francisco, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Clarence Wilcox of Baker City, is in the city for a few days.

H. Elliott and daughter of Prineville are visiting the metropolis.

Mrs. F. S. Fleming of East Portland is visiting friends in Salem.

Miss Ida Cleveland paid a visit to friends at McMinnville last week.

M. V. Koontz came down from Halsey on business Wednesday.

Miss Keshlar is visiting Walla Walla as the guest of Mrs. A. Coldman.

Will Young of Dayton, Or., has made Portland his home for the present.

Thomas N. Strong and wife left for a visit to California on the last steamer.

Mr. Thomas Drury is visiting Walla Walla as the guest of Mrs. J. W. Barnes.

Miss Constance Jordan of East Portland has returned from a visit to Salem.

Miss Lizzie Burton is visiting her brother, Elward Burton, at North Yamhill.

Miss Ella Waldron paid a visit to her old home in The Dalles early in the week.

Judge L. L. McArthur of The Dalles was registered at a Boston hotel last week.

F. A. Wood and wife of Albany spent a few days in Portland during the week.

Dan J. Malarkey will leave for Prineville soon, at which place he will reside.

Miss Aggie Young visited The Dalles last week as the guest of Miss Nettie Williams.

The tree to be planted soon by the June graduate of the high school is to be a larch.

Mrs. T. J. Cottle and children arrived by the steamer from San Francisco Thursday.

W. P. Olds leaves on the steamer to-night for San Francisco on a brief business trip.

Charley Cornelius, wife and sister returned to San Francisco by the steamer Columbia.

The engagement of Sig. Frank and Miss Fannie Meier, both of this city, is announced.

George F. Royce of New York is in the city and will probably locate here permanently.

Bishop B. W. Morris visited eastern Oregon last week, preaching Sunday at The Dalles.

R. M. Smith, of Dallas, has concluded to make Portland his home and engage in business.

J. W. Kerns, of East Portland, is visiting in Ashland and contemplates removal to that city.

John Crain and wife are expected to return to this city from their eastern trip in about a week.

Miss Annie M. Kellogg, who has been visiting friends near Beaverton, has returned to this city.

John Watson is now visiting friends in San Francisco, and it is reported, will not return alone.

Mr. George Sheppard and daughter, Jennie, formerly of Alaska, have removed to this city to reside.

Mrs. C. G. Harkot intends visiting her old home in Missouri soon, to be absent some months.

Miss Daisy Fellows of Forest Grove has returned to her home, after a few days visit in this city.

W. I. Bone has returned to Portland from Salem, where he has been visiting his parents some time.

Frank J. Parker and wife of Walla Walla were in the city during the week and remained several days.

Judge Waldo and wife of Salem are in the city, and will remain several days as guests of Mrs. Jackson.

Dr. J. W. McAfee, of Salem, came down Thursday to attend his daughter in this city, who is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Brooks of The Dalles spent several days in the metropolis with friends during the week.

Frank Riffle of the O. R. & N. engineering department has been visiting his home in this city during the week.

Seymour W. Condon, late state librarian, has made Portland his home and entered the office of E. B. Watson.

Misses Flora Phillips and Mary Thompson returned to Salem Wednesday, after a visit to friends in this city.

Elisha L. Applegate, of Jacksonville, paid the metropolis a visit during the week after the legislature adjourned.

A very pleasant party was held by Miss Quinn at her home on Fourth, near Jefferson, last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Eaton of Astoria, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Freeman of this city, has returned to her home.

Rev. E. I. Thompson of Salem who has been visiting in Portland for some time, returned to his home Wednesday.

C. H. Muesdorffer, of East Portland, leaves on the steamer to-night for a California trip. He will remain several weeks.

J. H. Huddleson, auditor and general ticket agent of the O. R. & N. Co., returned yesterday from a visit to Kansas City.

Will M. Ladd, of this city, and Miss Mollie Andrews, of Oakland, California, were married in the latter city last Tuesday.

Miss Adda George, formerly of the Portland postoffice, but now of Albany, was in the city last week on a brief visit to friends.

I. [illegible] Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, who has been visiting here several days, will leave on the next steamer for Alaska.

Mrs. John M. Breck leaves this week for a few weeks' visit in northern Oregon. She will be accompanied by her son George.

Mrs. L. Rivers and child have arrived in Portland from Salt Lake City. They will in the future make Portland their home.

Mrs. Dr. Nicklin, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Shirley, in Salem, for a few days, returned home Friday.

R. P. Boise, Jr., son of Judge Boise of Salem, was in town during the first of the week, but left for his home in Tacoma last Wednesday.

Mr. H. H. Northrup entertained the members of the Congregational council to ordain Rev. George H. Lee at his residence Friday afternoon.

Rumor has it that Mr. George Buchanan and Miss Gracie Smith, daughter of Pat Smith, are soon to be married and reside on South Third street.

Walter Pugh, an old Salem boy who has been engaged in business in Portland for some time, will soon locate in Salem and establish an architect's office.

Miss Ella De Hart of Portland, accompanied by Mrs. G. M. Stewart of San Francisco, has been visiting General and Mrs. N. P. Chapman of Red Bluff.

The Ariston social club will give the sixth in their series of entertainments next Tuesday evening in Academy hall. It will be a fancy domino party.

The Chautauqua literary and scientific circle commemorated Longfellow Memorial day by interesting and appropriate exercises last Wednesday evening.

F. H. Noble of Roseburg has removed to Portland and will reside here hereafter. Mrs. Noble has been visiting her mother in Salem during the week.

Miss Mary Hill of Portland and Mrs. Harriet Bristow of Salem are visiting their mother, Mrs. Henry Hill, at Eugene City, who has been very ill for several weeks.

Mr. E. Corbett and wife left for the east Monday and propose being present at the inauguration ceremonies at Washington, and visit the world's fair before returning.

Mrs. H. M. Clinton and daughter will take the steamer Queen of the Pacific for San Francisco to-night, to be absent about two months. Mrs. Clinton will visit her parents in Alameda, where it is expected the milder climate of that section will improve her health.

James I. McCown, foreman of THE OREGONIAN composing rooms, and Miss Emily Chenoweth of the Telegram, were married Wednesday evening by Rev. T. L. Eliot.

Mr. Charles Coleman and sister, of St. Paul, Oregon, are visiting their brother-in-law, Frank Hammond on south Second street. They intend returning home to-morrow.

D. C. Narver of McMinnville, has gone to Oskaloosa, Iowa, and in a few weeks will return with others of his people. During his absence Mrs. Narver is stopping with her parents in this city.

J. R. Banner, for a long time in the office of Assistant Superintendent Johnson in Portland, is now located at Philadelphia, and writes that he proposes to commit matrimony in the near future.

Misses Eva Wilkinson and Lulu Eaton left Wednesday for Fort Missoula, Montana, where Lieutenant Wilkinson is stationed. Miss Eaton will remain several weeks as the guest of Miss Wilkinson.

The father of Rev. E. T. Lee and G. H. Lee of this city arrived here from Olympia Thursday evening to be present at the ordination of his son at Plymouth Congregational church Friday evening.

Among the passengers who sailed on the Columbia Tuesday were Mrs. C. H. Lewis, Miss Morris, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Good, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Morris, Master Morris and Thos. N. Strong and wife.

Five young men from Portland are now in attendance at the Lawrenceville, New Jersey school. They are John M. and Thomas C. Brooke, David C. Lewis, Robert E. Pittock and Henderson J. Deady.

Major George C. Swift, a young merchant of Eugene, was married Thursday to Miss Nellie D. Brown of Gervais, a graduate of the University of Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. Swift came to this city on their wedding tour.

Frank Post of Polk county came down to this city to meet his mother, Mrs. T. F. Cottle, and brother, who returned from California on the last steamer. Frank is one of the old Portland boys, but is now residing on his farm.

The party held at Masonic hall Friday evening passed off very pleasantly. There were about seventy-five couple present. Excellent music was furnished by Navoni's orchestra. The party was one of the most successful of the season.

The first of the series of socials given by Grace M. E. Church came off last Wednesday evening. A good crowd were in attendance and all enjoyed a splendid time. An excellent musical and literary programme was rendered.

A. N. Gilbert and wife of Salem visited friends in this city a few days last week. After their visit Mrs. Gilbert will go to Joseph, Union county, on a visit to her relatives and friends residing there, while Mr. Gilbert will return to Salem.

The regular meeting of the high school debating society was held Friday night and the question, Resolved "That the action of the senate towards the Nicaragua treaty was right and proper," was decided in the affirmative after quite a spirited debate.

On Monday evening next Rev. P. S. Knight of Salem will deliver a lecture at the Y. M. C. A. on "Scientific Theism." Miss Laura Tate, who is well known here as an accomplished musician, will render several piano solos before and after the lecture.

J. K. Gill left Friday for an extended trip east. His son Mark, who has been attending school at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, will visit Mr. Gill at New Orleans, and after visiting the world's exposition they will go to Boston. Mr. Gill will be absent for several weeks.

The "Rubinstein night" given by Miss Ellen Coursen at Harmony hall in San Francisco last week was one of the musical treats of the past week, says the Call. The attendance was large and select, and the numbers throughout were warmly applauded. Miss Coursen was assisted in the recital by members of the Young Ladies' Choral. Among those present was Miss Lizzie Anderson of Portland.

A very pleasant party was given at Masonic hall Friday night, by a number of young gentlemen to their lady friends, where about fifty couple were present, all voting it one of the best arranged socials of the season. The following gentlemen composed the committee: Messrs. Kennedy, Lee, Milwain, Sears, Coffin, Parkhurst, Garret, Morris, Anthony, Tibbets, Fleury, Beech, Marshall, Brdunes and Monell.

A new council of the order of Chosen Friends was instituted last evening by G. C. C. B. Fety, assisted by D. D. G. C. Frank Abell. The following officers were elected: J. Brouillhat, P. C.; C. R. R. Fety, C.; G. A. Mainet, V. C.; V. E. Smits, S.; A. Maio, F.; W. Labbe, treasurer; M. Richet, prelate; D. Gonin, M.; E. Garcin, W.; H. Alphonse, G.; L. Conflict, sentry. After the election speeches were made by H. Abell, B. Fety and others. Songs were interspersed and the affair continued till midnight, when the meeting broke up, after a very enjoyable evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Ada Snodgrass of Eugene City, is visiting friends in Albany.

Mrs. L. M. Haines of Gervais, has returned home from a visit to Salem.

J. R. McDonald of Seattle, has returned home from a trip to New Orleans.

William Cochran and wife of Brownsville, are visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Dr. J. Trullinger and Miss J. F. Douchy were married in Silverton a few days ago.

Miss Cora Allen of Yakima, is visiting The Dalles as the guest of Mrs. Benjamin Snipes.

Dr. Nathan E. Rice and wife, of Washington, D. C., are visiting Tacoma, and will locate there.

Mrs. Anna Bensha of Brownsville, will spend the summer at Sprague, W. T., with relatives.

Senator Siglin of Coos county, remains in Salem several days yet on business before returning to his home.

General Sprague of Tacoma, has been visiting California as the guest of Captain John L. Ainsworth of Oakland.

Miss Nettie McIlvain of Albany, who has been visiting friends in Salem for some time, returned to her home Monday.

Charles Watson and Miss Jennie Wilson of Halsey were married on Wednesday last at the residence of the bride's parents.

Miss Laura Adams of Victoria, accompanied Misses Piper and Snyder of Seattle, on their trip to Australia with the bark Nonantum.

Frank J. Parker, editor of the Walla Walla Statesman, has gone to Washington, D. C., to attend the inauguration of President-elect Cleveland.

Mrs. Z. F. Moody, wife of the governor, and Miss Jennie Gray contemplate making an early trip to San Francisco and other cities in the Golden state.

Mrs. L. Wingate and son of The Dalles, have gone to Baltimore on a visit. They will be in Washington in time to witness the inaugural ceremonies on March 4.

George Herbert of the Dalles, and Miss Minnie Wallace, were married at Antelope, Wasco county, last Sunday. Both are well known young people of eastern Oregon.

Lieutenant and Mrs. W. P. Goodwin, of Fort Townsend, entertained a large party on the 17th inst. Among the guests were many society people from Port Townsend, as well as the officers and ladies of the garrison. Music, whist and dancing were the amusements of the evening.

A young woman whose father will probably be in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, wore a costume at the fancy dress ball at Senator Miller's house the other night, which produced a sensation even among the most hardened sinners. I take it that it was intended to copy the style in vogue during the "Directoire." At any rate it is described as "a skirt with a belt and shoulder straps," the absence of waist being supplied by a profusion of jewels. The young woman was known to many before removing her mask. She disappeared soon after supper and when asked for, it was said, "Oh, she has gone home to dress." "Jeffersonian simplicity and a return to the manners and costumes of our forefathers" is probably what many will exclaim.

A LUNCHEON AT THE PRESIDIO.

A lunch party was given last Tuesday at the Presidio by the army officers of that post in honor of Captain and Mrs. W. A. Thompson, nee Miss Minnie Moore, who have recently returned from their honeymoon. Members of the Tennis Club of the Presidio and their friends also partook of the choice edibles furnished. There were present from this city Mrs. Judge Hager, the Misses Corbitt, the Misses Ashe, Miss Mollie Dodge and Miss Jennie Tubbs, the Misses McPherson, Hasson and Howell, Will Tubbs and Fred Howell. Among the guests from the Presidio were Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Adjutant J. Davis and Mrs. Davis, and Messrs. Bally, Bret, Best, Robinson, McClernand and Dillenback. Captain and Mrs. Thompson will leave shortly for the post of the former in Arizona, where a hearty welcome awaits them.

ENTERTAINMENT AT BETHEL HALL.

At Bethel hall Wednesday evening a successful dramatic and musical entertainment was given. Mr. P. E. Gerould's recitation, "She Would be a Mason," was delivered with force and effect. Miss Louisa Druck made an excellent impression by her recitation entitled "How He Saved St. Michael's Church." The four-act drama, entitled "The Four Guardians," reflected much credit on the young people who impersonated the different characters, viz.: Mr. J. D. Young, as the veteran soldier guardian; Mr. W. H. Lawson as the miserly guardian, Mrs. Mary McDougal as the jealous guardian aunt, Mrs. L. Druck as the fashionable guardian aunt; Miss Bessie Stubbs as the heiress and heroine, Mr. W. Stuart, her brother, and F. Richards did remarkably well with their characters. Misses Georgia Sears and Ivy Barker won storms of applause by their beautiful singing and performances. Master Dudley Evans was honored with the position of salutatorian and gave an excellent recitation entitled "Washington's Name." Miss Wolner, who presided at the piano, called forth repeated encores and merited compliments as an artist of much promise. Altogether the affair was pronounced very enjoyable, and reflects great credit on Mrs. Stubbs and Miss Bessie, who projected and carried out the enterprise for the entertainment of the men of the sea and their friends.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIAL SOCIETY.

The first of a series of sociables was given by this society in their hall on Tuesday evening, President A. Roberts in the chair. The rooms were filled to their utmost capacity, and a few hours were very pleasantly spent in genuine Scotch fashion. A most substantial lunch, with a plentiful supply of oatmeal cakes and bannocks, was provided by the ladies. The following is the programme:

Scots wha hae — by the company
Reading, "The Maiden Martyr" — Miss Nellie Plumm[illegible]
Song, "My Nannie's Awa'" — F. Low
Dialogue in Costume, "Lochiel's Warning" — Messrs. L. Russell and G. Alexander
Scotch selections — piano and flute — Miss Roberts and Mr. Alexander
Duet, "Jock o' Hazeldean" — Miss E. Plummer and Mr. Russell
Songs and choruses, "Will Ye No Come Back Again" and "Bonnie Dundee," Miss E. Plummer and W. Robertson, L. Russell, R. Alexander and F. Low
Song, "Scotland Yet" — R. Roberts
Reading, "Jock the Railway Porter" — Mr. Cay
"Auld Lang Syne" — by the company

All the piano accompaniments were very ably rendered by Miss Roberts.

HIGH SCHOOL EXERCISES.

The regular Friday afternoon exercises of the High school opened yesterday with an interesting programme, but "'Twas lingering sweetness long drawn out."

Song	"Fountain in the Dell"	School
Essay	"A Typical Farm"	Mina Capen
Recitation	"Labor"	Annie Brennan
Essay	"Singing"	Clara Clarke
Recitation	"Sleep"	Rolla Burnham
Essay	"Gymnastics"	Clara Bates
Song	"The Distant Land"	School
Recitation	"Cicero's Orations"	Maud Allen
Recitation	"A Tragedy"	Adam Collins
Essay	"Washington"	Joseph Bowles
Recitation	"Power of Habit"	Willa Bancroft
Song	"Peace on the Deep"	School
Essay	"Will and Way"	Myrtie Burnham
Recitation	"St. Augustine"	Ala Burrows
Essay	"Greece"	Lenah Bain
Recitation	"The National Flag"	Mary Buckmeyer
Essay	"Egyption War"	Geneva Caukin
Song	"Sailors' Chorus"	School
Recitation	"A Brief-less Barrister"	Fred Cooper
Essay	"All's Yes"	Wm. Clagett
Recitation	"Monterey"	Geo. Blake
Essay	"Spring Flowers"	Gussie Chemin
Recitation	"The Glove"	Ella Anderson
Song	"The Gems of the Beautiful"	
Recitation	"The Passage"	Mary De Lin
Essay	"Bands of Hope"	Minnie Bryant
Recitation	"Hope and Truth"	Lillie Davey
Essay	"February"	Clara Dierdorff
Song	"The Dear Ones"	
Recitation	"Rome"	Phernie Ainslee
Essay	"Oregon Legislature"	Herbert L. Crockett
Recitation	"Aged Stranger"	Ida Clagett
Essay	"Ironclads"	Walter Dodd
Reading	"Birds of Killingworth"	Carrie Coleman
Essay	"A Word of Advice"	Mary Clagett
Song	"Sweet Home"	School

THE HOTELS.

QUIMBY.

S T Sayers, Or
W K Reynolds, Winnepeg
G Shelton, do
T Fielding, do
J C Garsach & wf, Wis
Ada Garsach, do
F H Garsach, do
I M Langill, Council Bluffs
Herman Jonas, Wis
Miss E Langill, Or
Mrs L Langill, do
G Westenfield, Salem
B H Holt, Tacoma
P B Church, do
A F Barnard, do
R Gribble, Tacoma
J M Hughes, do
L F Smith, do
T B Scott, do
H Smith, do
H M Smith, do
A Geary, do

G H Shedd, St Paul
G J Huppert, Helene Id
P A Johnson, Kansas City
John Johnson, do
G L Garner, do
[illegible], Olympia
W W White, Seattle
A L Langill, do
M Burk, Summerville, NB
Mrs J M Cumming, Hood R
S P Howell, Syracuse
Mrs L Kelley, Seattle
J T McQuaid, Or
H Robertson, Cascade Lks
C H Carter, Corvallis
C S Jenkins, Roseburg
W H Tweet, St Paul
T Martin, Kalama
Wm Hinkle, Corvallis
A A Martin, Tacoma
J R McDonald, do
F D Hennessy, do

HOLTON HOUSE.

Silas B Smith, Astoria
Eugene Sugg, Chicago
E K Ash, Pendleton
G L Woodmanson, S F
Alex Kaiser, Vancouver
F C Hyde, Baker City
F L Bryce, Astoria
Morgan Hoult, Harrisbg
Andrew McKinnon, Pleasant Home

L H Rinehart and w, Un
Nat Blum, S F
Louis Bodon, Victoria
Ike Hyman, S F
Leslie Smith, U S A
H P Pratt, Astoria
Dr T H Rainey, Seattle
Robt Smith, Pleasant H

MERCHANT HOTEL.

Alfred Lawley, Beaverton
Mrs Walsh, do
Mrs B F Mauser, Yaquina
H Glenn, The Dalles
E H S Pugh & wf, do
Z F Moody, do
Mrs Moody, do
Miss Gray, do
J Gardner, Seattle

W J Cox, La Grand
S Linkters, S F
E N Tuttle, Boston
C P Eakin, Ft Canby
M C Sullivan, Montana
H Hogan, Wilmington
S Klemsmidt, do
R Smith, Seattle

THE GILMAN.

J L Peterson, Pendleton
F Batchelor, S F
F C Underwood, S F
S Wolff, do
R A Lindsay, do
Miss Grundles, do
N F Walters, do

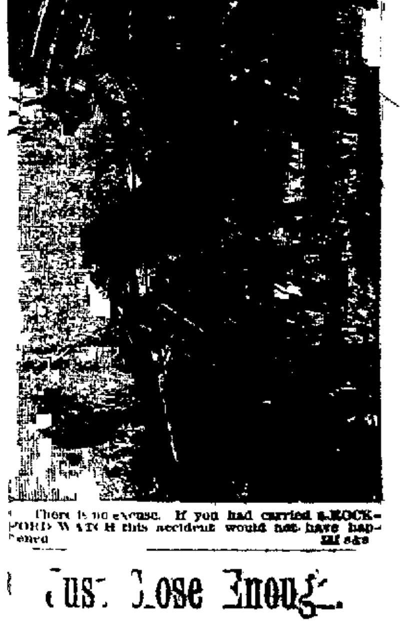
C A Schmitt, New York
J Lemline, Butte
F H Flagg & wf, St Helens
Mrs Langdon & d, Omaha
C Adler, Astoria
H F Nichols, USA
G E Lask, S F

BUSINESS SPECIALS

W. H. AYER & CO., 98 FIRST ST. 500 Webfoot Cook Books sold in one day.

W. G. WALLACE, Gardener and Florist. Greenhouse and office 12th and G. Fine collection Roses and plants. Yearly work [illegible].

PENRICHSEN & GREENBERG,
Sole Agents, 14[illegible] First st.



There is no excuse. If you had carried a ROCKFORD WATCH this accident would not have happened.

[illegible]

Just Close Enough.

"Have a close shave, sir?"

"No, thanks, not very close. At least not quite so close as the last Presidential election."

Your correspondent had just ensconsed himself luxuriously in a chair in the neat barber shop, No. 1[illegible] Morgan Street, St. Louis, and was sinking into dreams, when the above question and the necessary answer broke the spell.

"That election did go away down to the skin, sir, and no mistake," said Barber Bowles, gently rubbing the cream lather through the tough stubble on my chin; "I had half a notion to put a sign, 'ELECTION SHAVING,' outside of the door, but concluded not to."

"To change the subject," said I, "if somebody would invent an arrangement which would relieve a barber from the fatigue of standing, and make him as comfortable as the man he is shaving, what a blessing it would be to the profession, wouldn't it?"

"I don't ask nor expect that," replied Mr. Bowles, "but not long ago I had rheumatism in my back, and then standing up at the chair by the hour was tough work. In fact, I hardly knew what I should do. Liniments? Oh, yes. I tried those things in all their varieties, and plasters, too, by the dozen. Good? did you say? No, my trouble was too deep for them. Finally one day Mr. F. G. Dannitz, of Mastbrook's Pharmacy in this city, recommended Benson's Capcine Plasters. All right, says I, I'll try them, and so I did. Help me? Well, I should say they did. Depend on it there is something scientific about those things. They quieted the pain, warmed my back most pleasantly, and in a short time made it elastic and strong as ever. I venture to say that no other external remedy on earth can compete with them. Rheumatism has got to go when Benson's plasters [illegible]. Bay rum? Yes, sir."

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in the devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.
There is not a print from his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found on earth or air, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't, and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the step of the toiling saint, and digs a pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows his wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told that he doesn't go about as a roaring lion now,
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in church, in home and state, to earth's remotest bound,
If the devil by unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.
—[A. J. Hough.

"FATHER."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OREGONIAN,

BY ANNIE EICHBERG.

CHAPTER I.

Jack Wardlow stood before the entrance of the Hotel de la Metropole, in Geneva, and examined the prospect.

He was a man above the middle size, with shoulders well back, with a promise of strength, and the rather negligently artistic cut of his clothes was tempered by good taste. Above everything he had an amiable, smiling face, which left his friends in doubt whether he could ever hope to live up to it.

He was a painter by profession; belonging to that tribe of young American artists in Paris who paint from a French recipe. In general he was not dissatisfied with existence, though now he confessed to being a trifle bored. A sharp wind swept across the lake with an autumnal chill, and with an impatient shiver Wardlow lighted a cigarette and looked down the street, with its tall, gray houses, till his eyes rested on a vehicle, which clattered toward him and pulled up with a jerk at the entrance of the hotel.

The head-waiter so far unbent as to meet half-way the individual who shot out of the carriage.

The stranger was a short, thick-set man, and when he took off his slouchy hat he mopped his head—apparently as a matter of habit—with a red handkerchief.

Pulling a plebeian traveling shawl about his shoulders, he fixed the head-waiter with shrewd grey eyes, and demanded, "Any museum in this town?"

The head-waiter, betrayed into truth by the unexpectedness of the question, mournfully said, "No."

"Thank God!" the other exclaimed, stumping back to the carriage.

"Nothin' to see," he murmured. "This is just the place for me! A regular one-hoss town. Come out, mother," he cried. "This is just the place for us. Don't forget anything, Rose."

The free Swiss mountaineer who drove the cab, and who was only conspicuous for independent dirt, rolled off his box and stared at mother while she was being extricated from the vehicle by the head-waiter.

"Father," mother began, struggling for breath.

"Tabitha, just the place for us," father cried, standing on ahead, free as air, while mother followed, much bewildered. It was the head-waiter's succumbing to youth and beauty which prevented the last of the party—who blushed as red as the long red cloak she wore—from depositing the whole collection of small luggage on the sidewalk, out of sheer weariness. Followed by the approving head-waiter, she was about to pass Wardlow, still loitering by the door, when an imperative voice briefly called out: "Rose—body."

With a blush and a shy raising of her brown eyes to Wardlow, she returned to the chariot, and, in passable French, pronounced with a pathetic lifting of her eyebrows and an effective use of a single dimple, she begged the Swiss mountaineer to be careful how he handled a long and mysterious box which formed a portion of their eccentric looking baggage.

"Rose—body! how very remarkable," Wardlow mused, as the wearer of the scarlet cloak disappeared. "If they are traveling about with the body of a deceased—good heavens, impossible! Certainly they don't believe in mourning; I should say not. Scarlet, with a line of black fur about the hood. Curious traveling costume; the independence of beauty and America. On the whole, I rather like it. Guess I'll go in and reconnoitre."

In the hall he discovered "father" leaning against a pillar and staring with much surprise at a huge printed placard which was fastened within convenient reading distance against the wall.

He still wore his traveling shawl, the old felt hat was on his head, and the red bandanna was in full play; he seemed to be an object of mingled scorn and perplexity to the soul of the proud head-waiter.

At the sound of footsteps, father turned and gazed at Wardlow with a shrewd smile.

"So you're a Yankee? Should ha' known you anywhere, even if I hadn't been told."

"I didn't know that my nationality was so unpleasantly obvious," the other said, smiling.

"The head-waiter said you were an American. Gracious! you needn't feel riled! I suppose if I had taken you for an Englishman you'd been as pleased as Punch. Now, seeing you're a Yankee, what may your name be?"

Wardlow looked at his countryman helplessly, then handed him his card. Father extracted a pair of steel-bowed spectacles from a shabby case, and proceeded to study the scanty information.

"John Winthrop Wardlow, Boston. I suppose some of your folks came over in the Mayflower?" he demanded, with a grin.

"I hope not; I should have such a poor opinion of them. If they did, I wish they had stayed in England. May I in turn ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

Without a waste of words father took him confidentially by the arm and pointed to the following printed notice against the wall:

"Bains chaud—1 franc, 50 centimes. Bains froid—1 franc. Bains a la douche—1 franc, 50 centimes."

"Excuse me, but I don't understand," Wardlow confessed, after reading this statement of facts.

"A very curious circumstance, quite a coincidence," father said. "I don't read French myself, but I suppose that is their way of spelling it. I spell mine with an 'e.'"

"Spell yours with an 'e,'" Jack repeated in perplexity.

"My name is Baines. Baines with an 'e.' Thomas G. Baines, Pittsburgh, Penn. All I ask you is, why did they put it up there?"

Jack struggled for self-command. "It means baths," he explained.

"You don't say so?" old Baines cried.

He cast a suspicious look at his neighbor, then turned about, muttering, "Bains—baths—bains—baths—a very awkward circumstance. Who could ha' thought it?" when he stopped short, as the mysterious box, standing on end, came within range of his irritated vision.

It was a kind of pine coffin-shaped structure, with "Thomas G. Baines, Pittsburgh, Penn.," stenciled on the side, and near by the caution, "Glass This side up, with care."

"On his head!" was all father exclaimed, as he sternly contemplated the pine monument.

"Shall I——" the head-waiter began

"Yes," father interrupted, with a scowl. "Take it up to Miss Baines' room. Leaving him down here," he muttered, following the porters who bore the mysterious burden upstairs.

Wardlow watched them till he saw the last of Mr. Baines' short gray trousers disappear up the marble stairs, and for a moment he was lost in reflections. "If it is a body it is disposed of in a very business-like way. Why should Miss Baines have to give the body house-room? The idea is terrible. If it isn't a body, what is it? By George, I mean to know," Wardlow exclaimed, and followed in father's wake.

He looked up and down the first broad corridor, and, sure enough, by the only open door stood Miss Baines, apparently in considerable distress.

To her appeared Wardlow, suggesting assistance with smiling eyes that took in Miss Baines, and beyond Miss Baines the mysterious pine box deposited in the very center of the room.

"Can I be of any assistance? You seem in trouble. I met your father down stairs. I am an American, like yourself," Jack began, and stopped, slightly embarrassed.

Miss Baines looked at him with brown eyes quite devoid of coquetry, while she rested her round chin on the end of a boot-buttoner.

"I would like to get rid of that and I can't," Miss Baines said, with a deep sigh, pointing to the box with the buttoner. "We've had him with us for three months, and father is so afraid he may be lost."

"Three months! He—who—what?" Jack asked, bewildered.

"It is Thotmes the second. Father bought him, for he means to start a museum of antiquities in Pittsburgh. We bought him in Egypt—he was very dear. He is a mummy."

For a moment they looked at each other, then Wardlow laughed, but his amusement found no response in Miss Baines' perplexed face.

"You know," she continued with unaffected sadness, "I cannot forget that he really is a body, poor thing, though he is a mummy. I can't sleep trying to think how he looks, and I'm so sorry that he's not nicely buried. I'm always thinking of his poor wife and children; how dreadfully they must feel to think that father means to take him to Pittsburgh."

"But, Miss Baines, you mustn't forget how many thousand years ago he died."

"It's no use," she replied, with mournful certainty; "they are somewhere where they can see, and I always think how they must feel."

"Poor old chap!" Jack exclaimed, filled with sudden commiseration for Thotmes II.

"Miss Baines, you don't know me," he said, "but I can assure you I am honest, and I give you my word of honor not to run away with Thotmes. Suppose I have him carried to my room over the way, and there he can stay comfortably while you remain in Geneva. He won't be stolen and he won't spoil your dreams, or indeed mine. I am afraid I'm not so tender as you are. I wish I were."

"It is very kind of you. Perhaps father wouldn't miss him for a few days; but," Rose added, with a sigh, "father always has him placed in my room for my education; he thinks it will cure me of superstition and make me independent. I mostly see to the trunks as well. It is for my good, you know."

"Hang father!" Jack thought. "Don't you think," he continued aloud, "if your education had a recess it would be a relief?"

"O dear! I would so like it," Rose confessed. Before she could say another word Jack was down stairs, and in five minutes more Thotmes II. was transferred to Wardlow's room. Sitting tete-a-tete with the deceased monarch, he studied the stenciling.

"I'm booked for Geneva as long as father stays," he reflected. "Poor Thotmes, what a curious destiny yours—the crown of Egypt and the dust of Pittsburgh! To think that you haven't even the pleasure of knowing how sorry she is for you. If anything could comfort a fellow under such circumstances, that would in spite of—father."

CHAPTER II.

It was Mr. Baines' boast never, under any circumstances, to do anything like any one else.

He had been torn from his Pittsburgh tannery by a severe and sudden illness. On recovering, and in the same attire in which he went to the tannery of a morning, he embarked for Europe, and there regained his health and those peculiarities which distinguished him.

"Father," in traveling-shawl and bandanna handkerchief, led his family through Europe and Africa, and touched Asia. He planted his sturdy legs on Arabian soil and ate cold camel in the desert. He insisted on poor mother's keeping house in Jerusalem, and, turning up in Egypt, he became the victim of a mania called "Baines' Museum of Antiquities," for which he collected a variety of expensive trash, which followed in his train as if European collectors had one eye, and that was enviously fixed on his treasures.

With unerring instinct Mr. Baines always went to the hot places in the heat, and to the cold places in the cold.

It was owing to accident that he did not reach Switzerland in the depth of winter; the truth is, he needed a breathing spell to collect his ideas. Europe troubled him; there was too much to see in a small space. He thought of Thotmes II. and a few other trifles he had bought, yet somehow he felt, try as he would, he could not compete with your "Loovers" and your "Pity Palaces." But here was Geneva without the shadow of a museum, and Geneva was as old as the hills, while Pittsburgh's museum was started and stowed away in—Jack Wardlow's room.

To him Mr. Baines explained his plans.

He acknowledged the superior merits of masculine society by deserting mother and Rose for Wardlow. Mother did not care, but it was hard for Rose, as Mrs. Baines hated walking and objected to riding; so the poor child had nothing to do but to look out of the window, sighing a little as she watched father stump through the park over the way, beside the gallant man who three days ago had saved her from Thotmes II. and who had such a pleasant smile.

It was not till the second day after their arrival that Wardlow, going upstairs, met Miss Baines descending.

"I have had no chance to tell you how well I slept," she said, looking at him with smiling eyes.

"And I slept no worse. I have just left your father—he does not even suspect. I hope you believe he is quite safe—Thotmes, I mean."

"Indeed, I do."

"Miss Baines, would you perhaps like to take a walk beside the lake, if you have nothing better to do?"

Miss Baines would, but somehow fate was against them, in the shape of father. They found him at the hotel entrance, expatiating to the head-waiter on the low and thievish dispositions of all Europeans, and the superior intelligence and wealth of Americans. All this, in a distinct, nasal voice, with much waving of a pair of vigorous arms.

"Going out, are you?" he asked, as Wardlow and Rose passed him. "I guess I'll go too." And he took such possession of Jack that Rose had to walk behind them in the narrow paths, and having accidentally interfered with the free play of father's feet, was commanded to return to the hotel and see to mother.

"But, Mr. Baines, I think the walk will do your daughter good," Jack remonstrated.

"Ta-ta-ta! Who knows best, you or I? I am here for my health. Miss Baines isn't. Besides, I don't want my womankind about all the time."

Rose went back without a word, but for the first time in her nineteen years of existence something in her heart rebelled against her father. She went up to her mother's room in a brown study and sat down on a low chair opposite Mrs. Baines, who was mending stockings, with her broad back against the scenery.

"Rose," mother broke the silence, laying down her spectacles and smoothing her stout face, "I shall be glad when we get back to America, for Europe just grinds the bottoms out of your pa's stockings. Sight-seeing is very wearin'."

"Mother," Rose asked, leaning forward with her hands on her knees—"mother, were you very much in love with father once?"

"Rose, child! Well, I, never," Mrs. Baines cried, sitting bolt upright and dropping a cascade of blue knit socks.

"Was father much in love with you," Rose continued, ignoring mother's surprise.

"Child, if you ever find a man who thinks a quarter as much of you, you'll be lucky," mother said, bridling. "Your pa threatened to kill himself if I wouldn't marry him."

"But, now, you don't suppose he would have?"

"It is very curious," Rose reflected. "He don't look like it. One might expect it of a tall man, but father is so short——"

"You're foolish, Rose," mother interrupted.

For the first time there was a chill between them, for mother kept for father a glowing spark still active underneath the ashes of what had once been a fine conflagration; with reasonable cherishing it promised to last as long as she did. Then to have her own child ask if father had been in love with her! It was too much to bear, and mother, like a certain notorious worm, turned, and was very cross that afternoon.

The next afternoon Wardlow eluded father and looked about for a glimpse of a red cloak.

The great drawing-room stood open and Wardlow strolled in; sure enough, he saw the object of his search seated on a scarlet "pouf," reading to mother, with a tired flush on her down-bent face. Mrs. Baines was surreptitiously napping, with a look of profound wisdom.

Rose gave a startled glance over her shoulder, and blushed a little at sight of Wardlow coming toward her.

"I was so disappointed not to have that walk yesterday," he began, in a stage whisper. "I looked for you this morning, but your father would take me out."

"I was very sorry," Rose murmured with a sigh; "but I mustn't speak now, or mother will wake up. She always wakes up if I stop reading."

"But, if she is asleep," Jack remonstrated.

"Please don't. I would like to talk, but I mustn't."

"May I sit down and listen? I will be quiet."

"O yes, but you will be so bored, it is—. There, I knew mother would wake!" for that good lady gasped, rolled her eyes and looked wildly about her. With a quick movement Rose patted her mother's hands while she proceeded with that thrilling discourse, "Justification by faith or works," which was the theological stumbling-block in mother's existence.

Wardlow listened with half-closed eyes leaning comfortably back in his arm-chair, and for once in his career the venerable author was found too short, as Rose closed the book with a sigh of relief.

"Dear fellow, has he had his say?" Jack asked, leaning forward—mother was still sleeping. "But permit me, Miss Baines; do you never read anything else?"

"When mother is ever and ever so fast asleep, I read this. You won't laugh at me if I show it to you?"

"Laugh at anything you do, Miss Baines!" He took the little book she held out to him, and a bright smile crossed his face.

"Shakespeare's sonnets! My own eternal stand-by. Don't you call that a very serious coincidence, Miss Baines?"

"Your stand-by, too Mr. Wardlow? How nice! I was afraid you might think I was making believe. I don't think it seems natural in me to be so fond of them."

"I think it would be natural in you to love everything that is beautiful."

He looked into her smiling face.

"Do you believe in having your fortune told?"

She shook her head.

"I do. There is a strong vein of superstition in me. I wonder what fate your Shakespeare has in store for me. I haven't done this sort of thing for fifteen years. I was fourteen years old then, and very much in love with a girl of twenty-five. There, I'll not try to cheat; so I open the book, and choose as my fortune the last two lines on the left-hand page."

He glanced at the place, and the blood rushed up to his face.

"Will you not tell me what it is?"

"I always tell the truth," he murmured, looking into her eyes. "You cannot surely be angry at the truth. Two hundred and fifty years ago Shakespeare already knew what was to happen to me, and I told you that I am superstitious. Shakespeare is to blame, not I, yet I yield very willingly to my fate.

> "For nothing this wide universe I call
> Save thou, my Rose, in it thou art my all."

A startled look came into the girl's face, and she turned to mother, who, at that very moment, awoke in a slight temper.

"You don't read as distinctly as you used to, Rose," Mrs. Baines said, rather pettishly; "or perhaps I don't hear as well. I didn't even hear you come in, Mr. Wardlow. Sometimes I think justification is by one way, and sometimes by the other. He is considered very learned—I wish he were clearer. I really think that I know as much about it now as I did before," which was very likely, as Mrs. Baines had been fast asleep all the time.

CHAPTER III.

Wardlow climbed the narrowest of zigzag streets that wound uphill like a corkscrew. It led him to a rocky square, paved with cobblestones and made more dim by a row of linden trees that backed up against an ancient, weather-beaten church.

The yellow leaves were beginning to fall, and a young person in a red cloak was absently collecting them with the end of a huge cotton umbrella, till they lay in withered heaps at her feet.

Wardlow, with an involuntary exclamation, looked up and down the square as if reconnoitring, and in three strides he was beside her.

"Why, Miss Baines, you here all alone?"

Miss Baines appeared to check a desire to run away; but she only looked past him, then down at the umbrella, and at last her eyes rested on the familiar shawl over her arm.

"I have lost father," she said, and was silent.

"By Jove, a happy accident," Jack thought. "As luck—I mean ill luck—will have it," he said aloud, "I cannot find him. I was to meet him here; he wished me to go with him to Dubois' watch factory."

"He gave me his shawl and umbrella to hold and then he went away. I suppose he meant me to wait for him. He has been gone some time."

"Would—would you be willing to take a walk now, Miss Baines?"

"Oh, I must not."

"You know we have tried eight times, but your father insisted on going in your stead."

"Father wishes to see everything."

"Hang him! yes," thought her companion.

"I think," she added, regretfully, "he has seen all he wants to of Geneva."

They were silent a moment, when from the open door of the church there swept out the deep, full tones of the organ.

"Perhaps," Wardlow ventured, "if you will not take a walk you will at least come into the church and sit down. Your father will be sure to look in—he expects me also, you know. You must be tired; let me take the shawl."

Rose gave in, and Jack pushed back the rusty iron gate to let her pass.

It was a grey, old church, with its stone pavement, much worn; rough straw chairs were piled up against the pillars, and a point of red light burned before the funereal and deserted high altar. In a rambling gallery, at the back, the organist was playing in desultory fashion, and the only other living creature about was an ancient chorewoman, who was sweeping the floor. A few patches of scarlet and gold lay on the worn pavement, where the daylight fell through a painted window, and there was still a faint odor of incense in the air.

Wardlow placed a couple of chairs in the shadow of a pillar, and for a moment they sat there without speaking.

"So your father has seen all he wants of Geneva," Wardlow broke the silence.

"It doesn't take him long; he goes to work so practically. I don't know where the time has gone. You know we've been here nearly two weeks."

"And so in a day or two you will be gone, and—shall we never see each other again?" he asked, leaning forward.

Her eyes fell before his earnest gaze.

"I hope so," she whispered at last.

"Hope so!"

"What more can I say?" she asked, taking a deep breath.

They were quite in twilight, and the music swept softly past them.

"If—if we should ever meet again, you wouldn't be angry, would you?"

The dark eyes met his with shy reproach.

"I'm going to Cologne in two or three weeks; there is to be some kind of a great time there, well worth seeing, and if I could induce your father to go there, perhaps—perhaps we might meet again."

"Indeed, I should like to see you again, Mr. Wardlow. You have been very kind to—us."

Again there was a momentary silence, which Jack broke:

"Let me put the shawl under your feet; you will be chilled." So, doubling up father's sacred shawl, he kneeled and placed it there with infinite care; then, without a change of position, he looked into her face as if he were arguing with her and with himself.

"There is no such thing as time to measure by—there is only feeling, and, therefore, I dare speak to you——"

"I do not understand, Mr. Wardlow."

"Miss Baines—Rose—forgive me if I speak—but the last two weeks have been to me an eternity, for I——"

"Mr. Wardlow, spare yourself and me," she cried, trying to rise and free her hand from his firm grasp.

"Listen—I must speak. Rose, my darling, I love you."

"O, Mr. Wardlow, you are cruel! Think, you have known me about two weeks," but she looked down at him with a faint smile touching her lips. "You would never think well of a woman so lightly won. Mr. Wardlow, if you honor me, I beg you to rise."

"I honor you more than all the world, and I love you more," he said, standing before her. "Whether I know you two weeks or two years, it makes no difference to me. I can only say that I love you deeply and truly, and that I am willing, God knows, to wait for your love—"

She turned her face away from his just in time to see a familiar figure enter the church.

"There—there is father!" she cried faintly.

"Confound him!" Jack muttered.

Sure enough, there was father hat in hand, peering through the darkness and mighty triumphant.

"Found you at last! Guess where I've been! In the steeple—all the way up."

"See how dusty you are, father dear! Stand still a moment and let me brush you."

Rose dusted father rebellious, when of a sudden she gave a nervous laugh. "O father, just see!"

Mr. Baines could not see, for the accident had happened to the tail of the national linen duster which he wore, upon which was marked in outline stenciling, "Thomas G. Baines, Pittsburgh, Penn."

With Jack's help, father emerged from this garment and examined the disaster.

"I sat on it," he explained. "It'll never come out, I know, I made the ink. I thought the stencil-plate was dry when I laid it down. That's what I went up the steeple for," he said to Wardlow.

"To sit on a stencil plate?"

"Gracious, no! I've stenciled it upon the steeple as high as I could reach," father continued, with a knowing smile. "I always do it. There ain't no place in Europe, Asia, or Africa, where you don't see that name. It's on Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem, and on the top of the highest pyramid."

"When I undertook this tower (tour) it came to me like a flash to do it. Some people use lead pencils, others jackknives; but when I do a thing, I do it thorough, so I brought my stencil-plate along. It saves time, and this kind 'er blacking just eats into the stone. I mean to come back some day and do the places all over again, just to see how the ink wears."

"You don't say so," Jack murmured.

"There's nothing like being wide-awake. I want all the folks who go everywhere to know that there is some one from Pittsburgh, Penn., who's as spry as the best of 'em. Now let's go home."

He led the way through the iron gate and looked casually over his shoulder at Rose."

"Guess you'll be glad to get out of this one-hoss town, daughter. We're going to-morrow. I've bought three watches and two clocks, so I calculate we'll be set up for life as far as timepieces go. By the way, where's my shawl?"

"I forgot. It was left in the church, father. I'll fetch it."

Rose ran back, picked it up and, turning, stood face to face with Wardlow, who had followed her.

"You are my fate! I love you, and, Rose, my darling, I will make you love me."

She looked into his face as if to speak; but, as if the words would not come, she darted past him into the dim square, where the withered leaves were whirling in a sudden gust of wind.—[Copyrighted 1885. All rights reserved.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Swedish Godiva.

The 2d of February in Sweden is considered the midwinter day. In the era of paganism it was a great festival in honor of the heroine Goa or Goja, deified under the name of Disa, to whom the whole month was consecrated beside. The legend of Goa is very curious.

It states that at one time, when the country was visited by a frightful famine, the Thing, or national assembly, decided that in order to alleviate the general distress, it would be necessary to put to death a part of the population, especially the aged and infirm. Goa alone dared to protest loudly, and claimed, to be able to propose a means of remedying the dearth which would prove more efficacious as well as more humane.

The king ordered the execution of the decree to be postponed; but in the interim, desiring to test the sagacity of the young girl and to confound her audacity, he sent her word that he would only receive her on condition that she would come to his dwelling neither on foot nor on horseback, nor in a vehicle—neither dressed nor undressed—neither in the course of a year, nor during any particular month—neither by day nor by night.

Goa solved the enigma. She came to the king's house on a sledge drawn by a goat, holding on to the side of the sledge, with one leg resting on the pole of the sledge, the other on the goat. She wore a fishing-net only, in lieu of garments; and she came exactly at the epoch of the solstice, when the month is still undetermined, at the time of a full moon, but while it was yet twilight.

Being permitted to speak she advised that the old and infirm, in lieu of being exterminated, should be merely sent to the still unpeopled parts of the country, where they would still be able to obtain the means of existence without being any burden to the community. The king liked the advice, and as the adviser had charmed him by her beauty and wit he took her for his wife.

BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.

A Country the French have Brought Into Political Prominence.

Its Area and Population—Social and Religious Aspects of the Natives—A Glimpse of Mandalay.

There are, says a Hong Kong correspondent of the London *Times*, matters which tend to bring Burmah into prominence just now, matters deeply concerning Great Britain and her imperial interests in India. French action in Tonquin, at first regarded by England with something little better than indifference, has grown with astonishing rapidity. In the beginning it was given out to be a mere bagatelle, to be easily settled on the spot, not involving the discharge of a single musket or, at most, it was nothing more serious than the suppression of a band of highwaymen and other wrong-doers outlawed from China. Within eighteen months it has meant for the French two campaigns in Tonquin, where 18,000 men in the field have not proved strong enough to cope with the resistance offered, necessitating an increase of 15,000 men; while in Formosa, to which island the "idea" has extended, there are soon to be in the north alone some 10,000 men. The French views with regard to Indo-China and south China are now well known, and are made no secret of by the French themselves. What is not understood, however, is that the theater of European jealousies and rivalries has been extended from Turkey and the Levant to the China seas; and the eastern problem of the future for England is Russia on the west and France on the east, closing in on her Indian frontiers. Burmah is known in England mainly as a country whence rice is exported, where water, mud, heat and mosquitoes are plentiful, and where the ladies wear picturesque but not too proper costume, showing more of the form than is consistent with western notions of modesty, and where a dissolute young monarch spends most of his time in drinking and murdering his relatives, with their followers and servitors. Per se it is a highly interesting land, and politically it now is of great consequence.

Of late years no explorations have been conducted in Burmah, though several have crossed southern China into Burmah; and since Colonel Yule's mission to Ava very little about the character of the people and country has been learnt, what little is known being mainly due to the labors of Sir Arthur Phayre, Colonel Yule's chief, and Forbes. Latter-day civilians and military men have done but little to increase our knowledge. As regards the physical aspect of the country, upper Burmah may be said to lie compressed in the upper valley of the Irrawaddy river. On the west it is bounded by the hilly table-lands, ranges and valleys forming and bordering the Manipur plateau, and by the spurs of the Arakan "yoma," or backbone; on the northeast are the high hills forming the remains of a plateau, whose peaks measure from 18,000 feet to 20,000 feet, in latitude 28 degrees, with a pass in latitude 25 degrees elevated 8730 feet; while on the southeast, to the south of Yunnan, the western face of the Burmese Shan table-land rises 5000 feet. The northern boundary, stretching a distance of hardly more than 100 miles between Assam and western Yunnan, is a cul-de-sac of mountain, the Tibetan plateau. On the south lie the provinces of British Burmah.

Previous to the year 1825 the Burmese empire was one of very great importance and extent, as compared with the other Indo-Chinese nations, but at the present day it has shrunk into the dimensions of a petty principality, with a foreign civilized neighbor holding all her seaboard provinces and the mouths of her great waterway; while her power as a nation has been almost totally lost. The extent of territory actually under the sway of the king of Burmah is somewhat loosely defined, owing to the encroachments and more than half-admitted independence of some so-called subject states on the borders, but the gross area is about 67,000 square miles.

The Irrawaddy, a magnificent river springing from several streams rising in the lower flank and two great arms of the Tibetan plateau, in about latitude twenty-eight degrees and between ninety-seven and ninety degrees east longitude, flows almost due south, and nearly bisects the whole country in its course, finally crossing and recrossing British Burmah and flowing into the bay of Bengal, after having been joined by its great confluent, the Khyendwen. The Irrawaddy is navigable all the year round for steamers as far north as Bhamo, near the southwestern Chinese, and about 848 miles from the sea.

In point of population, nothing more than an estimate formed on little less than conjecture can be given; for no census has ever been taken, and very little of the country is known to Europeans. Colonel Symes gave the population as 17,000,000 souls, which subsequent inquiries reduced to 3,000,000. The population cannot possibly be dense. The character of the country and the iniquitous government, entailing so much misery, precludes a heavy population. Possibly there are twenty-five persons to the square mile, or a total for Burmah proper of 1,075,000 and 600,000 for the northern Shan states, or a gross population of 1,675,000 inhabitants. This omits the eastern Shan states, which are more populous. The devastating wars which have swept over Indo-China, and of which, owing to its position, it has been the theater from the most remote historical times, have terribly thinned a population once very dense. It is now over three centuries since Europeans were first acquainted with the nations of Indo-China, and during the whole of that period they have waged war among themselves, without foreign aid or interference, a course of hostility and devastation pursued generally for conquest or revenge, as terrible as any on record. The history of these wars has been an oscillation of advantages and defeats, in which Burmese, Siamese, and Cambodians alternately have gained the upper hand. Some forty years ago the last of these terrible paroxysms died away, principally from exhaustion, and left us the political arrangement of Indo-China which until recently has held good—namely, Burmah, Siam, Cochin-China. Everything goes to prove that the country was at one time very densely peopled, and the enormous cities and vast populations and armies depicted by Pinto the Mendacious are by no means vulgar fabrications. Proofs are being gradually brought to light in support of many of his statements. The indigenous inhabitants consist chiefly of Burmese and Shans, but Khyens, Kakhyens, Kathays, Yinnoes, Yinnets, Yinbans, Karennees, Paloungs, and other tribes are met with, as well as Chinese and natives of India, who have settled in the towns. There are very few countries in the world where a greater diversity of race will be met with than in Burmah, but the Mongoloid element predominates, and it appears under very numerous forms.

The prevailing religion of the Burmese and Shans is Buddhism mixed with Shamanism. A comprehensive idea of the nature of the religion as practiced in Burmah is unattainable within the limits of a newspaper article, nothing more than merely touching on the most salient points being possible. Contrary to the notion generally entertained in England, Burmese Buddhists are atheists of a very pronounced type; they do not worship Buddha, the images are not Gods, and the "priests" are not priests in the western sense of the word. The sole end and aim of Buddhism is annihilation, the images are mere representations of a being who was perfect, and the priests, or monks as they ought more properly to be styled, are only men who for their own benefit renounce the world to devote their lives to working out the course toward the Nirvana, the annihilation they covet. In Burmah religion is a business of life. The country is covered by temples, and these swarm with priests. High and low enter a monastery once in their lives, sometimes merely as a formality, but a vast number remain permanently in the order of the Yellow Robe. Lay rank is left at the door of the monastery, and even the identity of the monk is suppressed. They are professed mendicants, and are ostensibly ascetics; but, as in Burmah more than in any other country, charity blesses him who receives, monks are full when laymen are pinching their stomachs. The priestly orders are fairly pure, as such orders go in the east the tone is good, and theoretically, at least, great punctiliousness is insisted on by the people. The people surrender the care of their souls to the priests, and salve their consciences by alms and largesses to them and by contributions to the endowment of temples. Shamanism, the religion of Tartar progenitors, is professed in various slightly differing forms by all the hill tribes; it is merely the conciliation of spirits supposed to dwell in trees, rivers, stones, and other objects of nature, and even the Burman, comparatively civilized, although a professed Buddhist, pays a sneaking deference to the malevolent genii which his imagination sees in every object, animate or inanimate.

The most mischievous feature of the Burmese, in common with other Indo-Chinese governments, is the recognized claim of the sovereign to the services of the whole adult male population, which is exacted to an incredible extent. No man can call time or labor his own. Burmah shares with Siam and Cambodia the disgrace of having in her midst a vile system of slavery. Many of the victims are hereditary slaves, such as those condemned to serve at the pagodas; others are bond slaves, who could obtain their liberty by paying their debts. Lepers, and other incurables, executioners, who are generally pardoned malefactors, coffin-makers, and others employed in the disposal of dead bodies, as well as deformed or mutilated people, are rigidly set apart from the rest of the community, and very few people will hold any communication with them; but the sentence of isolation does not, except in the case of lepers, necessarily descend to their offspring. The Kachyens and Red Karens still carry on a shameful traffic in kidnapped captives. They find their way to Zimme, and thence to Siam.

The only educational machinery existing is to be found in the vast number of monasteries spread throughout the land; lay schools do not exist for any practical purposes. The merest rudiments of secular education are imparted in these institutions, the great object being the inculcation of religious precepts. From the fact that nearly every adult has passed through a monastery, it comes about that a Burman who can not at least write his own name is very seldom met with, and education, such as it is, is fairly widespread. The education of women is neglected, though they are perfectly free to learn. The majority of those entering the monasteries return to lay pursuits after remaining in them a time, the duration of which within certain limits is dictated by their devoutness or yearnings for freedom.

The natives themselves are extremely pleasant in manner, light-hearted, and improvident. They are more independent and courageous than other races of Indo-China. They are not so civilized as the Hindoos; they have absolutely no caste prejudices, and in other respects they differ from the natives of Hindostan so radically that they have scarcely any characteristics in common. Probably the liberty of women reaches in Burmah a hight not attained in any other country of the east, not even Japan; the choice of marriageable girls is perfectly free; a man's wife acts for her husband in almost any business capacity; women appear in public unveiled, and their intercourse with strangers is absolutely unrestricted. They are born petty traders, and in many cases conduct a thriving retail business, while their male relatives are idling or gambling, pastimes to which they are much addicted. Marriage with the Burmese is purely a civil rite, and although divorce is very easily obtained, there is very little immorality among them—notwithstanding travelers' tales to the contrary—and in some cases after divorce the parties to the suit promptly remarry and live together the same as before. Paupers may be said to be quite unknown, none are very rich or very poor, a day's work is easily got, and the land is so bountiful that the earnings of a day suffice for three days' living. There are no poor laws, the monasteries in reality forming a gigantic system of relief always open to strangers or natives alike without any trouble about a "settlement."

Perhaps the most prominent national custom is smoking. Every man, woman and child, from the king downward, may be said to smoke immense cheroots four or five inches long, made of a coarse leaf rolled up and filled with wood chips, raw sugar, and a dash of tobacco, according to taste. One of these cheroots once lit frequently passes round the entire family circle, not forgetting even the smallest member of it. The practice of tattooing the body from the waist to the knees prevails to such an extent among the male population that it may be almost said to be universal with them. The operation of tattooing as practiced by the Burmese is extremely painful, and in most cases it is executed in installments, but some with strong nerves or by the aid of opium, have it all done at one time. The absence of tatto marks is regarded as not very creditable, and those without them are disposed to wear their dress in such a way that the fact shall not be too evident. They are fond to a surprising degree of gambling, amusements and sports, or anything that will excite them. Boat-racing is a national sport, while boxing, foot-racing and wrestling affords them an endless fund of amusement.

The present capital of Burmah is Mandalay, a city built on a site which twenty-five or thirty years ago was mere jungle. The capital has frequently changed its site, having since 1740 been at Ava three times, at Amarapoora twice, and at Monchoto twice, but since 1857 it has been fixed at Mandalay. Mandalay is inclosed by a square brick wall twenty feet high, crenelated at the top. Twelve gates pierce the wall, and from those macadamized roads, 100 feet broad, intersect the city. The number of houses inside the walls is supposed to be about 13,300, and the population is estimated at about 60,000. Within the city walls are the king's palace and gardens, the treasury, arsenal and powder magazine, and mint. The houses, as a rule, are mere huts, raised on piles five or eight feet high, and made of bamboo, with thatches of leaves, but there are some houses, particularly those of the Chinese, in which masonry is employed. In many respects Mandalay in superior to most Indo-Chinese cities; there is not the squalor to be seen in the Siamese or Cambodian capital, and, thanks partly to the army of dogs and pigs, the streets are fairly free from evil smells. Bhamo, the extreme northern limit of navigation by steamers on the Irrawaddy, is a town about a mile long, situated on the left bank of the river, with a population of about 2500. Amarapoora, a city nearly a mile square, and more than once the capital, had not many years ago about 90,000 inhabitants. The number of pagodas and monasteries in and about the principal towns of Burmah is vast beyond belief; Pagan, the ruins of which cover an area of sixteen square miles, situated on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, is famous for its numerous temples, to count which is one of the proverbial impossibilities of the Burmese. This town is said to have been in remote times the residence of a long dynasty of kings. Other large towns are Yenangyoung, the center of the petroleum trade, Magwe and Minhla, besides which there are other considerable towns and villages along the river and in the interior.

Burmese houses are so fragile that towns quickly spring up or become deserted. When a royal whim, or the caprice of the
court astrologers, dicta
ity for the capital, an
the old city be aban
all loyal subjects to move
The houses are not so
that they cannot be easily
transported a few miles, and
the abandonment of crops
and possibly of the
which traders have created
cality, which may not fall
again, involves serious loss
in the capital, and of
progress of the country very
inflammability of the
houses are built, and the
carelessness of the people,
conflagrations and the burn
eral blocks an episode in the
bred Burman recurring too
excite comment.

A SPEECH OF MINISTE

His First Impressions of

The following is part of
livered in London recently
Lowell before the Society of
"You will hardly expect
my position it would certainly
ous—to express any opinion
which divide political parties
have my own opinions,
will pardon me if I keep
One opinion, I am sure, I am
pressing. I came here to
the interest excited in my mind
book of my friend, Mr. Pidgeon
travels in the United States,
so interesting that I really
in my heart to refuse when I
come here to-night, it some
me that what Sir Henry W
gentlemen of my profession
plied to modern travelers—
persons sent to lie abroad
of their country. [Laughter.]
that in any reproachful, but
humorous sense. One would
ering how much modern
ern men of leisure are
they went abroad and found
like what they had been
they would thank God. Far
almost invariably complain
I certainly should not judge
sometimes see nations
stance. I remember, many
first time I had the pleasure
England. I was very much
went, as an honest Ameri
would, to lunch a Dr. John
the Mitre, and I remember my
at finding there were
[Laughter. I had been
home, and I was much surpri
at this evidence of want of
[laughter] in the home of my
recollect also—for I have been
of a reader of travels
French travelers in England
beginning of this century
both at the absence of
also at the absence of
They could not imagine
men contrived to eat peas
with the two-tine abomination
found lying beside their
they took this good-naturedly
mentioned it as a phenomen
that is the way in which such
be taken—["Hear, hear!"]—
tions of temperature, the
on, in a good-natured way,
ested in Mr. Pidgeon's book,
only told me something new
country, but even of my own
and something which interest
much. There was one thing
haps you will not consider
saying, that I think what I
American workman of purely
scent is the amount of brains
with his fingers. That has
me as compared with the work
other country. I remember
striking anecdote in Mr. Pi
It is that of Colonel Bowe's
piece of thread, and saying
tain more weight than any ot
the same size in the world—
cause it was made by more in
men. [Cheers.]
That reminds me of another
book, in which Mr. Pidgeon
American labor has degenerat
perhaps I can correct that by
is turned in other directi
stance, the labor of Lowell
reinforcement in 1832. T
them began before that, but
a small reinforcement of
America, and much foreign
began. As a consequence,
which had hitherto been pure
sons of American descent
be performed by persons of
and from that time forward
daughters of our farmers were
go out to service. I remember
fectly when service was
hereditary. I have in my mi
which three generations ha
are one of the two points wh
me in the discussion, and th
property expressed my opinion
of tariffs or free trade, in
me to comment briefly on
[illegible]
itans. I can not help think
degradation in the French
have arisen from the
too fierce competition of
from anything natural to the
thus himself. I recollect
their early impressions
vivid—that fifty years ago
after I had passed my exam
tering college, I took my
out journey not under the

Why the [illegible]

An Arkansas murderer wh
was respited by the governor
whereupon a disgusted wom
the sheriff the following
here to see a folks hung,
his hang fly a rope. We don't
gilty or not, an' we don't
gon. Thet ain't none of
pay nor young women in this
disappointed now, won't
anywhere near this

The Oregon

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 1

IN THE KING'S BANQUETING

I walk on my way with the others, I toil
task;
I am sometimes weary and careworn
times I wear a mask,
And cover with smiles and sunshine a
full of tears,
And yet, and yet, there is joy divine, an
my burdened years;
For sometimes there comes a whisper
lence of my soul,
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and forg
row and dole,
And come to the house of the banque
with the King to-day,
And oh! when I hear the summons, is
except to obey?
And what if the way be dreary and I
think it long?
There's always a [illegible] or later, a bit o
song.
And what if the clouds above me are
thick and gray?
There is never a cloud on the Mercy se
Sweet him day by day.
So I go on my way with the others, I am e
and spent;
But ave in my heart I am thankful, hap
content,
For oft in the early dawning and oft at
day
He calls me in to the banquet, and what
not obey?
—Margaret

A QUAKERESS.

Kate Ingleby stood at the draw
window in Curzon street tapping
her little Wellington boot impatien
her riding-whip. A sharp summ
was pattering down upon the
Kate was waiting until it was
out for her daily ride. Not that
of rain made, as a rule, much dif
Miss Ingleby; for she was accusto
out in all weathers. She waite
simply because the friend she h
ised to ride with declined to go
heavy thunder-storm, for which e
wise discretion Kate heartily des
She was getting very impatie
seemed no end to the straig
rain shafts that came swift
from the heavy clouds. Miss
chestnut mare, led by a
was walking up and down outsi
loved her dearly; but there is a
equine affection, and at last she g
tired of watching her. On the opp
of the street was a book-seller and
to whom she was accustomed to
for the few three-volume novels
odd times she skimmed through.
her all at once that her uncle was
his club that night, and she hersel
engagement, and that she had no
an exciting nature wherewith to wh
the solitary evening. She gathere
habit in one hand, and sallied fort
ing her way gingerly across the
street. She went into the back par
shop, and stood turning over a who
of works of fiction which lay piled
on the counter.

Miss Ingleby had a tall, well-mad
which looked its best in a ridin
She was not a handsome girl, and
beauty was of the order that is
sally admired. She had bright bro
a small *retrousse* nose, a mouth t
full of decision and character, and
head well set upon her shoulders. S
her dark brown hair cut short all r
head, like a boy's, and in a profu
thick crisp curls, upon which her
hat now sat a little bit to one side,
decidedly rakish air. Miss Ingl
many accomplishments, but they
of one character. She could ride,
swim; she was a good actress and
mimic; moreover, she could smok
ettes with enjoyment, and shoot
with precision. In addition to all
was the actual possessor of £60,
fortably invested in government
With all these advantages, it is per
wonderful that this young lady h
high opinion of herself. Kate had
said that if you wish others to thin
you, you should begin by thinking
yourself. She was determined
well in the opinion of other peopl
liked and admired was a monoma
her; so she set a good example to
by admiring and liking herself
As she stood in the far backgrou
Adams, the book-seller's shop, there
two gentlemen, who came running
moment's shelter, and who stood
doorway with their backs turned
her, leaning upon their dripping um
Mr. Adams bowed obsequiously,
dressed one of them as "my lord,"
him to take a seat. "My lord,"
a slim young man of about twent
declined to be seated and went on
to his friend. Kate glanced once a
figures in the doorway, and she noti
my lord's friend was tall and fair,
shouldered and decidedly good-
She did not think, however, that
ever seen either of them before, so
no particular attention to them, but
turning over the novel and dippi
third volumes to see if she liked t
them. The two young men talked
not occur to Kate to listen, yet sudd
heard one of them—the tall handso
remark:
"That's a goodish-looking chestnu
ing up and down—I wonder who it
to?"
"Oh, I can tell you," answered th
"It belongs to that horrid girl, M
gleby."
Kate started and shut up the b
was fingering with a snap. An ex
of horror came into her eyes, coupl
a blank amazement that was almo
ical. She listened in very earnest t
might come next.
"What makes you call her h
asked the tall man, languidly.
snubbed you, Kyrle?"
"Not she; I don't know her. Tha
She has got fifty thousand, they say."
"I see nothing horrid in that. Sh
to suit you down to the ground, you
pauper!"
"She'd be dear at the price, or
price, in fact; why, she swims like
climbs trees like a monkey, talks sla
a schoolboy, swears like a trooper,
like a keeper, and smokes—bah!
chimney!"
"What a category of crimes!"
"After that do you care to be int
to this elegant heiress, Jack?"
"Not if I know it, thank you! If
a chance, I should decline the hono
woman of that description is revolt
would go a long way to avoid coming
her."
The shower was over. The two
nodded to the shopman and took t
parture. After a minute or two, Ka
into the front of the shop.
"Who were those two gentlemen
asked of the man.
"The slight dark one is Viscount
miss, Lord Greyrock's eldest son."
"And the fair one?"
"Mr. Dormer, a great traveler, Mi
has just returned from the east."
Kate colored hotly.
She mounted her horse and rode
and it was characteristic of her t
utterly forgot to call for the friend
promised to ride with. Instead of
anywhere near this lady's house, she
her horse southward and rode imp
up to a certain doorway in south B
with which she was familiar.
"Is Lady Ellerton in?"
Her ladyship was in her room
for her drive, she was told.
She bounded upstairs, two steps a

ologers, dictates a chan
capital, an order goes
y be abandoned, and
objects to move into the
s are not so well put
cannot be easily taken to
d a few miles, and re-erected
onment of crops in the
bly of the business
ders have created in a certain
ich may not fall in the
olves serious loss to people
pital, and of course results
of the country very greatly
bility of the material
e built, and the almost
s of the people, combine to
ions and the burning down
s an episode in the life of
man recurring too frequently
ment.

ECH OF MINISTER LOWEL

Impressions of England and

lowing is part of the address
n London recently by Mini
fore the Society of Arts:
will hardly expect me—indeed
on it would certainly not be
express any opinion on questions
ride political parties at home
own opinions, naturally, be
on me if I keep them to
ion, I am sure, I am safe in
I came here to-night drawn
est excited in my mind by the
my friend, Mr. Pidgeon—a be
n the United States, so kindly
ating that I really could not
art to refuse when I was asked
e to-night, it sometimes seemed
what Sir Henry Wootton said
n of my profession might be
modern travelers—that they
ent to lie abroad for the
ountry. [Laughter.] I do not
my reproachful, but simply
s sense. One would think,
w much modern society and
of leisure are bored, that
rt abroad and found something
t they had been used to at
ld thank God. Far from
nvariably complain. [Laughter
ly should not judge nations
es see nations judged.
remember, many years ago
e I had the pleasure of comi
I was very much struck, when
s an honest American nation
o lunch at Dr. Johnson's ta
e, and I remember my astonish
ling there were no
e, I have been used to
nd was much surprised, I
vidence of want of civilization
r] in the home of my ancestors,
also—for I have been
reader of travels—reading
ravelers in England so lately
g of this century being
the absence of napkins
the absence of silver
ould not imagine how
ntrived to eat peas, for
e two-tine abominations which
ying beside their plates.
k this good-naturedly, and
ed it as a phenomenon.
the way in which such things
n—["Hear! hear!"]—it is
ten perature, the weather, and
good-natured way. I was
Mr. Pidgeon's book, because
old me something new of my
, but even of my own native
ething which interested me
There was one thing which
you will not consider me
that I think what I do notice
n workman of purely American
the amount of brains that
his fingers. That has always
compared with the workmen of
ountry. I remember one
g anecdote in Mr. Pidgeon's
at of Colonel Bowe's holding
of thread, and saying that
more weight than any other thread
he size in the world—and
was made by more intelligent
Cheers.]
reminds me of another point
in which Mr. Pidgeon tells
an abor has degenerated.
s I can correct that by saying
ed in other directions.
the labor of Lowell received
rement in 1832. The factory
gan before that, but it then
reinforcement of labor
nt railways then began to be
a, and much foreign immigration.
As a consequence, domestic service
and hitherto been performed by
American descent.
ormed by persons of alien
in that time forward the
ers of our farmers would
o service. I remember myself
when service was to some
ry. I have in my mind a family
hree generations had served
or two points which bare
he discussion, and though I
express an opinion on the
ffs or free trade, you will
comment briefly on them.
dition, to which Mr. Pidgeon
of the French Canadians, or
I can not help thinking
ation in the French habitans
risen from the agglomeration
e competition of labor rather
ything natural to the French
nself. I recollect perfectly
arly impressions are
that fifty years ago last summer
had passed my examination
college, I took my first
ney not under the wings
and I chose to go to Canada
more of a foreign country
, singularly foreign, for I
thing in Europe so startlingly
an American as Canada was
nance, you passed an unseen
of division, and went out of
Congregationalists and
into a country where
church had rights
lly has in Europe,
very covered with tin, like the
ixote imagined he saw on the
ere in his wanderings
priest in his broad hat, and
oller being charmed with
s. If I had spoken French
I should not have been so much
, but so far as I understood
very simple and kindly-disposed
I recollect being struck with
of the panes in the windows
our living in little
, they almost all of them
onshouses. I remember
ct whiteness of the little
en they were drawn,
r's saw. That is a
rs ago, but I could not help
d in favor of a population
ny heart by the simplicity
of its habits and ways."

Why the Hanging should Be

Kansas murderer who was to be
ed by the governor at the
on a disgusted would-be spectator
it the following note: "We
g if that's money enough
ee a feller hung, an' we're goin'
rope. We don't know whether
out, an' we don't keer a dried
et ain't none of our business
ung women in this here crowd
ied now, won't never hev
n man. It ain't right to
ng lives. I know of one young
gal on the strength of
shindig, and if the thing
ccess, blamed if I don't
e a divorce. That young
young gal is my wife."

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1885.

IN THE KING'S BANQUETING HOUSE.

I walk on my way with the others, I toil at my daily task;
I am sometimes weary and careworn and sometimes I wear a mask,
And cover with smiles and sunshine a heart that is full of tears;
And yet, and yet, there is joy divine, and it crowns my burdened years:

For sometimes there comes a whisper in the silence of my soul;
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and forget the sorrow and dole,
And come to the house of the banquet and feast with the King to-day."
And oh! when I hear the summons, is there aught except to obey?

And what if the way be dreary and I sometimes think it long?
There's always, sooner or later, a bit of a cheery song.
And what if the clouds above me are sometimes thick and gray?
There is never a cloud on the Mercy seat where I meet him day by day.

So I go on my way with the others, I am often weary and spent;
But ever in my heart I am thankful, happy and well content;
For oft in the early dawning and oft at the fall of day
He calls me to the banquet, and what can I do but obey?

—*Margaret Sangster.*

A QUAKERESS.

Kate Ingleby stood at the drawing-room window in Curzon street tapping the tip of her little Wellington boot impatiently with her riding-whip. A sharp summer shower was pattering down upon the street, and Kate was waiting until it was over to go out for her daily ride. Not that a shower of rain made, as a rule, much difference to Miss Ingleby; for she was accustomed to go out in all weathers. She waited to-day, simply because the friend she had promised to ride with declined to go out in a heavy thunder-storm, for which exercise of wise discretion Kate heartily despised her. She was getting very impatient. There seemed no end to the straight white rain shafts that came swiftly down from the heavy clouds. Miss Ingleby's chestnut mare, led by a groom, was walking up and down outside. Kate loved her dearly; but there is a limit to equine affection, and at last she got quite tired of watching her. On the opposite side of the street was a book-seller and librarian, to whom she was accustomed to subscribe for the few three-volume novels which at odd times she skimmed through. It struck her all at once that her uncle was dining at his club that night, and she herself had no engagement, and that she had no book of an exciting nature wherewith to while away the solitary evening. She gathered up her habit in one hand, and sallied forth, picking her way gingerly across the muddy street. She went into the back part of the shop, and stood turning over a whole heap of works of fiction which lay piled together on the counter.

Miss Ingleby had a tall, well-made figure, which looked its best in a riding-habit. She was not a handsome girl, and yet her beauty was of the order that is universally admired. She had bright brown eyes, a small *retroussé* nose, a mouth that was full of decision and character, and a small head well set upon her shoulders. She wore her dark brown hair cut short all round her head, like a boy's, and in a profusion of thick crisp curls, upon which her riding-hat now sat a little bit to one side, with a decidedly rakish air. Miss Ingleby had many accomplishments, but they were all of one character. She could ride, fish, and swim; she was a good actress and a clever mimic; moreover, she could smoke cigarettes with enjoyment, and shoot rabbits with precision. In addition to all this she was the actual possessor of £50,000 comfortably invested in government securities. With all these advantages, it is perhaps not wonderful that this young lady had a very high opinion of herself. Kate had heard it said that if you wish others to think well of you, you should begin by thinking well of yourself. She was determined to stand well in the opinion of other people; to be liked and admired was a monomania with her; so she set a good example to mankind by admiring and liking herself immensely.

As she stood in the far background of Mr. Adams, the book-seller's shop, there entered two gentlemen, who came running in for a moment's shelter, and who stood in the doorway with their backs turned toward her, leaning upon their dripping umbrellas. Mr. Adams bowed obsequiously and addressed one of them as "my lord," begging him to take a seat. "My lord," however, a slim young man of about twenty-eight, declined to be seated and went on talking to his friend. Kate glanced once at the two figures in the doorway, and she noticed that my lord's friend was tall and fair, broad-shouldered and decidedly good-looking. She did not think, however, that she had ever seen either of them before, so she paid no particular attention to them, but went on turning over the novel and dipping into third volumes to see if she liked the look of them. The two young men talked. It did not occur to Kate to listen, yet suddenly she heard one of them—the tall handsome man—remark:

"That's a goodish-looking chestnut walking up and down—I wonder who it belongs to?"

"Oh, I can tell you," answered the other. "It belongs to that horrid girl, Miss Ingleby."

Kate started and shut up the book she was fingering with a snap. An expression of horror came into her eyes, coupled with a blank amazement that was almost comical. She listened in very earnest to what might come next.

"What makes you call her horrid?" asked the tall man, laughingly. "Has she snubbed you, Kyrle?"

"Not she; I don't know her, thank God. She has got fifty thousand, they say."

"I see nothing horrid in that. She ought to suit you down to the ground, you genteel pauper?"

"She'd be dear at the price, or at any price, in fact; why, she swims like a fish, climbs trees like a monkey, talks slang like a schoolboy, swears like a trooper, shoots like a keeper, and smokes—bah! like a chimney!"

"What a category of crimes!"

"After that do you care to be introduced to this elegant heiress, Jack?"

"Not if I know it, thank you! If I had a chance, I should decline the honor. A woman of that description is revolting. I would go a long way to avoid coming across her."

The shower was over. The two friends nodded to the shopman and took their departure. After a minute or two, Kate came into the front of the shop.

"Who were those two gentlemen?" she asked of the man.

"The slight dark one is Viscount Kyrle, miss, Lord Greyrock's eldest son."

"And the fair one?"

"Mr. Dormer, a great traveler, Miss; he has just returned from the east."

Kate colored hotly.

She mounted her horse and rode away; and it was characteristic of her that she utterly forgot to call for the friend she had promised to ride with. Instead of going anywhere near this lady's house, she turned her horse southward and rode impetuously up to a certain doorway in south Belgravia with which she was familiar.

"Is Lady Ellerton in?"

Her ladyship was in her room dressing for her drive, she was told.

She bounded upstairs, two steps at a time, and burst like a whirlwind into the front bedroom.

"Good gracious, Kate! how you startled me!"

Lady Ellerton, a pretty little woman of some two-and-thirty years, whose delicate pink-and-white fairness, good temper and prosperous circumstances generally had somehow preserved her from looking her full age, sat before the toilet table arranging the pale-blue bows of her bonnet strings.

"Adela, I have seen him!" cried Kate, sinking down on her knees by the side of her friend.

Lady Ellerton looked nervously round to see if her maid was still in the room, but finding that the damsel had discreetly retired she inquired:

"Seen who? not Jack?"

"Yes, Jack, as you call him—your brother, Mr. Dormer."

Lady Ellerton continued to pat down the flaxen curls of her fringe with loving fingers, regarding her pretty face attentively in a hand-glass the while.

"Well?" she inquired unconcernedly, turning her head from side to side.

"I hate him!" said Kate, with tragic solemnity.

Lady Ellerton jumped, and the glass fell out of her hand upon the dressing-table.

"Good gracious!"

"And he hates me," continued Miss Ingleby in a deep voice of horror.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have met him somewhere and quarreled already? What crushing bad luck! What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"What did you say to him, then?"

"Nothing," she repeated, gloomily.

"Then, what on earth are you mad, Kate? for goodness' sake, explain—"

"I was in a shop; they came in—your brother and a dreadful friend of his, Lord Kyrle."

Adela nodded; the "dreadful friend" was a particular crony of her own, but she let that pass.

"They began talking about me—Lord Kyrle said I was a 'horrid girl'—he described me as a sort of wild animal, a tomboy, who climbed trees, a vulgar creature who swore and talked slang!—oh, it was shameful!"

"Well, but, Kitty, people do say you are fast, you know," suggested her friend.

"What do they mean by 'fast'? What does anybody mean?" she cried passionately; "they don't know themselves. It is true I have high spirits, and I like bodily exercise, but I never did the dreadful things that brute said of me."

"Cigarettes," murmured her ladyship.

"And where's the harm! there's no sin in a cigarette! But I haven't told you half. After he had given this delightful and perfectly veracious sketch of my character to your brother, he mentioned the amount of my fortune (that was correct enough), and asked him if he would like to be introduced to me; and Mr. Dormer replied that he would go a long way to avoid coming across me! There—what do you think of that?"

"Pooh! Jack will like you when he knows you, Kitty, as I do."

Miss Ingleby got up from her knees, and began pacing up and down the room; suddenly she stopped behind her friend's chair and put both hands on her shoulders.

"Adela, you know you meant your brother to marry me—hush! don't exclaim, and don't deny it; I know exactly what you are going to say, so you needn't say it." Lady Ellerton had got very red. "I don't think you are to blame, my dear; if I had a great friend worth fifty thousand pounds, and a nice, impecunious brother, I should do my best, too, to bring about a coalition of forces—but, Adela—let me tell you it won't do!"

"Kate, how you do jump at conclusions!" murmured Adela confusedly, for Miss Ingleby had stated the case case exactly.

"My dear, it won't do; I am not going to run the chance of being snubbed by any man, not even by the brother of my greatest friend. I refuse to meet Mr. Dormer, and I am not coming to Fosborough next week."

Who would have believed that so simple a statement could have created such a storm.

Lady Ellerton sprang to her feet as though she had been shot; she turned hot and cold, red and white by turns; she stormed and she raved; she entreated and she coaxed; she declared that without Kate she would be undone—her party be a failure, her house a howling wilderness, wherein everybody would be bored to death; and, worse than all, her private theatricals would have to be put off altogether. Finally, she burst into a passion of angry tears, which threatened to end in a fit of hysterics.

Then, suddenly Kate relented.

"Very well, then, I'll come, and I'll act in the theatricals—but on one condition only. None of the people you have asked for the week know me. I shall not come in my own name, but as somebody else."

"What do you mean?"

"I shall come, not as Miss Ingleby, the heiress, the fast, slangy girl"—she jerked out the words spitefully—"but as Miss Rose the Quakeress, the daughter of your old governess."

"Miss Rose?—a Quakeress?" gasped Adela Ellerton.

"Yes, my name is Rose, Katherine Rose, so that will be true enough."

"But a Quakeress—how can you do it? Shall you say thee and thou?"

"No, that is out of date, they don't do it now; but I shall wear drab and grays and be demure—oh, very demure—your brother will think me charming."

"Don't be sarcastic; but surely it can't be done—somebody will recognize you."

She tossed her hat off and seized a hair-brush. Away vanished all the crisped, dark little curls that rippled all over her head, a straight parting, flattened locks falling back on either side, lowered eyelids, a little perked up mouth that looked simplicity itself; the whole expression of her face, almost her very features, seemed to be changed. Lady Ellerton burst out laughing.

"My dear child, everybody says rightly that you are the cleverest amateur actress in London. Why, I don't believe even James would recognize you."

"Sir James must be in the secret, of course, but no one else; it will only be for four days, and then I go on to the Wigrams. You agree? All right, then I come."

"And if I don't make that young man fall head over ears in love with me in four days," said Miss Ingleby to herself, as she ran away down stairs, clenching her little fist as she went, "then shall I vote myself for ever unworthy of the name of woman!"

A week later Jack Dormer stood in his sister's little blue and white boudoir at Fosborough court, in the county of Wessex. He had just arrived and the dressing-bell had rung, but still Jack lingered chatting to his favorite sister—leaning with his back against the mantlepiece, to the no small danger of the china menagerie of wild beasts which were arranged thereupon.

"And whom have you got staying in the house, Ady?"

"Oh, not a very amusing party, I fear; old Lord and Lady Sale, Mr. and Mrs. Halket, Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter—rather a loud girl, you remember."

"Yes," shudderingly, "her voice is a never-to-be-forgotten item of her presence."

"A cousin of James', George Andrews, a clerk in the board of trade—and, let me see, who else—oh, only Miss Rose."

"Who is Miss Rose, pray?"

"An insignificant little person, a daughter of an old governess of mine."

"Rose—Rose. I don't remember the name."

"No: it was before your time; you were a baby then," replied Lady Ellerton, tranquilly; for when a woman has made up her mind to tell lies, she is generally a thorough mistress of the art. "She is a Quakeress," she added, calmly.

"A Quakeress; how amusing! I don't think I ever met one in society before; does she say thee and thou."

"Oh, no, that is not out of date now," replied Adela, quoting her friend's information on the subject; "but you are not likely to speak to her, Jack; she won't interest you, poor little thing. And now really, my dear boy, we must go and dress for dinner; look at the time."

"By the way, Ady," said the young man, as he followed Lady Ellerton upstairs, "I hear an outrageous character of that friend of yours, Miss Ingleby; she is not here, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Well, I'm glad of it, for I am sure I should not have liked it."

"You will see her next week at the Wigram's ball."

"Well, I shan't dance with her, that is certain."

"Won't you, my friend!" muttered between her lips a young lady, who in gathering twilight stood above them upon an upper flight of stairs. "We will see about that!"

Jack Dormer took Mrs. Halket in to dinner—she was rather pretty, but excessively dull; the lady on the other side of him was Miss Ritchie, with a loud voice; she on the contrary was lively—over lively; indeed, to please him—and she was, moreover, singularly plain. Jack, who was a perfect epicure on the subject of women, felt intensely bored between the two. In the intervals of eating his dinner and keeping up a desultory and forced conversation, his eyes wandered perpetually across the table to where, exactly opposite him, sat a young lady in a high gray silk dress. The dress was the first thing that struck him about her. There was all around him a great exhibition of bare necks and shoulders, and of fat arms displayed in all their unlovely length. Jack, who was fresh from a long residence in the east, where the charming mystery of veiled womanhood had exercised a strange fascination over his somewhat over-refined and sensitive mind, regarded these customs of modern English life with something akin to disgust.

"It is a remnant of barbarism!" said Jack to himself, and then his eyes rested once more with satisfaction upon the young lady opposite to him.

Her dove-gray dress was softened at the throat by folds of white tulle; her sleeves were long, only displaying the rounded whiteness of her wrists and arms up to the elbow. Then from looking at her dress he began to look at her face. Her long eyelashes were for the most part downcast. If she looked up, the glances from her beautiful brown eyes seemed to him to be modest and intelligent. He noticed that when she talked to her neighbor her voice was low and gentle; how different she seemed from all the other women! How simple, how womanly, how good, was the expression in her quiet face! Who was she, he wondered, and then suddenly he recollected; of course this was "Miss Rose the Quakeress."

After dinner, when the gentlemen joined the ladies, he went straight up to her and sat down beside her.

"My sister told me who you were, Miss Rose, so you must forgive me for introducing myself. May I sit here and talk to you?"

"Oh yes!" Her eyes fell and a bright color rose in her cheeks.

"I have been a long time out of England traveling in the eastern countries, and you can think how odd English society seems to me now I have come back to it."

"Yes!" still with downcast eyes playing with the dove-colored folds of her dress.

"The women, for instance, they look so strange; so—almost, bold and unfeminine. I suppose it is because my eye is unaccustomed. Now, you, for instance, you remind me more, do you know, of the women of the east, than anybody I have seen since I have been home."

"Oh! Are they not very ignorant, poor things?" Up went the brown eyes flashing into his a look of innocent surprise.

Jack laughed. "Ah—you had me there. I do not mean that it is in their ignorance and want of education that you remind me of them."

"Oh, I am very glad of that!" with a little effusion that was complimentary. "I should not like you to think me ignorant."

"I am sure you are not," answered Jack very fervently, although why he was so sure of it he would have been puzzled to say. He was, however, very certain that Miss Rose had the loveliest eyes and the sweetest manner of any woman he had ever met, including all the eastern houris upon whom his memory dwelt with so much fondness.

He devoted himself to her the whole evening, and during the next day it was remarked that the gray frock—which, by daylight, was of cashmere instead of silk—was never without the attendant figure of handsome Jack Dormer in close proximity. Lady Ellerton and her easy-going husband, who had promised to do his part—which, as his wife said, was only to hold his tongue—looked on with amusement and with satisfaction. As to the Quakeress, herself, it is difficult to explain exactly what was in her mind about the gigantic fraud she was perpetrating upon her innocent victim. She was very reticent upon the subject even, when chance threw her alone in the society of her friend, and received the laughing congratulations upon her acting with an extraordinary quietness and a silence which was truly remarkable. It is, however, to be surmised, that she threw herself into the part con amore, and that the character she was portraying was in no way unpleasant to her; for she evinced much willingness to be led into retired shrubbery walks, and showed no indisposition to unduly linger in distant green-houses and summer-houses; so that Mrs. Ritchie made spiteful remarks about the aptitude of Quakeresses for flirtation, in spite of their charity-school-like personal appearance, and Lady Sale murmured some not original allusions to those quiescent waters whose springs are supposed to run in the depths of profundity.

Of course Jack never thought of taking his Quakeress into the stables—the only place for which Miss Rose experienced unhealthy longings, which she had some difficulty in suppressing. He was fond of horses and would like to have gone to them himself and smoked his pipe there in peace and comfort. But it would have been a profanity to have subjected this sweet, old-fashioned blossom of a girl to the odors of stables and tobacco and to the lowering atmosphere of a stable yard. It did cross Jack's mind once to think that it might be a nuisance to marry so delicate and pure a creature, from whom the coarse influences of daily life must be forever carefully guarded. But after all one can't have everything, and anything was better than the fashionable girl of the present day—such a one, for instance, as his friend Kyrle had described to him.

As the day wore away Jack Dormer was obliged to confess to himself that he was over head and ears in love with Miss Rose.

On the last evening of her visit there were to be private theatricals at Fosborough court. A small farce was to be acted before a select but not a large audience, and the name of it was "The Girl of the Period."

"Are you going to act, Miss Rose?" asked Jack of his divinity.

"Oh, no; I could not," she answered.

"No—acting is not in your line, I'll be bound; you are the last person on earth to care about making a public show of yourself."

At this moment Lady Ellerton burst wildly into the room, with an open telegram in her hand.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "I am in perfect despair. Here is a telegram from Miss Grey to say that she cannot come, her grandmother is dead. Oh, what shall I do!"

Now "Miss Grey" was supposed to be the "leading lady" upon whom all the success of the night's entertainment depended, and without whom "The Girl of the Period" must needs fall to the ground. There was, however, no Miss Grey in existence. "Oh, what shall I do!" cried lady Ellerton, wringing her hands and almost in tears (after all, she was almost as fine an actress as Kate Ingleby). "All the people are asked, and the supper and the stage scenery have arrived, and how can I put it all off! Oh, Jack, what am I to do?"

"My dear girl, I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure. I don't know what can be done; can nobody else take her part?"

"No. Who is there? Miss Ritchie does the sprightly old maid, and Mrs. Halket the timid mother, and Col. Spriggs the heavy father, and George Andrew the lover. He is the only one that can act a bit except Miss Grey; the whole thing depended upon her, and who is there who can take her part?"

Then Miss Rose said very hesitatingly: "Oh, Lady Ellerton, I'm afraid I should do it very badly, but if you are in such a difficulty I would do my very best, if you have really no one else; I would try—I learn very quickly by heart, and you might show me."

"My dear, you are an angel, a darling!" cried Adela rapturously, clasping Miss Rose in her arms. "How too dear and good of you! I can't tell you how grateful I am!"

"You are the first person in the world to do a kind and good-natured action," whispered Jack in her ear, almost flatly contradicting the very last remark he had made to her. But he was in that idiotic condition of mind with regard to her, when whatever a woman does or says, or leaves unsaid or undone, seems to be equally perfection in a man's eyes. Nevertheless, when Miss Rose had been carried away by his sister to be drilled and coached, he could not help owning to himself that, amiable and good-natured as was Miss Rose, he feared that her acting would be a failure.

"At such a short notice, and such a part, so wholly foreign to her nature! Poor little girl, how can she do it?

It was with very nervous feelings that Jack watched the curtain go up before a crowded audience that evening.

He saw upon the stage Miss Rose, and yet Miss Rose mysteriously transformed; a wealth of dark curls over her brow, a red satin dress made in the latest fashion, and the glitter of diamonds on her white, smooth throat; and then the saucy glance of her laughing eyes, that seemed as if more than once they singled him out of the audience before her, the easy gestures, the perfect enunciation, the natural talent with which she went through a part, in which she had acted many times before, filled him first with amazement, and lastly with admiration; she was more beautiful than he had ever conceived her to be, and her acting was so marvelous that it almost took away his breath. There came one scene, wherein the "Girl of the Period" had to smoke a cigarette. Miss Rose went through the performance with a graceful ease, which, although it made his heart stand still, was yet very far from jarring against his taste. The cigarette, as smoked by the Quakeress became almost a poetical and feminine action. "Nothing," he said to himself, "can vulgarize her; she is the inate embodiment of a lady in mind."

Nevertheless, he was glad when the play was over. The curtain went down amid thunders of applause, and Miss Rose, in her gray silk Quakeress garb, came back presently and sat down among the audience, while some impromptu charades were being acted by the others.

Jack made room for her beside him.

"How did I do it?" she whispered to him.

"It was perfect. I am speechless with amazement at your acting. I had no idea you were so clever." This praise was grateful to her; for she was conscious of having acted her best.

"If you had studied the part for weeks you could not have done it better." She had studied it for weeks. She toyed with the buttons of her glove, and held her tongue. "It was dreadful to me to see you act that part like that," he went on in a whisper.

"Did it pain you?" She lifted her dark eyes and fixed them upon him with an earnest, yearning look in them; how different was now their expression from that which he had seen in them half an hour ago.

"Yes," he murmured back, "because I love you, and you know it." The charades were going on upon the stage, and the audience was in semi-darkness. She lowered her eyes and a faint smile hovered upon her lips; was it of joy or was it of triumph? A little of each, perhaps. "I love you as you are, and yet everything you say and do is right in my eyes, because it is you," he went on, passionately.

A twinkle in her downcast eye.

"Even the cigarettes?" she murmured.

"I forgave you even that; no other woman could have acted that, and yet produced no sensation of disgust upon me; and yet, dearest, tell me that you love me, and that, for my sake, you will never smoke a cigarette again in your life?"

"I will never smoke a cigarette again in my life," she answered; and she kept her word. But she would give him no answer to that other question, although he urged her to do so.

"Will you tell me to-morrow night at the Wigram's ball, then?"

"Do Quakers go to balls?"

"How can I tell—you will go, will you not? You are going to stay with people close by, I hear; they will surely take you."

"In my gray frock?" she asked with a smile.

"What does your frock matter? You are always lovely in my eyes. If you love me you will be there to meet me."

"Very well." She returned in her quiet Quakerlike manner. And he could get nothing more out of her.

The next morning Miss Rose had taken her departure before the rest of the guests had assembled at the breakfast table.

The ball was crowded, the party from Fosborough court arrived very late. As Jack Dormer edged his way through the block of people at the doorway, his eye ran eagerly over the bright parterre of well-dressed women; he saw there many beautiful faces, many brilliant dresses, much glitter of diamonds upon white necks and arms, but nowhere the little gray dress and the quiet demure face of the girl he looked for; a pang went through his heart; she was not there, then! Then suddenly, through an opening in the crowd, he saw—what?

A lovely woman clad in white, but white that was not so much the garb of virgin simplicity as the imperial whiteness of a queen—a white that shone with the luster of rich satin softened by the fall of costly laces; diamonds sparkled at her throat and ears, and glittered in shining circlets about her round white arms.

Could this indeed be Miss Rose, the Quakeress?

She was not dancing; when she saw him she smiled, and held out her hand to him.

"How late you are—will you dance with me?"

"Will I not?" he answered, passing his arm around her waist.

"What have you done to yourself to-night?" he whispered in her ear.

"I have tried to make myself lovely in your eyes."

"Because you love me?"

"Because I love you," she answered, simply.

And that waltz straightway became a heaven itself to the infatuated young man.

"Hallo, old chap, you are making the running famously with the heiress!" This was from Viscount Kyrle, who stood behind him, and slapped him playfully on the back.

"Heiress? what heiress? How do, Kyrle? I didn't expect to see you to-night. Whom are you sneaking about?"

"About Miss Ingleby, to be sure, the fast young woman I warned you against!" said his friend, laughing.

"I really don't know what you mean, Kyrle!"

"Oh, ho! a good joke, my boy, when you have just been dancing with her, and she wouldn't dance with anybody until you came."

He looked across the room; Miss Rose stood talking to her sister; her face was glowing with animation and excitement; the Quakeress in her little gray frock seemed to have vanished. Suddenly the scales fell from Jack Dormer's eyes, and he perceived the truth; his sister's greatest friend, whom she had written so often about, telling him he must really marry her; the handsome, dashing Miss Ingleby, whom other people call "fast," but whom Adela swore by, declaring that her good heart and her true sterling character amply made up for a little over-exuberance of spirit in her manner, the Miss Ingleby who rode, and fished, and swam, and acted, yes, and smoked cigarettes—Miss Ingleby, the heiress, and little Miss Rose the Quakeress, were one and the same person!

Jack walked straight across the room, and stood before her.

"Miss Kate Ingleby," he said, looking her full in the face, "you have taken me in shamefully."

She colored deeply, all over her cheeks and throat, and up to the very roots of her hair. Then she raised her dark eyes to his, looking at him penitently with a little pucker on his brow, like a naughty child waiting to be scolded.

"What was I to do?" she said, deprecatingly. "I had the misfortune to fall in love with you at first sight, in a bookseller's shop, one wet morning, and at the same time I had the mortification of hearing you say you did not wish to know me. I could think of no other way of persuading you to think better of me than the character your friend gave me. Won't you forgive me?" she added softly.

He tried to frown, but a smile was in his eyes.

"On one conditions—will you be married in your Quaker's dress?"

"Yes, if I am to be married to you, Jack," she answered, speaking his name for the first time with that sweet timidity which a man loves to hear upon the lips of the woman he loves.

As to Lord Kyrle, he was made to feel that he had put his foot very much into it on a certain wet morning, in Adams', the bookseller's shop. Nevertheless, Kate always declared herself to be under a debt of gratitude to him; for had it not been for his remarks concerning her, she would never, she declared, have been so bent upon proving to Jack that it was possible for him to fall in love with "that horrid girl."—[Belgravia.

A VERY OLD VILLAGE.

A Town in Afghanistan Founded by One of Noah's Sons.

Our special correspondent with the Afghan commission thus describes an extraordinary-looking village, which he passed at the distance of one hundred miles from Teheran:

"We had not proceeded far on our way when vestiges of the former condition of things met our eyes. It was at a place only one hundred miles from Teheran that we first realized the dreadful state of danger in which the people had lived. We found a most remarkable village, at which we encamped. Supposing no information could have been procured, and an archæologist had come upon it by accident, he would have had a profound puzzle to unravel and explain. The name of the village is Lasgird. The people ascribe an immense antiquity to it, and say that Las, or Lass, a son of Noah, drew on the ground the 'gird,' or circle, which is the plan of the structures. The hero of this legend is not very familiar to biblical scholars in the west, but he is not unknown in Afghanistan. The Colosseum at Rome, although an oval, would convey some idea of the general appearance of Lasgird, only it must be conceived as built of mud, which is almost the only building material in this country. It should also be recollected that the one belongs to a period of good architecture, of which it is a celebrated monument, while the other may be said to be entirely destitute of any pretensions of this kind.

"The rude mud walls are thick and solid all round at the base, and rise some thirty or forty feet, where there is a line of doors, with here and there a small window between. By means of projecting beams, or branches of trees, over which smaller branches are laid, a kind of gallery is produced, bearing a strong resemblance to those simple forms of birds' nests which are formed of sticks placed on the upper branches of trees. The wonder is how the eggs do not roll over, or that the chicks do not tumble down to destruction. So it is with the galleries of Lasgird—there is no protection on the edge. Yet we saw women and children, sheep and goats upon them—a more frail and dangerous-looking arrangement it would be hard to conceive. There are two tiers of houses all around, and in some places there appeared to be three. All had these galleries in front, either to communicate with the next house; or, as some did not communicate, they were only of use to come out upon to sit or work, or for the children to play upon; to us these places seemed the brink of destruction, while to the women and children it all appeared as safe and comfortable as if they had been monkeys. Of course, there was no way of getting up to these galleries from the outside; that would have suited the Turkomans. The means of going up was all on the inside. In some cases there are rough steps of mud, and in others there are inclined planes, half ladder and half road, made in the same way as the galleries. These lead up to the galleries communicating with the houses, which are the exact repetition of those on the outside, the only difference being that they were not so high up, and there were walls at places which did duty as a parapet, hence the certainty of falling over did not seem so great from the inside as on the outside. While looking at this strange structure from one of these upper galleries, an old woman of at least seventy years of age, passed me with a child stuck in some primitive way upon her back; a few yards from me was one of these means of ascent formed of sticks with the remains of mud hanging to it. It would have done for fowls to go up to their roosts upon. She clambered up on this to the gallery above, but that was not her destination; her house was one up still higher, in a corner, and to reach it she had to crawl up on the edge of a crumbling mud wall not above eighteen inches wide; on her left hand was a perpendicular descent, enough to make any one dizzy; and death at the bottom of it, if a fall should occur; although on the other side there was only a few feet, if the old creature had slipped, the chances are that she would have rolled down and fallen over the gallery with the baby on her back. The old lady went up very steadily, and reached her crow's nest in perfect safety. I could not help thinking that a few generations of this kind of thing would undo all our development, and that we would go back again to our original Simian condition.

"The dwellings of the people were all in the upper part of the great circle, and the center was filled up with strange moss structures, which are now falling to decay, as there is no longer any danger from the Turkomans. These places were for containing the grain of the village, and for receiving the live stock of the villagers when a raid occurred. One of a number of wells was pointed out to us within a circle, and we were told that they had three or four which were always kept in good order in the days of danger. There is only one entrance to this circle, and that is by a small entrance scarcely four feet in height, to which there is a stone door working with a pivot and socket similar to the ancient stone doors found in Jucan and other parts of the Soudan. This stone door of Lasgird is a very rude one, being eight inches thick in some parts, and it tells its tale of the existence of great danger and the necessity for protection. Sir Peter Lumsden had a long conversation with the Khet Khodah and some of the principal villagers, and it seemed that they not only ascribed the origin of Lasgird to the son of Noah, 'Nu,' as they called him, but they likened their strange dwelling-place to the ark. Extreme theologians, who identify the church with the ark, say all who were in the ark were saved; all without were destroyed. This was exactly the case with Lasgird. When a Chapao took place all who got in were secure; all who were left outside became victims. A chronic state of war existed, and this fortified village was the result. The government either could not, or would not, defend the people, and they had to take means for their own safety."—[London News.

A DUCK-HUNT IN DAKOTA.

Rare Sport Among the Aquatic Fowls in the Black Hills.

"Hullo! mister man!" said Al, poking his head into my place of business one evening a few weeks ago, writes a Deadwood, Dakota, correspondent to the *Boston Transcript*, "we are off for Elk creek early in the morning on a famous old duck-hunt. Be all ready to start three hours before daylight, for we have almost thirty miles to go, and must be there in season, or a crowd from up the gulch will get in ahead of us. Half a dozen of the boys from above are going down to-morrow, and we are going to bag their game for them just before they get there. So be on hand."

"I can't go," I said mournfully, as visions of ducks, geese and prairie chickens passed before my eyes. "Partner is laid up with the rheumatism, and we've got more orders to fill to-morrow than——"

"Can't—grandmother!" was Al's concise rejoinder. "You be on hand by 2 o'clock to-morrow morning, or I'll give you some orders you won't find it so easy to fill;" and he banged off before I could offer any further remonstrance.

"Say," he added, putting his head inside the door again, "there are snakes, rattlers, down there. Have some antidote with you," and he disappeared again.

"Well, why don't you go?" said my partner when I laid the case before him. "I guess I can hobble down and run things, though I can't do any work. You can probably get Jim to fill the orders for you."

Jim said he would, for a consideration, fill the orders for me and do the rest of my work as best he could for a couple of days. My partner was duly notified, shells were loaded, old clothes hauled out ready for the expedition, a yellowish-colored liquid procured as antidote for snake-poison, and finally a little rest and slumber obtained. But it did seem as though my good, sound sleep were only just beginning when I awoke again under the overwhelming impression that a rattlesnake was just sounding his warning preparatory to his fatal spring, and found that Al was battering away at my door, informing me that 2 o'clock had come. With a groan I slipped from the warm out into the cold world, and began to grope about for my wits and pantaloons. A fresh assault crowded my wits into me far more rapidly than I was able to crowd myself into my nether garments. But wits, garments, and Al's impatience were all adjusted finally, and, having lashed on my traps, I took my place on the buckboard with a shiver and a sigh, half of anticipation over the ducks that were to fall, and half over the warm nest I had left behind.

A ride through the long, gloomy canyon leading from Deadwood to the outskirts of the Black Hills is at any time about as enlivening a process as reading Dante's "Purgatory;" and now, at the dead of night, neither Al nor myself felt communicative.

Our watches showed 3:30 when the hills began to fade away and show open country.

"Twenty miles in two hours," said Al. "Can we do it?"

Not feeling quite sure whether the question was addressed to me or to the ponies I remained quiet, and the ponies answered the question by taking us over the twenty miles within the allotted time, and landing us at the wished-for spot before the first peep of light, and before the first duck had risen. At the ranch of a friend we found for them a warm stable and plenty of oats, and, leaving them in the enjoyment of their well-earned breakfast, we made our way to the desired place, and located ourselves in the tall grass of a narrow marsh between two small lakes where Al said the ducks were sure to fly.

"Just as quick as it begins to grow light they will begin to get up and fly out to the wheat stubble," he remarked in a wise voice; then added with a shiver, "It's cold. Give us some of the wherewithal from your flask to warm a fellow up. Pretty good!" said he, sampling the "wherewithal," and then absent-mindedly stowing it away in his own pocket. I was about to demand it again, when he pulled me down with—"Sh! There they come! Two bunches of them. You take those on the right." Two flocks of ducks nearly abreast, each numbering about a dozen, were rapidly approaching. Guns were cocked, fingers on the triggers. "Blaze away!" said Al, drowning his last syllable with the report of his first barrel. Now, it looks easy enough to shoot a bird on the wing, and I had shot quails and prairie chickens until I thought I was at least a fair shot. So now I emptied both barrels right into the middle of my flock, fully expecting to see half of them fall, for they were well bunched together. But with no apparent regard for my feelings they kept right on as though they enjoyed being shot at, and without turning round I could hear Al mutter: "Smarty! a boy ten years old could beat that. Say," he added, as we were inserting fresh shells, "don't you know those black ducks fly like the wind? You shot behind them both times. Now, next time you—there they come again. Now show what you are made of."

With a nervous coolness, if such things be possible, I aimed and fired at two birds flying close together, and then, in my eagerness to see them fall, forgot all about my second barrel, and, apparently, might as well have forgotten all about the first, for the ducks flew on and on and out of sight. Meanwhile Al rapidly gathered up his booty, and as he slung the birds down near my crouching place, I stole a glance at them. Seven already, with only four shots!

Another flock! And another behind them! I made a desperate spurt and—scared the ducks badly. Three more for Al. One single duck came along at this moment, directly over our heads. "Don't fire," said Al, as I raised my gun, "he's too high up." But, determined on our last chance, sent the contents of both shells up, and—could I believe my eyes? Down came my bird, a magnificent mallard, and struck the ground with a thud that was to my ears sweeter music than the jewel song in "Faust."

A hot breakfast at the ranch put new life into our chilled bodies, and then, with concise directions from our host to "keep along Antelope creek, there were hundreds of mallards there," we started out. A covey of chickens we accidentally started up gave us sport for a few minutes, and here I beat Al by one bird. "Well, any fool can shoot chickens," said he condescendingly.

For three mortal hours we beat along Antelope creek, with no better success in capturing ducks than if we had stayed at home and played "seven up." Not a duck was to be seen. Meanwhile the chickens slung over our shoulders had grown heavy, until it seemed as though we were weighed down by small-sized mill-stones. Then we sat down to rest and held a council of war. Finally we decided to separate, and as Al started off over the "divide," I resumed my weary jaunt along the creek. For another long mile I persevered, and then sat down to rest again, too tired to care whether there were any ducks in the world or not. But how quickly my weariness vanished as I felt something beside my hand move, and heard a terrible, whirring, rattling sound! I fairly yelled with terror as I realized that I had seated myself on a rattlesnake which had gone to sleep in the bunch of grass I had chosen for my seat. It seemed as though I could feel its fangs as I leaped to my feet and rushed away, and I turned my head to see if it was really striking at me, but no snake was visible. The rattling continued, and a spear or two of grass quivered as—an innocent locust freed itself from its entanglement and flew clattering away.

But somehow I didn't want to stop and rest right there any longer. The spot was not pleasant to me, and I turned toward the west, shaping my course as nearly as I could guess for a well-known point on Elk creek, and as I plodded along the chickens grew heavier and heavier, my gun weighed more and more, my boots—I wished them where the sun never shines, yet where it is always warm. By the time the creek was reached I vowed to myself that all the ducks this side of sundown might get up right in front of me, and I would see them all fly away before I would exert myself any to stop them. Right here is a fine place to stop and moralize, but space forbids; so I will merely state facts, and leave the moralizing to those who are fonder of it than I. My weariness vanished, my gun was a nine-pound gun once more, my boots were ordinary boots, and the chickens over my shoulder vanished from my mind as I saw a bunch of ducks come sweeping round a little rise of ground about half a mile off. In an instant I was down in the grass and out of sight as much as possible, while the ducks came straight toward me, whirred, dropped, and settled in the creek around a clump of box elder, about 300 yards distant. Five minutes' careful work put me in the middle of the brush, and right before me, not more than twenty yards off, sat my prey, a flock of about thirty teal. I have heard old sportsmen scoff at the idea of shooting at game while it was quiet, and protest that nothing could induce them to fire at a bird unless it were on the wing; that it was butchery, not sport, to do so. All very well, but I would like to see the man who could restrain himself when offered the chance before me. There they were swimming about rippling the water, apparently enjoying the warm sun and seeking the warmest spot for a noonday nap. A few minutes' waiting gave me the desired chance, and while they were for an instant almost in line with one another and with me, I fired straight among them. My second barrel was meant to stop a few more as they rose from the water, but nothing more than a click followed the pulling of the trigger, and for the first time that day—and at the time when I most needed it, too—a poor shell spoiled my fire.

But it a sight which more than compensated me for the treachery of my second barrel met my eyes as I cleared myself from the thicket and stood at the edge of the creek. Scattered along the water lay one—two—three—but there were three wounded ones swimming away. A rapid exchange of shells, and a couple of shots stopped them also, and thus I completed my count. I don't think I have ever felt more real elation of spirit than I did when I stood there and counted seventeen ducks, all captured by my one shot. I sat down for a few moments and enjoyed the luxury of watching them as they slowly drifted down stream, and of thinking how I could row glory over Al. Then hunting up a long stick I went to work, and one by one drew them in as they floated past a convenient point where the creek was narrow enough for my operations.

As I toiled homeward, tired but happy under my burden, I planned all sorts of ways in which to play some kind of a joke on Al. He had not spared me, now I could pay him off with interest. As I approached the ranch and at the same time neared Morris creek, I kept a sharp lookout, hoping I should not see him, but reach the ranch first. I determined to keep away from the creek, and turned to make a detour, when a shot, followed by a cry—it seemed to me of alarm and pain—made me stop suddenly. The smoke from the shot drifted slowly out of a wild plum thicket, but no ducks rose, and I hastened to him. Why he fired the shot I never could learn, for he said he had not seen a duck since we separated.

When the ducks came back to the lakes that evening we were ready for them, and for half an hour fun was abundant. Profiting by the morning's experience, I used better judgment, and shot for my share six ducks, while Al captured about twenty.

LIFE IN A COLD COUNTRY.

Life in Manitoba is not as pleasant as it has been pictured. A woman writing from near Winnipeg says: "In such a thinly settled country it is naturally very difficult to get any sort of female help. I have to make even the bread and the butter, and prepare everything that is eaten. If I drive twelve miles with linen, and again the same distance to fetch it home, I can, by dint of great persuasion and pretty speeches, occasionally induce a half-breed woman to wash it. She charges me $1 a dozen, and sends it back clean, certainly, but neither ironed nor even folded. Of course, on the prairie we are our own landlords, and live rent free on our own homestead. Taxes don't amount to much, and food is no great expense, as game of all sorts abounds. Fish, too, is easy to get, as we are no far from Lake Manitoba, and in winter we can buy frozen fish from the Indians at a trifling cost. Prairie chicken, wild duck, partridge, snipe and plover are very plentiful and may be had for the shooting. When I say that I believe there is hardly a fence or farm between us and the north pole, it is plain that poaching is an unknown crime. Animals of most sorts are in the neighborhood. We can sit at night by the fire and hear a pack of prairie wolves go by in full cry across the snow. Timber wolves are scarcer; black bears are scarcer still, though more than one has been tracked and shot within a mile of our house. All the country between us and Winnipeg is flat and not at all picturesque, though by going as far west as Brandon you come to 'rolling' prairie. In early summer the ground is carpeted with the loveliest wild flowers. We are fortunate in having land which is nicely timbered. It not only gives us a pleasanter prospect than the dreadful monotony of a treeless flat, but it also supplies us with firing.

"And this brings me to speak about my experience in the climate of Manitoba. The variations of temperature are very great. I have seen the thermometer stand at 135 degrees inside a tent in summer, and at 48 degrees below zero, or 80 degrees below freezing point, outside the house in winter. Such Arctic cold would be unendurable if the air were not so wonderfully dry and clear—and often very still—that it does not seem half as cold as it really is. Then the changes of weather are not generally very sudden; the heat and cold are very regular, and in the mid-seasons the thermometer does not fluctuate very much. Perhaps a few humble details may best serve to illustrate what winter in Manitoba means. The snow outside our house is from six to ten feet deep from November to April. Moccasins, made by Indians of Moose skin, are used instead of shoes to cover the feet, which are first cased in several pairs of stockings. We were forced to melt snow for all the water we used last winter. The cold is so intense, that when melted snow water is poured from the boiler into a pail, and taken at once across to the stable, the ice on it frequently has to be broken with a stick before the cattle can drink. It is rather a common sight to see people partly frozen. The part affected turns as white as marble, and loses all feeling. Unless you see yourself in a glass, or are told of it, you are not conscious of being frozen. In this plight it is best not to go near a fire, as sudden thawing is very painful. People generally try friction, rubbing themselves with snow, or better still, with paraffin oil. Occasionally, when one is frozen and far from help, the part frozen, if an extremity, will snap off. Last year a man living about thirty miles from us was told that his ear was frozen. He put up his hand to feel it, and the ear dropped off in his hand. Limbs sometimes have to be amputated from severe frost bites. My kitten's ears froze and broke off last winter, and a neighbor's pony lost ears in the same way.

"I was surprised when I first found the mustard frozen in my mustard-pot, which stood a foot from the kitchen stove-pipe and two feet above the stove, where there was a blazing fire all day and every day throughout the winter. Yet the mustard froze between every meal. Bread froze if left for half an hour in a room without a fire. Such stories must sound almost incredible except to those, who, like myself, have witnessed the facts, though, of course, only in the most severe weather. Winter, is, of course, not equally severe throughout. Part of my description applies only to the coldest half. But to a woman the most trying part of a winter in Manitoba is not its severity—for you live in a warm house—but its length. Snow lay on the ground last season for six months and a half, and the great lakes were frozen for the same period."

THE EAST.

Fenians Raising Troops to Aid El Mahdi.

THEY TALK OF INVADING CANADA

No Hope for the Recovery of General Grant. The Assailants of Rossa and Phelan Arraigned at New York

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—According to a circumstantial narrative to appear in the [illegible] to-morrow, the fenian organizations have been revived in this country, and an actual movement has been put on foot to organize two or more full regiments of 1000 men each, for service in the Soudan to operate with the Mahdi against the British. This is based upon the following order, a copy of which has been forwarded to the several commanders of fenian counsels in this city:

HEADQUARTERS FENIAN BROTHERHOOD, [illegible] street, New York, Feb [illegible].

A meeting of the officers of circles [illegible] the following named [illegible] will be holden at their respective headquarters as early as [illegible] before the [illegible] necessary to organize each [illegible] for an Irish brigade for active service in Egypt in the interest of El Mahdi in his struggle for [illegible]. Immediately upon organization the [illegible] quota will be forwarded to the [illegible] in New York of [illegible] O'Donovan Rossa. New York 700 men; [illegible] Chicago 700 [illegible]. Your circle will take immediate [illegible] to raise for its contingent the sum of $1,000, which [illegible] forward to the officers in temporary command. The men [illegible] quota must be guaranteed by the center of the city whence he [illegible]. Married men will not be accepted.

WILLIAM H. HAMILTON,
Secretary of the Council of the Fenian Brotherhood.

The article professes to give the names of prominent ex-officers of the union and confederate armies as having been commissioned to serve as officers in the brigade. General Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia is named as probable commander. It is declared that the quota from this city has already been organized and the money raised, and that the men will all have left for the east within the next two weeks. It is claimed that Marseilles, France, will be the probable rendezvous prior to leaving for Egypt.

GENERAL GRANT'S CONDITION

Fred Grant Says he is a Very Sick Man—Physicians Pronounce it an Incurable.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—In regard to General Grant's health, Colonel Fred Grant said to a *Post* reporter this afternoon: "My father is a very sick man. There is no use in longer denying the fact. We have made every effort to keep the true facts from the public, because we know that as soon as it should become known that he was dangerously ill there would be hundreds of letters coming in with every mail, and this would only excite him and make the case less hopeful. My father has had little rest for the past few nights. He was up and about his room for a little while yesterday, and we hope to get him up again to-day, but he is suffering constant pain in his ear and head. For any facts concerning the nature of his disease, I refer you to his physicians."

The doctors who are attending him are Dr. Fordyce Barker, Dr. J. W. Douglas, Dr. W. H. Sands, of this city, and Dr. T. Merker of Philadelphia.

A PHYSICIAN'S GLOOMY VIEW

Dr. Douglas said: "I am in nowise responsible for the rose-colored report that appeared in a medical journal last week. Two days before the report was published I had a conversation with Dr. Sands at General Grant's house. As a result of the conversation we both decided that the cancerous growth at the root of the tongue was hardening and steadily growing worse. Microscopical examination by an expert proved beyond doubt that the case is of malignant growth. General Grant is a very sick man. I think there is little or no hope that he will recover. He is breaking down, but has displayed much courage. In less than a month he has done as much as six or eight hours' work a day, but he has had little sleep for the past eight days. We have tried to keep all knowledge of his true condition from the general, because he has so many other trials to bear. He takes nourishment every day in liquid form, but he cannot eat solid food, because he has lost all his teeth. They were extracted in hope of easing the pain in the face. This pain, although it resembles neuralgia, is not that pure and simple, but is a reflection of the pain caused by a cancer in the throat. He has been suffering from severe pain in the right ear and on top of the head. To ease this his head is kept wrapped in hot flannel. I cannot say how near the end is. He may live for months yet, as men suffering from this disease have done, but I do not think there is any hope that he will ever recover."

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS

MRS. DUDLEY AND DICK SHORT ARRAIGNED

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The general sessions court room was crowded this morning by persons anxious to witness the proceedings in arraignment of Mrs. Dudley for shooting Rossa, and Dick Short for stabbing Captain Phelan. Short was first arraigned. His face was flushed but his manner was calm and collected. Short pleaded not guilty to the charge of assault and battery. The recorder said as the case was an aggravated one he would increase the bail from $3000 to $5000. Short was then removed and Mrs. Dudley was then arraigned and approached the bar with a quiet smile. Her counsel said by his advice she stood mute. The recorder directed a plea of not guilty to be entered for Mrs. Dudley and her bail was fixed at $500. The accused was then taken back to prison. Neither Captain Phelan nor O'Donovan Rossa was present during the proceedings.

THE PROBABILITY OF AN EXTRA SESSION

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—The possibility of an extra session is again a subject of comment among congressmen. The senate committee on appropriations has before it as much work for the next three days and a half, including Sunday, as it would undertake to perform in as many weeks if the session were a long one. Members of the committee express a hope that they will be able to present the remaining bills to the senate in time for action, but to do so will require them to work night and day. Two of the remaining bills, the general deficiency and the sundry civil, are measures of indefinite detail, and their careful scrutiny, at least by sub-committees, is held to be an imperative duty. Committee meetings will be in progress all day to-morrow, and every night, perhaps all night, until after adjournment.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Rear Admiral Jewett has been instructed to send a vessel to the relief of a number of destitute American citizens in the vicinity of Livingston, west coast of Central America, where they had gone for the purpose of engaging in work on a projected railroad.

It is estimated there has been a decrease of $3,000,000 in the public debt during February.

The Japanese legation has received a telegram from the Japanese government, announcing the appointment of its minister of the household, as ambassador to China, to negotiate and settle differences which arose between the two governments with reference to the disturbance which took place in Corea early in December.

WAGES REDUCED

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 28.—Workmen in the Texas and Pacific railroad shops at Marshall, Texas, have been notified that their wages would be reduced twelve and a half per cent. after Monday. The order produced much dissatisfaction among the men and a meeting was held and a committee appointed to wait on the railroad officials and ask that the order be rescinded. This was done, but no satisfaction received. Similar notification was served on the men at the International and Great Northern shops at Palestine, which are under the same management as those at Marshall, and it was received in about the same spirit. A strike is talked of but no action in that direction has yet been taken by the men.

POLITICAL POINTS.

NOTES FROM ALBANY.

ALBANY, Feb. 28.—Adjutant General Farnsworth gave a private dinner party to the president-elect this evening.

The question of allowing representatives of the press to accompany the train taking Cleveland to Washington will be decided Monday.

The *Evening Journal* states that the directors of the Commercial bank held a protracted meeting this morning, but the proceedings were secret. It is believed, however, that Mr. Mann tendered his resignation as president, which was accepted, after the passage of suitable resolutions, to be made public next week.

HENDRICKS CALLS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Vice-President-elect Hendricks called at the White house to-day, in company with Henry D. Pierce of Indianapolis, and the inaugural committee, and paid his respects to the president.

THE STAGE

OPERA FESTIVAL AT CHICAGO

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The Chicago Opera Festival association, under whose auspices a two weeks' season of grand opera is to be given, beginning April 6, has about completed all the preliminary details, and is out with an announcement of the programme for the first week. Opera hall has been improved to accommodate an audience of 5500 people. The auditorium room is provided with sixty-five private boxes, a handsomely decorated and lighted, and possesses ample foyer and large dressing rooms. The festival chorus includes 300 voices, and the orchestra will number 100, the chief management of the opera resting with Colonel Mapleson. Among artists to appear are Adelina Patti, Scalchi, Nevada, Fursch-Madi, Sternbach and [illegible]. All railways that center in the city have agreed to issue round trip tickets at reduced rates.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR

BANK ROBBERS TRAPPED

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 28.—At the state treasury to-day three men commanded Cashier Bartlett to throw up his hands. The would be robbers immediately received a volley from shot guns by Detectives Pound and Davis, who were in hiding. James Griffin was killed, and Alvin Maguire, another of the trio, was captured. The third man was in collusion with the detectives, and his whereabouts is unknown. One thousand dollars taken by the thieves has been returned by the detectives. There is much mystery about the affair, especially the part taken by the detectives.

TRAGEDY AT A TEXAS DANCE

ROCKDALE, Texas, Feb. 28.—At a dance fifteen miles south of Rockdale last night, a difficulty occurred between Zed Stephens and Buck Scales, resulting in the death of Scales. While making his escape Stephens shot and killed a bystander named Hedges, and mortally wounded a 10-year old girl. A posse are searching for Stephens, who will undoubtedly be lynched as soon as caught.

RAILROAD NOTES

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL ASSOCIATION

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The executive committee of the Transcontinental railway association held another session here to-day, but after successive balloting were unable to agree upon a commissioner, and adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

WILL STRIKE

BIG SPRINGS, Tex., Feb. 28.—The order reducing the wages of workmen in the division machine shops of the Texas Pacific road at this place resulted to-night in the men concluding to strike. The strikers say they will not allow other men to take their places.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The weekly bank statement shows reserve decrease $[illegible]. Banks now hold $10,120,000 in excess of legal requirements.

PACIFIC COAST.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE PROVINCE'S ANSWER TO THE CHINESE COMMISSIONERS.

VICTORIA, Feb. 27.—The house yesterday, by a vote of 23 to 1, re-enacted the anti-Chinese immigration bill passed last session, and disallowed at Ottawa. The bill imposes stringent penalties on any person bringing a Chinaman into the province, and provides for the fine and imprisonment of all Chinamen who may enter the country upon any protest whatever. The act, which is to come into force immediately upon the rising of the house, is British Columbia's answer to the Chinese commissioners' report. The mover of the bill said that he had no doubts of its constitutionality. Masters of vessels contravening the law are made liable to $500 fine for every Chinaman they bring, and six months imprisonment added. The house will rise in about ten days, and the act will be enforced on mail steamers that will leave San Francisco about March 1.

THE ASTORIA ASHORE

VICTORIA, Feb. 27.—The American ship Astoria, which was towed down the straits last Sunday, laden with coal from Nanaimo for San Francisco, is reported as being ashore at or near the San Juan river on the southwest coast of the island. The captain and crew of the vessel, which is said to be a total loss, took a boat across the straits and landed at Neah bay. These are all the particulars that can at present be gleaned.

VICTORIA NOTES

VICTORIA, Feb. 27.—Real estate continues to advance, and improvements are everywhere visible.

Arrived: Steamship Empire, five and a half days from San Francisco; ship Fotchbray thirty days from Yokohama, will load coal at Nanaimo for San Francisco.

FREIGHT TRAIN WRECKED

VICTORIA, Feb. 28.—An accident occurred on the Canadian Pacific railway last night by which several freight cars and a locomotive went over a bluff 200 feet high. The wreck was complete, but the only person hurt was the engineer who had an arm broken.

CALIFORNIA

WILD TALK OF INVADING CANADA

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—The *Examiner's* New York special says: The report from Buffalo that fenians contemplate another raid on Canada has caused a good deal of talk in Irish revolutionary circles here. To a reporter this afternoon Marshal John Roach, member of Joseph Brady circle of the fenian brotherhood, said: "The main point of the dispatch is true. Ever since we heard of the British proposition to send a contingent from Canada to the Soudan we have been devising the best means of striking a blow at Canada, which is part of England's empire, and you can say that if Canadian soldiers go to the Soudan in one week's time from their departure 10,000 Irishmen, armed with all the resources of civilization, will make things lively in Toronto, Quebec and Montreal. It is our business to jab at England at all times and places. If we can't send many men to help El Mahdi, we will stop England from sending Canadians to help her cut throats in Africa."

SUIT BROUGHT FOR TAXES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—D. M. Delmas, in behalf of the people of the state of California, has brought suit against the following railroads for delinquent taxes for 1884: California Pacific, Northern Pacific, North Pacific Coast, Southern Pacific, San Pablo and Tulare and Central Pacific.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived—Steamer Columbia. Cleared—Schr Leo, Sitka. Sailed—Steamer Oregon, Astoria.

STATE DISPATCHES.

A WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

McMINNVILLE, Feb. 28.—The wife of Charles Carey, living near Dayton, committed suicide to-day by shooting herself with a shotgun. She had been an invalid for several years, and had used a large amount of morphine, which caused temporary insanity. She placed the muzzle of the gun against her heart, as she lay in bed, and touched the trigger with a stick. She leaves a husband and one grown son, who were temporarily absent at the time.

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST

Letters remaining in the postoffice East Portland, Oregon, February 28, 1885.

WOMEN'S LIST

Anderson Anne
Brown Jane
Brand Miss I
Bennett Mrs Addie
Colbey Miss Mary
Colbey June
Crandall Miss Hattie
Child Sadie
Clark M A
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Hunter Mrs [illegible]
Jones Mrs [illegible]
Jones Mrs [illegible]
Jones Miss [illegible]
Johnson Mrs Louisa
Jones Mrs Maggie
King Miss Manda
Larned, Mrs
Morgan Mrs M A
Morgan, Mrs Rachel
McGowan Miss Mamie
Manly Miss Mary
Ogden Miss Amelia
Patterson Miss Blanche
Patterson Miss Lizz
Porter Miss Etta
Pollis Miss Jessie
Richardson Mrs Ella
Rodin Jessie
Thompson [illegible]
Williams Mrs William
Woodard Miss Mattie J
Wendell, Lucy

MEN'S LIST

Anderson [illegible]
Brown Thos (2)
Bell Frank
Burgess Jno (2)
Bow Henry 2
Bullinger A
Baxter Mr I
Coffman N
Green James
Christopher [illegible]
Deaney Mr
Dickson M I
Dempsey, Dan
David W F
Dickson Wm (2)
Dowell Ross
Dodson Cap L
Doty Henry F
Ely P
Fisher David
Freeman T F
Gray David
Hewitt Jos
Hanson Chris
Jubb Joseph
Johnson Perry
Johnson Pete
Kirk E I
Keck Dr Jane
Lother John W
Lewis Daniel
McNamee F
Mendenhall J
Moger L K
Marcum Newton
McNamee Geo
McKenzie D C
McGee Albert
Pearce Edwin
Painter D S
Peck C W
Penny Jos
Palmer Edward
Richards Geo
Kelly Frank
Rosenferd M
Schaffer Chas
Simmons H C
Tall G
Wood S B
Whidden, Geo
Warren W E
Wendell, Jas
Wells Wm E
Welch John K

M. COUGHLIN, P. M.

A great deal of attention should be given to the proper airing of the mattress every morning, and at least once a week a stiff brush should remove the dust which will accumulate, even in the best ordered house, around and under the tufts of cotton, or the bits of leather or whatever is used to tack the mattress with. Attention should also be directed to the edge of the mattress, where the braid is sewed on, for dust sifts under that. Where the bedroom is also the dressing-room, dust cannot be avoided, but it may be at least changed, and it need not be allowed to accumulate.

FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

The British Cabinet Holds a Long Secret Session

A Determination is Reached to Retain Control of the Government—France's Declaration Regarding Rice Challenged

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The *Telegraph* states the cabinet were summoned to meet at 2 o'clock this afternoon to consider the question of resigning.

The cabinet council was in session until 6 this evening, but the result of the meeting is not ascertained. Every member of the ministry was present.

Rumors are current that in case Gladstone resigns he will propose to be his successor Marquis Hartington, minister of war.

WILL REMAIN IN POWER

It is reported that much dissension occurred during the four hours session of the cabinet this afternoon. It was decided that as Parnellites in the commons voted bodily with the opposition the majority of fourteen obtained by the government is not too small to enable the government to continue in power. Discussion as to redistribution of seats will prevent an appeal to the country before November.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH EL MAHDI

LONDON, Feb. 28.—Last October El Mahdi sent an autograph letter to General Gordon exulting over the wreck of Colonel Stewart's steamers and the murder of that officer and his companions. In proof of his knowledge of the disaster that had overtaken Stewart, he endorsed copies of documents found on the steamer, and an account showing the state of the munitions and supplies at Khartoum at the time of Stewart's departure, by a messenger who brought the letter. General Gordon sent back a defiant reply to El Mahdi. He said: "I do not care how many men you kill or what success you gained. It makes no difference to me." After more in the same vein he concluded with: "I do not care what forces you have. I am made of iron and intend to hold on here."

CABINET IN SESSION

LONDON, Feb. 28, 7 P. M.—The cabinet council met at 2 o'clock this afternoon and is still in session. Earl Spencer, lord lieutenant of Ireland, is present having arrived from Dublin this morning. The outcome of the meeting is very uncertain but a crisis is predicted.

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

SUAKIM, Feb. 28.—After the late action of the rebels in destroying the advanced redoubts, Lieutenant Askwith went to them to alter an arrangement for exploding the mines. While examining one of the mines it exploded and Askwith was blown to pieces.

ITALY WILL ASSIST

ROME, Feb. 28.—The government has sent a million dollars to Massowah for purchase of camels. The action taken indicates that Italy intends to take steps for relief of Kassala.

PRESSING IN THE ZULUS

LONDON, Feb. 28.—Advices from Durban announce that reports are current there to the effect that a proposal has been made to organize a contingent of 5000 Zulus for service in the Soudan.

FINE FOR THE SHIPBUILDERS

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The admiralty has ordered six torpedo cruisers, and invited proposals for seven war-ships from Clyde shipbuilders.

ITALY'S EXPEDITION.

ROME, Feb. 28.—The second Italian expedition to the Red sea, under command of Colonel Lentenitz, has arrived at Assab.

EUROPEAN POLITICS

LORD LYONS PROTESTS

PARIS, Feb. 28.—Lord Lyons, British minister to France, has formally placed before Jules Ferry, French prime minister, a number of complaints made by British subjects that English vessels, while engaged in trading between Hong Kong and other treaty ports, had been boarded and overhauled by the French naval authorities, and he has requested Ferry to state whether France, while blockading the port of Formosa, claims the right to search vessels going to all ports of China. It is said the sincerity and fairness displayed by Lord Lyons in insisting on satisfactory answers to these English interrogatories have proved somewhat startling to the French minister.

GERMANY'S POSITION

BERLIN, Feb. 28.—The *Nossische Zeitung* denies the report that Germany accepts the French declaration making rice contraband of war. The reason Germany did not at once formally oppose the French declaration, the *Nossische Zeitung* says, is that Bismarck chose to leave the initiative in the work of protest to England and other maritime powers. The inclusion of rice in the sphere of contraband of war, the paper says, implies inclusion of corn, meal and other similar commodities. Besides, this contraband declaration made by France, if accepted, would annul the declaration of the Paris congress of 1856.

UNITED OPPOSITION CONTEMPLATED

LONDON, Feb. 28.—Granville has opened correspondence with all the powers which signed the convention of the Paris congress of 1856. The object of this correspondence is to secure a joint protest by the other signatory powers against the proclamation issued by France, decreeing rice contraband of war. Granville's communication declares that the action of France in making the decree is in direct violation of resolutions adopted by the congress of 1856.

THE AFGHANISTAN BOUNDARY

BRUSSELS, Feb. 28.—*Le Nord*, Russian organ, in an officially inspired article says: "Russia has resolved to respect existing arrangements concerning Afghanistan, provided the other side to these arrangements respects them."

CLOSETED WITH GLADSTONE.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—Ponsonby, the queen's private secretary, left Windsor to-day and visited Gladstone at Downing street. He was closeted with the prime minister for a long time.

MEXICO.

NOTES FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO

MEXICO, via Galveston, Feb. 28.—The Mexican Central railway is bringing to this city American corn, which sells in the markets for eighty-five cents to one dollar less than native corn.

An excursion will leave the City of Mexico on the 3d of the next month for the crater of Mount Popocatapetl, where, on the summit of the highest mountain of America there will be a celebration of the inauguration of Cleveland. Many Americans will participate.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

WAR OPINIONS CALLED FOR

PARIS, Feb. 28.—Special advices from Pekin state that all dignitaries of the Chinese mission have been summoned to give opinions as to the expediency of continuing the war with France.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS TO BE RESUMED.

PARIS, Feb. 28.—The French envoy who was about to return from China to France, has been instructed to remain in Shanghai, and await the expected resumption of relations with the Chinese government.

ENGLAND

THE KIRKWOOD'S CREW LANDED

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The Irish steamer Barrowmore, from Baltimore, has arrived at Liverpool with the crew of the British ship Kirkwood, from Portland, Oregon, for Liverpool, which was previously reported passed dismantled.

ANNIE EICHBERG.

This talented young lady, whose pen enriches the columns of THE OREGONIAN this morning, is thus spoken of by another talented writer, Louise Chandler Moulton: "In the June of 1879 two stories were published simultaneously, "The Story of Lesken" in the *Century*, or rather *Scribners*, and "The Professor of Dollingen" in *Lippincott's*, and to both these stories was appended the new name of "Anna Eichberg." Very clever stories they were, with all sorts of good qualities—humor, pathos, subtlety of perception, originality of plot, and above all they fulfilled what Mr Howells calls the very first requirements of a story, namely, "to be interesting." "The Story of Lesken" told of a violin-player, who, in his youth, mad with music, forgot his appointed wedding day in the excitement of going to hear a great musician play, and the bride meantime married the young musician's father, and then Lesken came to America and wedded music, and played and lived and died and was forgotten. It was one of the notable stories of that season's *Scribner's*. Everybody asked "Who is Anna Eichberg?" and she proved to be a girl barely out of school, the only daughter of the distinguished musician, Julius Eichberg, the director of the Boston conservatory of music. From that time Miss Eichberg's welcome into literature was assured. "Brown's Retreat" was one of the ablest stories ever published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the tale of a convict who kept a strange little shop over the door of which he had put in a grim jest, 'Brown's Retreat.' To come between himself and the public he made use of a poor little waif who is sketched with a touch not unworthy of Dickens. The blended pathos and humor of this charming tale are beyond praise. It was succeeded by still other brilliant stories; among them "The Break of Fate," in the *Century*, and "Mr Pampalon's Repentance" and "Mr Carmichael's Conversion," in *Lippincott's*; also charming childrens stories in *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*. As a story teller Miss Eichberg has proved herself the possessor of very rare powers. Her characters live—they are not merely types, they are individuals. Her plots also are very striking.

Those who know Miss Eichberg well are aware of certain unpublished poems which prove her gifts to be not alone those demanded for good prose. She wrote the words of the well known national hymn "A Country Great and Free," to which her father composed the music. After it was first published Miss Eichberg, then a school girl, was taken to see Mr Longfellow. The poet opened the door himself and said to her in his genial way: "Miss Eichberg, you come crowned with laurel." No wonder she was dumb with awe and pleasure.

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

BOZEMAN, Feb. 18, '85.

A little more than three years ago a special train from Washington northward was bearing the prostrate form of a dying man, and that was the lawfully chosen president of the United States. His frame was racked with the malarial fever of the marshes about the White house, which were slowly completing the work which an assassin's bullet had begun. And as the cool sea breeze blew in at the open window and gave his enfeebled frame the only medicine he ever really craved or needed, the dying soldier looked into the loving eyes of the wife who had so patiently journeyed by his side, in the long march from darkness and poverty up to light and power, and said: "Crete, this is a great relief."

I echo the dying president's words, though under a widely different chain of circumstances. I have no bullet hole in my loins, no fever in my veins, nor is my wife by my side, but I look forth upon the glittering snows of Montana, through which our very iron steed glides with unerring flight, and I say that this is a great relief. In his famous lecture on "Church and Turf," the late Algernon Buford said: "It is speed that makes the race horse. There is no use of talking about gameness in an animal that cannot run fast enough to save himself."

And it is speed, too, that makes railroad travel attractive. The rapid pace of the Northern Pacific, after leaving Ainsworth, is something of a novelty after the snail's race at which one travels between Portland and The Dalles. We pulled out of the Gate city at 11 o'clock, and before we had reached Celilo I had retired to my section. The colored porter was awake, however, with a painful tumor in his upper lip. But Dr Blalock of Walla Walla came along just behind me and took a case of instruments from his pocket, with which he soon extracted the tumor and placed the contraband in a good humor.

I slept soundly, for a drenching rain was pattering upon the roof of the car "Miles City" as we pulled out of The Dalles. Along toward morning I felt the train slow down and woke up to find myself crossing Snake river at Ainsworth. After that I could not sleep, so I arose and went out to breakfast in a dining car that we had taken on at Wallula. We had passed Eltzville as I rose from the table and filled my pipe. I had actually consumed forty minutes at breakfast and if the Northern Pacific railroad deserves credit for nothing else, it deserves credit for hauling dining cars so that one can eat slowly and rationally. Any man who has seen the indiscriminate "stuffing" at the wretched stations on the Central or Southern routes will understand this, and so will any lady who has crossed by those routes in winter and been obliged to get up at 5 30 or 6 o'clock to partake of a hurried and cheerless breakfast in those alleged refectories.

Sprague, with its array of machine shops, and Cheney, with its thrifty buildings, were left behind and at 11 10 we reached Spokane Falls, the most picturesque town in the entire north west, excepting Roseburg, perhaps. Its buildings are all neat and evince the presence of men of push and enterprise. I looked around everywhere for the pious McCartney but did not see him. Somebody said he had gone off with Joe Oppenheimer to organize a prayer meeting. The ride from the falls to Pend d'Oreille lake was comparatively devoid of interest, but when we got there it was a magnificent sight, being almost frozen solid across. At Sand Point I met John G. Norris, the man who had more to do with bringing the prince of Wales to the United States than any other ten men, living or dead. The old gentleman is now collector of customs for the province of Kootenai and holds his years better than any man I know.

At Cabinet we came to a few straggling houses and, looking across the lake, could see the dreary Villard at anchor near the opposite shore. Astern of her on the beach lay the dismantled hulls of the three old O. R. & N. boats, the Mary Moody, Cabinet and Missoula, whose machinery was taken below and transferred to the Spokane, John Gates and Toledo. Darkness now set in as we toiled along up Clark's Fork and reached Heron a few minutes before 7 o'clock. Dr Gibson came with us and gave glowing accounts of some rich strikes in the Coeur d'Alene mines. He got off at Thompson's Falls and I stood out on the rear platform looking at the work along the road. The darkness of the night and the howling storm lent additional fear to the beholder as the train dashed over these rocky walls where more than one poor fellow had been murdered for his money. The work is of the most difficult description, far more costly than that between Celilo and the Sandy river, and how General Anderson could ever estimate the cost of this division at $12,000 a mile less than that of the Pend d'Oreille division, which runs through open prairies, is one of those things which no fellow can find out.

I turned in at Horse Plains and snored till daylight, when I heard somebody say Garrison, when I turned out and dressed myself in time to see the Utah Northern train pull out with the Salt Lake passengers on board. I stood out on the Pullman platform looking at the snow-bound cabins, where a few lights glimmered faintly. The engine dashed along like a flying wraith and a rift came into the clouds as the day broke cold and gray over the western summit of the Rocky mountains and we entered the Mullan tunnel. Being the first man up I was the first at the breakfast table, and as I rose and wiped my lips, the train dashed down into the broad valley and alighted at Helena. Being restricted for time, I went by and did not stop, very much to my regret. Helena is a handsome city, and boasts a great deal of solid wealth. As we rolled out of town again William Gosford of Walla Walla called my attention to a small stream which crossed the track, saying, "that's the first water you have seen that will empty into the gulf of Mexico."

We rattled up the magnificent valley to the three forks of the Missouri and stopped at a station called Moreland, named after a man who was one of the commissioners who framed the treaty of Ghent. The next town was called Gallatin, after the police judge in Portland, and at 1.30, after another tunnel ride, we reached Bozeman, where we met the west bound train. All hands jumped down and looked to see if there was anybody on board that we knew, but alas, I did not see a single familiar face. I began to realize the sublime eloquence of Colonel Green, who told somebody in the Yellowstone park, last year, that he was "so lonesome that he could have kissed a Yamhill dog."

GRIZZLY.

THE COURTS.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT, DEADY J.

SATURDAY, Feb. 28, 1885.

F. J. Mendenhall admitted to practice.

U. S. vs Larry Young—Information filed for disposing of liquor to Indians; fined $10.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT, TAYLOR J.

State of Oregon vs Robert Gatewood—Motion in arrest of judgment allowed and defendant held for re-examination.

J. C. Bennett vs. City of East Portland—Motion to strike out parts of answer allowed, five days to answer.

Lind & Sexton vs Charles Logus et al—Motion to strike out parts of complaint denied.

M. D. Russell vs Dan Sprague—On trial.

R. F. Bybee vs Home Mutual Insurance Co.—Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

Multnomah Street Railway Co. vs. M. V. and [illegible] Harris—Referred to C. M. Idleman to take testimony, etc.

Toten Andersen Anderberg, admitted to citizenship.

I. R. Dawson vs. A. McGillis—Judgment by default for $57 25, attached property ordered sold.

M. D. Russell vs Daniel Sprague—Verdict for plaintiff for possession of property and $150 damages.

The most youthful looking of the newest jerseys have a vest of contrasting colors made of jersey cloth, or, prettier and richer still, of velvet, and their rolling collar, the buttons and cuffs, and postillion pleatings, are also of velvet. A great deal of gold and silver braid, and also beetles, butterflies and other insects in Arrasene embroidery and metallic braid-work, are used on the velvet collars, vests and cuffs of these bodices.

VICTOR HUGO'S TWO LOVES

The Women who Together Loved the Famous French Poet.

Of Victor Hugo, as of Goethe, it may be said that his life was a broken woman's heart, though no Grazella has died because he left her. Yet hundreds of women have heard his word of tenderness whispered into their ears, and seen that they have been forgotten while their echo was still vibrating in their throbbing hearts. But there are two women who hold a prominent place in his existence, two women who have equally loved him—loved him so that they forgave each other and forgot their mutual hatred for his sake. And while Bastien Lepage is exhibiting the portrait of one let us dwell for a moment on the characteristic features of the two, Mme. Drouet and Mme. Victor Hugo, the woman of the world, and the saint, the guide and the companion, who was noble enough to open her arms. Ah, La Fontaine, this was a thing undreamed of by your skeptical mind! Not only in character, but, physically the two women were different. Mme. Drouet served as the model for the statue of Lille which adorns the Place de la Concorde, and which is, moreover, a striking likeness, and this brings us to the least attractive feature in the history of her life. The woman who was to be the friend of the greatest poet of his century had been loved by one of its best sculptors, Pradier, maker of the above named statue. They had a child Claire, a splendid girl, who died of consumption when only 18 years of age. Of this child Victor Hugo was very fond, and it was to her he wrote the poem known as "A Claire I." The mother was exceedingly lively, full of wit and eternal youth, although, after the agonies she passed through during the horrible days of 1851, her hair was as white as snow. Mme. Victor Hugo was a tall woman of somewhat severe aspect, whose words and gestures were characterized by a certain slowness caused by bodily suffering. She was kind hearted and charitable, and it might be said of her that her life was divided between husband and children and her care for the poor. A nobler existence could scarcely be imagined; it seems so simple and is so great. After struggling through long years of poverty and care to reach the much desired wealth, she only obtained it to find that the love for which she had craved all her life was gone to another.

From her cradle almost she had been destined for the poet. Their parents had married on the same day, and had been such intimate friends that they often laughed and said that their children must intermarry. It was in Brussels that she died quite suddenly in September, 1868. As she wished to be buried at Villequier, the village where her daughter had perished, and as Victor Hugo, notwithstanding the amnesty of 1857, refused to enter France, and his sons could not bear to leave him in his affliction, it was only her brother M. Paul Foucher, who followed her to the grave. Her life had been one of constant suffering; even her health was so bad that the doctors enjoined absolute rest, and forbade her to accompany her husband on his travels. In consequence of this it was Mme. Drouet who went with him. But this was not the wife's only trial; she had to suffer cruelly through her children, to whom no mother could have been more devoted. They were handsome, strong, gifted creatures, those four children of hers: Charles, afterward the father of Georges and Jeanne, who died during the année terrible, whose widow is now the charming Mme. Alice Lockroy; Victor, who translated Shakespeare into French; Leopoldine and Adele. Until 1843 this charming circle remained intact, and the marriage of the eldest daughter with Chas. Vacquerie seemed only to predict further happiness, when both she and her husband were drowned near the village of Villequier, leaving a gap never to be filled again in the heart of the poor mother. But greater sorrow was still in store for her. Among the guests who frequented their hospitable house in Guernsey was a certain Captain Pinson, who, after proposing to Adele Hugo and being refused by her parents, eloped with the young girl, whom he abandoned shortly after their marriage, by which he so prostrated her with a grief that despair destroyed her intellect. As soon as Victor Hugo heard of her sad state he went over to America, whither her husband had taken her, and brought her back. But she never recovered from the shock, and is still living in the lunatic asylum at St. Mande, where her father occasionally visits her. Only two years after this young Victor lost his bride-elect by death. It was on her tomb that the poet spoke the most eloquent words he perhaps ever pronounced, part of which are written on her gravestone.

To return, however, to Mme. Drouet, whose Christian name, Juliette, seems so appropriate. She was born a few years later than Victor Hugo, and was niece to General Drouet, who adopted her on the death of her parents, and then did not know what else to do with a young girl but send her to a convent boarding school. Here she spent some of the best years of her life—years that enabled her later on to furnish Victor Hugo with the details for his marvelous description of the convent of Picpus in "Les Miserables." Strange to say, she remained friends throughout life with many of her convent companions. When she was 15 there was some talk of her taking the veil, for General Drouet's wife was very bigoted, and, as the young girl possessed no fortune, she thought there could be no better position for her niece. So the nuns began to prepare the child to become the bride of Christ by filling her mind with descriptions of the beauty and consolations of a religious life. She consented to everything, but on the night preceding the investment Mgr. De Quelen, then archbishop of Paris, came to the convent and asked, as was his wont, to see and speak to the postulants. One by one they approached the priest, who addressed some kind words to each. When Juliette Drouet's turn came, he looked a little amazed and asked her, in a tone of kindness, "Are you quite sure, my child, that you feel a vocation?" "No, monsignor," was her answer, given with great simplicity, "on the contrary." "Is it possible?" exclaimed the good archbishop. Then, turning to the lady superior, he asked, "What is the meaning of this?" The reverend mother grew embarrassed, and explained to the prelate that they had acted according to the wishes of the girl's family, adding: "Look at her, monsignor! What will she become without any fortune?" In fact, Juliette Drouet was already then no common beauty. "Never mind," replied the priest, with some severity in his voice, "anything is preferable to a bad nun. My child, do not trouble yourself any longer about it; you will soon hear from me." When Juliette heard from him it was by means of a visit from General Drouet, who quite entered into the views of the prelate, and took his niece home with him and away from the convent.

Some years went by, during which time the young girl had felt a strong wish to devote herself to dramatic art. We find her in 1843 at the theater of the Porte St. Martin, where Victor Hugo was to have brought out his "Lucrece Borgia," then called "Le Souper de Ferrare." The part of Lucrece had already been given to Mlle. Georges, and the author did not venture to offer the insignificant character of the Princess Negroni to Juliette Drouet, when she herself put a stop to his hesitation by going herself to ask him first. From that moment was born the life-long intimacy that was destined to last half a century. On the death of Mme. Drouet, which occurred last year, several newspapers tried to put this attachment in the light of a mere friendship. It was as needless to do this as to attempt the same advocacy for the Countess Guiccioli, and, like the fair Italian, Mme. Drouet gloried in her love. As soon as his love began Victor Hugo bade her retire from the stage, and she was perfectly satisfied to rest in the glory of his growing fame. She left the glare of the footlights, and never complained of the sacrifice. Now began a life entirely devoted to the poet's happiness and welfare—an existence of which she used, when old, to tell the most charming episodes, never exhausting her fifty years of memories. Still, though she never spoke of it, those years of happiness were sometimes obscured by days of utter despair, in which Victor Hugo made her expiate her devotion to him by all the tortures of jealousy, for he loved some hundred women after her. These constant infidelities nearly drove her mad; more than once she left the poet on account of them, ever to return, however, from mere need to feel his presence. Nowhere, perhaps, was the difference between the wife and mistress more visible than in this—that while both suffered a hundred deaths on each of these occasions, the former did not love her husband less on that account, but bore them calmly and silently among her children. Yet both died blessing the man they never ceased to love, and both, until the end, considered him a demi god, though being, perhaps, even greater than he.

It was not until 1851 that the two women met. Up to that time Mme. Victor Hugo had known of the intimacy between her husband and Juliette Drouet, but simply tolerated it, like his other infidelities. In that year, however, Mme. Drouet was to show by her heroism the depths of her love. The days of the coup d'etat had come and brought with them its danger for the man who had, more than any other, resisted the policy of Napoleon III. A price was put on his head. Mme. Drouet hid him, guarded him, went from pillar to post to seek an asylum for him among the friends he had benefited. Her courage, her devotion, were sublime, though for a time they seemed vain. He was, however, saved in the end, and when his wife heard of the noble way in which Mme. Drouet had behaved during the horrible hours of mortal anxiety, she forgot all the long years during which she had been wronged by this woman, and held out her hand to her as if she had been a sister. From that time forward Mme. Drouet was a familiar friend at Hauteville house, for she voluntarily shared the poet's exile, and bought the house, No. 20 Hauteville street, Guernsey, in order to be close to his residence. This house the poet himself took pleasure in adorning for her, and it was called after a time the "Hauteville Feerie." Every morning Mme. Drouet came to Hauteville house to spend the day. It was she who copied the almost illegible manuscript of "Les Miserables" and other of the poet's works, while the volume called "Les Contemplations" was nearly entirely devoted to her. It was only the poems of her husband's youth that were dedicated to Mme. Victor Hugo. It was a fortunate circumstance, perhaps, that Mme. Drouet worshiped Mme. Victor Hugo. She never addressed her except with the greatest deference, and always loved to wear the cameo portrait which Mme. Hugo had given her on one occasion. It was only after her death that Mme. Drouet, who was then quite an old woman, came to live in the same house with Victor Hugo, in order to superintend his household, receive his friends and watch over the income he made by his productive pen. But even when thus living together, Victor Hugo ever treated her with the greatest courtesy, and, in presence of his most intimate friends, never addressed her except as "Madame."

When she died, like after all his family afflictions, the poet grew silent awhile, and became yet more sombre, until his grief betrayed itself in some new master work. Such the history of the woman who was loved by one of the most prominent figures of our age.

NORTH YAKIMA

A few Points about the new Railroad Town—What is Going on in the way of Improvements

NORTH YAKIMA, W. T., Feb. 22.

The distance from Union Gap, where the Atahnum creek joins the Yakima river, to the Natchez Gap, at confluence of the Natchez and Yakima rivers, is seven miles, and the elevation of the latter above the former point about 140 feet. After making one or two graceful curves in rounding the bluff at Union Gap the railroad runs in a straight line till it crosses the Natchez and enters the big canyon of the Yakima. The rise being gradual, and the land for much of the distance inclining from the track both ways, it is one of the prettiest pieces of road to ride over in this part of the country. So much has been said, and a diversity of opinion obtained in regard to the justice and policy of locating and booming North Yakima and giving the old town the go by, so to speak, by the railroad company, I will express what I believe is the candid opinion of nineteen-twentieths of all who have familiarized themselves with the circumstances of the situation by saying that in every essential particular this town has the advantage over the older one in point of location. A possible exception may be made to the above assertion in the fact of the greater distance of this town to and from the reservation, but this is only temporary. While the old town is low, marshy and devoid of drainage or the possibility of obtaining it, this place is high and dry and commands a charming view in all directions, and as to water supply it can be obtained of the best quality and in unlimited quantity at slight outlay by diversion from the Natchez river and brought by gravitation to the highest point within the townsight.

While some of the land is gravelly, much of it has a rich, mellow soil, and seems especially adapted to raising fruit and vegetables. The first new buildings were put up here the fore-part of January, and there are now nearly fifty—either completed or in the course of construction, exclusive of tents,—and nearly all are of good size, substantial construction and attractive design. Among them are a hotel, livery stable and a store for general merchandise, hardware store, butcher shop, paint shop, four eating-houses, two laundries, two real estate offices, two express offices, one lumber yard, two barber shops and the usual complement of saloons.

The railroad company has built a warehouse 24x100 feet, sunk a spacious well, and erected a 35,000-gallon tank, and it will soon begin the construction of a twelve-stall roundhouse and a passenger depot of similar design as the one at Missoula, and to contain office facilities for division headquarters. An immense amount of construction material is being piled up and stored here, to be drawn from as required as the road progresses toward Ellensburg. A framing yard is laid out for the use of the bridge builders. Nelson Bennett has the contract for both the grading and bridge work from here to Ellensburg, and now has 300 to 400 men at work in the big canyon of the Yakima, where the most difficult and expensive work is to be done this side of the [illegible].

A petition has been forwarded to Washington for a postoffice, and a movement is on foot for the erection of a fine schoolhouse.

The proprietor of the Yakima *Farmer* has built a nice, roomy printing office, and is moving up from the old town.

The Guilland house is approaching town on rollers, and will soon be located and ready for business.

Wells, Fargo & Co's express agent has come up to stay, and the Northern Pacific also has an office here.

A. A. Newberry is land agent for the company, and M. V. B. Stacy is running an office on his own account, and both are selling lots hand over fist.

There are no civil officers here, no rows or disturbance of the peace, and everybody is hopeful, healthy and hearty.

G. H. M.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The appearance of a pudding that is boiled in a bag is improved if after taking it out on the platter you sift powdered sugar over it.

Panels of satin now have, instead of a plain band of plush across the bottom, a scalloped band, one large round one in the center and a half scallop at each side of it. The band across the top is plain.

Fried lima beans are sometimes improved in flavor if in addition to the butter, pepper and salt usually added, a little parsley rubbed very fine is put in; a tablespoonful to a quart of beans is the proper proportion.

Cabbage salad may be garnished with salmon and be very appetizing. If canned salmon is used, remove it so carefully from the tin that it will not break, then select the firmest smoothest parts to put around the salad dish; remove all bones and bits of skin.

Tidies or covers for stands that are made of ribbons and lace combined, may be finished with antique lace around the edge, and between each scallop or point a small silk tassel may be put, or tassels made of crewel with the crewel picked out with a needle so that it looks fluffy.

A convenient article for the kitchen is a stout tin box, in which may be kept the stove polish and brushes, and cloths used about the stove. It should have a handle and a cover. It will pay for itself over and over, in lessening the cleaning of the shelf upon which brushes and blacking are usually kept, and it will be found also that more attention will be given to the stoves, where the necessary means are so easily carried about from room to room.

A pretty way to make a shade for the lamp, or rather a cover for the porcelain shade, is to take a narrow strip of red silk, gather it quite full at each edge, drawing it close at the top so it will fit the shade, then trim the bottom with antique lace; this should not be gathered, but lie smoothly over the shade, then with heavy embroidery silk draw in a fringe all around the lace; this should be thick and close and should quite conceal the shade.

Cold fowl left over from dinner may help to make an excellent side dish; cut it into rather small pieces, put a large lump of butter into a saucepan, and brown the meat in that, sprinkle pepper and salt and some flour over it, and when the meat is brown add half a pint of stock, which need not be very rich to be good, and a pint of peas (canned ones), heat to the boiling point, and then serve. Mushrooms may be used in place of peas, and the proportions given above may be regulated by the quantity of fowl which you have.

Good paste can be made of two heaping table spoonfuls of flour and one pint of cold water; put the flour into a saucepan, put in a little of the water and stir until smooth, then add the rest of the water, and let it boil for two or three minutes, stirring it constantly. It is said that if one-third of a teaspoonful of ground cloves is added to this after removing it from the fire the paste will keep a long time without souring.

An Oyster omelet is made of six eggs beaten very light, half a cup of cream, with pepper and salt to taste; put a tablespoonful of butter into a hot sauce-pan, and when it is melted pour the eggs, etc., into it, and before it hardens drop in a dozen good-sized oysters cut into halves; fry until a delicate brown, and turn, if necessary, but it is better not to do so, but cook on one side only. This may be accomplished if the fire is not too hot.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A young goose not more than four months old is nice cooked in this way: After dressing and singeing it carefully, sprinkle pepper and salt and a little sage in the inside, put a lump of butter in also, to moisten it; then put it into a pan, and then into the oven; baste it frequently with water in which you have put some butter and pepper and salt and a little bacon fat. Serve with a nice brown gravy and with gooseberry jam or apple-butter. Cover the platter with thin slices of buttered toast moistened with the drippings in the pan, then lay the goose upon it.

ANECD—TA

Anent the new admiral of [illegible] fleet. One night he, then [illegible] sey, returning from a dinner [illegible] was challenged by a sentry and [illegible] countersign. He could not give [illegible] pompously said: "Stand aside, [illegible] me pass. I am Captain De Horsey." [illegible] the sentry sententiously replied: [illegible] Horsey? Captain De Donkey! [illegible] Go in de box!" And only the [illegible] the relief saved the commodore a [illegible] an hour or more in the sentry-box.

The following anecdote of Commo[illegible] tur was told at a recent meeting of [illegible] Veterans of 1812, held in New York [illegible] commanding the frigate United [illegible] stationed [illegible] altar before the [illegible] war of 1812, became acquainted [illegible] Carden of the British frigate Mac[illegible] air was full of the coming strife [illegible] officers often discussed the situation [illegible] you think that," said Carden, one [illegible] we ever come into action together [illegible] ship." Decatur took the bet. [illegible] not long after war was declared [illegible] and fight the Macedonian [illegible] Carden, in a humble tone, presented [illegible] to Decatur in the presence of men [illegible] of both vessels. Decatur, dra[illegible] up to his full height, said, in a tone [illegible] for all to hear: "Captain, I do not [illegible] sword, but I'll take that hat." [illegible]

It occurred one night when Neilson [illegible] had been playing "Romeo and [illegible]" in one of the provincial theaters, and [illegible] the scene which closes with the kil[illegible] by Romeo's sword. As this scene [illegible] "closed in" well up the stage to [illegible] chamber to succeed immediately, [illegible] lative of the fiery Tybalt is always [illegible] in the third or fourth entrance—[illegible] of the stage—and to lie close until [illegible] run on and he is hidden from view [illegible] ceived the thrust in the usual [illegible] and treating the audience to a tre[illegible] fall, dropped down stiff and stark. [illegible] The prompter at once gave the [illegible] flats to be pulled on, but alas! they [illegible] were "pulling" at something else [illegible] spend, the only movement being [illegible] of feet, caused by some of the em[illegible] "next door" to fetch the delinquent [illegible] heard the whistle and the subsequ[illegible] effect, Tybalt concluded that all [illegible] calmly sitting up, he very methodically [illegible] collar to rights, fidgeted with the [illegible] neck, quietly pulled down his [illegible] shirt, and, shaking the dust off his [illegible] round to get up, when, to his astonish[illegible] dismay, he encountered the amused [illegible] large audience intently fixed upon him [illegible] horrified "My God!" he rapidly [illegible] length a second time, and then [illegible] having returned, the flats were [illegible] amid the uproarious laughter of [illegible] itor before and behind the scenes.

Hannibal Hamlin tells that when [illegible] speaker of the lower house of the [illegible] ture there was among the members [illegible] dandified old fellow whose chief [illegible] in trying to conceal the baldness [illegible] rapidly stealing over his head. He [illegible] the house each morning with his hair [illegible] fully combed that it looked as though [illegible] ticular hair had been pasted in its place [illegible] as it was, there were scarcely enough [illegible] the bald spot. One morning Speaker [illegible] thinking to have some fun, called [illegible] man to him and said: "My dear [illegible] your pardon, but one of your hairs [illegible] over the others." The member grew [illegible] once and replied: "You insult me, [illegible] sult me?" and walked stiffly [illegible] He refused to be reconciled, and [illegible] Hamlin's life-long enemy. A few [illegible] when Hamlin was a candidate for [illegible] States senate, this man was again [illegible] ture, and his vote decided the contest [illegible] of Hamlin's opponent.

Horne Tooke, whose father was [illegible] the royal family, while at Westminster [illegible] Eaton schools, was of course accustomed [illegible] associate occasionally with the sons of [illegible] distinction, and being aware of the [illegible] generally attached to a humble origin [illegible] means to spare himself from all mortification [illegible] this kind by calling in either his wit [illegible] tion to his aid. Once, while a few [illegible] who had formed themselves into [illegible] interrogating each other about the [illegible] condition of their respective parents [illegible] was the son of Sir Robert A., the [illegible] father was the earl of B. and the [illegible] grandmother was the dutchess of [illegible] came to young Horne's turn, he ob[illegible] could not boast of any titles in his [illegible] on being more closely pressed, [illegible] well-affected reluctance, that his father [illegible] eminent Turkey merchant. The [illegible] both conclusive and satisfactory, for [illegible] alluded to England enjoyed a large [illegible] Levant trade, and a Turkey merchant [illegible] another name for opulence.

Novel tidies are made of one square [illegible] about a quarter of a yard each way [illegible] oration they have a head worked [illegible] The tidy is trimmed around the edge [illegible] For the library a pretty fancy is [illegible] head of a poet or of some prose [illegible] sented. Other designs, of course, [illegible] ployed, but the head alone is a novelty [illegible]

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This powder never varies. A [illegible] strength and wholesomeness. More [illegible] the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold [illegible] with the multitude of low test, short weight [illegible] phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. [illegible] WM. T. COLEMAN & CO. [illegible]

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIV[ER]

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, [illegible] the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, Fullness after eating, [illegible] inclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, [illegible] a feeling of having neglected [illegible] Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, [illegible] over the right eye, Restlessness, [illegible] fitful dreams, Highly colored [illegible]

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially [illegible] to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish [illegible] They Increase the Appetite, [illegible] body to Take on Flesh, thus [illegible] nourished, and by their Tonic [illegible] the Digestive Organs, Regular [illegible] produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray [illegible]

[illegible] HAIR [illegible]

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural [illegible] instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, [illegible] sent by express on receipt of [illegible] Office, 44 Murray St., [illegible]

[illegible]

Enclose 10 cents and the address of [illegible] to this office for a copy. The best [illegible] in the east.

Men who suffer through indiscre[illegible] Allen's Brain Food restores [illegible] body. $1, 6 for $5, at Druggists, or [illegible] Allen 315 First avenue, New York. [illegible]

VARICOCELE [illegible]

[illegible] 25, NO. 7743.

[illegible]

each dealer buying 25 lbs BLACKWELL'S GENUINE [illegible] Durham Smoking Tobacco

[illegible] will give one box (25 lbs.) FAIRBANK'S [illegible] Bath and Laundry Soap, [illegible] the 4-oz. cost 50c per lb. [illegible] other sizes in proportion.

[illegible] ROSENFELD & CO.,
Sole Agents,
[illegible] and 43 Front St., corner Ash, Portland, Or.

[illegible] AT COST.

[illegible] Will sell his immense stock of [illegible] NITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING, ETC., FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS AT COST!

[illegible] examination of my prices will prove [illegible] mean business. Don't fail to call [illegible] purchasing elsewhere.

[illegible] ROOMS: 189, 190, 191 FIRST ST. and 191 FRONT ST., Portland, Or.

[illegible]
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
[illegible] ints, Oils & Glass,
Varnishes & Brushes,
[illegible] ents for CAREY, OGDEN & PARKER'S CELEBRATED
[illegible] D CROSS" MIXED PAINTS (Of Chicago),
BERRY BROS' CELEBRATED FINE
[illegible] ch and House Varnishes,
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Skidegate Oil,
Finest Lubricating Oil in the Market.
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[illegible] d for Circulars and Price Lists.

[illegible] S. LARSEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
[illegible] pping and Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
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[illegible] ETT STABLES [illegible] MAGOON, Prop'r. [illegible]